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Art. 1.—GEORGE CURZON.

I HAD often thought, years before George Curzon passed away, how difficult a task it would be to write an adequate Biography of him; almost impossible for one who knew him well, and quite beyond the power of even the most gifted writer who had never met him. For he was a man of so many parts; quite exceptionally endowed in so many ways. It was only very gradually that one got to realise the depth of his knowledge in State-craft, in Scholarship, in Geography, in Art and Letters. I may be wrong, or I may be prejudiced, but I cannot name any English public man of the 19th century, or before that, whose mind and whose output covered so wide a range of culture, not even Mr Gladstone or Lord Salisbury, the greatest of them all. And so I came to think that, in order that full justice should be done to so remarkable and so many-sided a figure, the only satisfactory biography could be supplied by a symposium of friends and colleagues and experts, each writing his own account of the conversations he had had with, and of the letters which he had received from George Curzon, from the time he left Oxford in 1884 up to the day of his death forty years later. The man was so vital in all that he said and in all that he wrote; but, so far as I know, he never said or wrote all to any one of his friends. One could fancy that his mind was built like a ship, in water-tight compartments; no one friend could pass from one compartment of it to another at his own will and pleasure; he was admitted only into those sections of the vessel wherein he and Curzon had a community of interests. I feel that we all knew him differently: some in politics,
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some in literature, some in Art; but all as friends, to whom he gave, and from whom he expected, the best there was to give. This modest account of him, then, has no ambition wider than this: to set down my appreciation of George Curzon during the thirty years that I knew him. The reader will realise that, in the course of those years, I became well aware of the defects in his character of which his enemies made so much during his lifetime. There is no necessity in this place to enumerate or to dwell upon these, which become almost insignificant when weighed in the balance against his achievements, but which loom very large in the opinion of those whose main goal is popularity. His failings certainly did alienate from him a good many people who would have liked to be his friends, but who had neither the patience nor the inclination to differentiate the manner from the man, and this is always to be regretted. But such as they were, they were superficial faults; and we may make a present of them, without being much the poorer, to those who care to judge a great man solely upon his temperamental shortcomings.

The first time I ever saw George Curzon was in the playing fields at Eton on a fine summer evening whilst a school match was in progress. I was then attached to the British Embassy in Berlin and he was a member of Lord Salisbury's Government. Alfred Lyttelton and St John Brodrick were his companions, and they were joined by two of our old Eton masters, Arthur Ainger and Walter Durnford. I was glad to see in the flesh a man of whom I had heard so much: the Etonian who had been 'sent up for good' more often than anybody before or since his time, except Bishop Welldon: the pride of Balliol, and one of the most distinguished Oxford men of his day: the explorer whose travels were the subject of world-wide comment, the rising hope of the Tory party who had just been appointed Under Secretary for India. At that first meeting there was no trace of the 'superiority' recorded in a quatrain which stuck to him like a burr through life; on the contrary, I was attracted by his natural geniality and friendliness towards a much younger and quite obscure person like myself. During the next two years I met him only occasionally at the house of mutual friends, where his

gaiety of spirits, intrepid conversation, and brilliant wit made him the natural leader of all his contemporaries, both men and women. Those were the halcyon days of the Crabbett Club and of the 'Souls,' whose revels in the country and festivities in London were 'the talk of the town'; but whose *chic* was that none of their dazzling extravagances were ever recorded in the daily Press.

In 1895 I was returned to Parliament, and Curzon asked me if I would like him to suggest to Lord Salisbury that I should become an assistant private secretary at the Foreign Office, in which capacity I could be his (Curzon's) parliamentary secretary in the House of Commons—he then being Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. To this Lord Salisbury consented, and, in the next three years, our new friendship was well and truly laid on the firm basis of work and play. He always reminded me of some outstanding figure of the 18th century, both in manner and appearance: somewhat stately in deportment and address, spacious in his ambitions and ideas. He was 'correct' almost to a fault; a master of punctilio, of courtly phrase, of the *mot juste*. I dare say that this feature in his character made him seem aloof and unapproachable to those who did not know him: in his habit, for example, of calling all those who worked in his office Mr or Sir somebody, long after most chiefs would have dropped the formal prefix. Once I asked why he adopted that rather distant form of address, and he replied that he thought it was easier to keep to it always than to drop it, and then resume it if relations became strained. Again, the architecture he preferred, the sumptuous style of interior decoration that he followed, was always in the 'grand manner'; too grand for comfort some of us used to think. His manner of speaking, too, was polished and rotund, whether in public or in private, except of course with his intimates. It was new and far from disagreeable to the House of Commons, few of whom had heard Mr Gladstone, the last of the orators of the old school. It was impressive in his after-dinner speeches and upon academic occasions; but was not popular with public audiences, who are generally impatient and not a little mistrustful of ornate periods.

There was, however, another George, far removed

from the public figure that I have attempted to sketch—friendly, affectionate, and brimming over with the *joie de vivre*: the man who could keep a table in a roar of laughter, who loved good cheer and good talk, who was quick to see the comic side of himself and of everybody else, who entered into the fun of games and of sport with the same zest and enthusiasm as he displayed in exploring the sources of the Oxus or in negotiating a treaty. In his own family life, of which I was privileged to see a good deal both at home and in India during the lifetime of the first Lady Curzon, he was wonderfully attractive—a devoted husband and father, as well as a perfect host. And when that divinely happy marriage was dissolved by death, after months of illness and patient suffering, I was in Scotland for a month with him, the unavailing witness of a broken-hearted misery and distraction whose equal I hope never to see again. But this unveiling of the man's real self was quite unknown to the guests whom, at that same time, he invited to shoot on the moors. To them he was the genial host, the delightful *raconteur*, the keen sportsman, whose one idea it appeared to be to get the maximum of enjoyment for his friends out of the long autumn days upon the hills.

Without these few hours of daily exercise and fresh air I believe he would have utterly collapsed, both mentally and physically. The strain and the solitude of living without one who had been at his right hand during the years of his greatest political triumphs were intolerable to him; she had shared alike his successes and his sorrows; in moments of despondency she had cheered, in the hour of victory she had steadied, in the day of doubt her calm and wise advice had been the best among his counsellors. Surely it has seldom been the lot of any man to have been twice so blessed in marriage. Yet when, in the course of time, he married again, he found the very helpmate that he so sorely needed; the beauty that he desired, the companionship that he craved, the sympathy and the affection which he had lacked for so long. It is not for me to dwell further upon the subject of Curzon's great and perhaps his only happiness in later life, which was entirely due to one who made his life her life, his friends her

friends, and who brought sunshine and hope in fullest measure to a husband whose appreciation of her devotion was her great reward.

The public will never know, and probably would not believe if they did know, how boyishly he enjoyed practical jokes of the harmless and amusing variety. I remember one evening, not long after I entered Parliament, when the House of Commons was indulging in an all-night sitting; it was long after midnight and Curzon had just finished his official work in the little room below stairs, then allocated to the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. In that room there happened to be a chair whose seat, as he discovered, was certain to give way whenever it was sat upon. To my surprise he decided to give a small party, resembling an Oxford 'Wine,' to which his particular friends should be invited one by one and should be persuaded to occupy the collapsible chair, with the inevitable and disconcerting result. One after another his guests arrived from upstairs in answer to his pressing invitation; one after another they subsided on to the carpet amid the hilarious cheers of their predecessors in misfortune; but the culminating point was reached when Haldane (whom Curzon had nicknamed 'Aristotle') fell through the chair and became inextricably fixed in its frame. That was the *clou de la soirée* which was unanimously voted an enormous success.

On another occasion we were shooting partridges at Hackwood and had luncheon in a schoolmaster's house which adjoined the school. During the time that we were lunching, the dominie appeared and asked our host to go to the schoolroom and say a few words to the children, which he accordingly did. On his return he told us that he had informed the scholars that Sir Robert Baden Powell was one of his guests next door, and that, as Chief of the Boy Scouts, he would address the local troop in a few minutes' time. He indicated that Lord Newton, who was one of the guns, was to impersonate the General! Most reluctantly this was done; but the tables were very neatly turned when Lord Newton (in his unique but famous impersonation) informed the troop that he had persuaded the school-

master to grant them an extra half-holiday—which Curzon invited them to spend in the grounds of Hackwood Park! It was a capital revenge which nobody enjoyed more than the victim.

The lighter side of life, when it showed in sharp contrast to the serious work upon which he was engaged, always appealed to his acute sense of humour. Once I was present in his room in Calcutta when a keen young journalist from the 'Daily Telegraph' was shown in. He was desperately anxious to get the Viceroy's permission to enter Afghanistan—a journey which I believe no Englishman had performed since Curzon himself. After a long and friendly palaver, Curzon pointed out that the thing was impossible since, at that time, Afghanistan was in a state of considerable unrest. He regretted his decision, but there it was—final. The press-man was not unduly grieved, for he had still one shot in his locker which he immediately discharged at the Viceroy's head: 'But here I have a letter from Lord Burnham asking you to do this very thing for me. I am sure you won't refuse.' To which Curzon most genially replied: 'I am really extremely sorry; but you have as much chance of entering the Kingdom of Heaven with a leaf of the Old Testament as you have of getting to Cabul with a letter from Lord Burnham.'

I often heard him tell this story, and also another one in which, most unwillingly, I was a principal actor. We were on tour in Burma, and travelling from Mandalay to Lashio on the Western Chinese frontier. My shortcomings were early apparent to the Viceroy. In the first place, as we walked over the famous Gokteik bridge, I entirely declined to look over from that dizzy height into the ravine below. He was equally determined that I should do so. The controversy ended by my lying flat on my stomach, one leg being firmly held by His Excellency and the other by his Private Secretary, Sir Walter Lawrence, until I had surveyed the distant scene: one glimpse was enough for me. But unfortunately, short as was the period of tension, it was long enough for this ridiculous episode to be immortalised in a photograph which was constantly exhibited to Curzon's endless amusement and to my own annoyance. But worse was to come: when we reached rail-head we

were all mounted on stout little Burmese ponies and cavalcaded off through the jungle to Lashio—the Viceroy and the principal members of his staff riding at the head of this imposing procession. All went well until my pony took fright and bolted, first into the jungle and then back on to the road, dashing through the Viceroy's party and scattering his escort right and left. My discomfiture was complete; I quite expected to be relieved from further attendance upon His Excellency, for the irruption was as undignified as it was unrehearsed. Instead of which, as my pony galloped away, I heard peals of laughter from Curzon who, when we met again at our halting-place, chaffed me unmercifully, and for years afterwards repeated the story of my equestrian defects.

His letters to me from India were always brightened with anecdotes of an amusing kind; the natives' English used to appeal irresistibly to his sense of humour. One story was of a Bengali who begged that, on account of his youth, some sentence of punishment might be revised—and then added his version of an unknown proverb, in order to touch a Viceregal heart: 'In our youth we sow seeds; in our age we cut corns.' The banners which were strung high across the path of the Viceroy's passage constantly raised a grateful smile. Here is one, for example: 'God bless our horrible lout,' which was the nearest they could get to 'honourable Lord'; and another, requiring a note to explain that the native was trying to emulate the British habit of expressing well-known terms by initials only: 'Let us give a good W.C. [i.e. welcome] to our popular A.G.G.' And so I might go on, as could every member of his staff, to give unending examples of his careless gaiety and unrestrained humour when divested, even for an hour or two, of the burden of pomp and circumstance. It is only from those who were in daily contact with him, in labour and in leisure, that the world could learn the manner of man he really was.

In the notes which follow I have written frankly of Curzon as I knew him at work, in sorrow and in joy. To me he was a friend of friends, absent or present. Even at the highest pressure of his work, after the great Durbar in 1903, he found time—not only to send

a silver flagon as an offering to his godson, our eldest boy, but to write an admirable couplet in Latin to be inscribed upon it:

*'Fontibus immerso sanctis dedit hoc tibi Curzon
Qui modo votorum sponsor et obses erat.'*

Later on, greatly daring, I asked him to look through the proof-sheets of a book of Indian Impressions which I hoped to publish, and I begged for criticism and advice. Within a fortnight I had twelve sheets of quarto paper returned to me, closely written and containing invaluable suggestions of which I eagerly availed myself. Such things, little things they may be, touch one, and are gratefully remembered, especially when so many people believed him to be incapable of them. And the foregoing were no isolated instances of his friendship. Life has its vicissitudes for all of us, and he followed mine with the loyalty of a brother, with letters of congratulation when things went well, with words of sympathy and advice in days of adversity. How could one fail to be devoted to such a man?

The reader of this article must not be disappointed if he fails to find in it either a biography, a record of his public work, or even a complete appreciation of Curzon's career and of his manifold activities. Of many of them, as I have explained, I knew nothing that was not known to the general public: nothing of his work as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, nothing of his experiences as a traveller, nor of his years as President of the Geographical Society; nothing of his counsel as a Trustee of the British Museum and as a member of the British Academy. Of these things I hope that others will write from the personal point of view, and especially of his war-work in the Cabinet, and of his leadership of the House of Lords. His ultimate biographer will have, as I began by saying, a difficult task to fulfil; but it will be made easier for him, whoever he may be, if he is assisted by the private testimonies of personal friends.

It has often been said, and with much truth, that Curzon was difficult to work with; but that does not mean that he was a disagreeable chief. One has to realise that, from his earliest years of manhood, he had

to make his own way in the world by the strength of his own character and brains, with no influence or wealth to start or to support him. That, I imagine, made him self-sufficient, independent of the help of others and reserved in asking for it. One never quite knew what he wanted; and if one could not guess, he was sometimes impulsively disappointed and probably did the thing himself. Until he went to India he had no private secretary or short-hand writer; he was incapable of dictating a letter or an article. He was mistrustful of confiding fully in his subordinates, seeming to fear lest asking for help should be construed as a lack of confidence in himself to carry things through single-handed. As a result, assistance was shyly offered to him—if at all; and this partly accounts for his constant complaints in letters, that he was left to carry out some of his great schemes 'entirely alone.' That was hard work, but it was also the way he preferred to work. I have a letter from him in which he says: 'If you want a thing done in your own way, the only way to get it done is to do it yourself.'

This habit of intellectual isolation was a curious paradox in one whose brilliant social gifts proclaimed him to be essentially a gregarious person. I noticed it in the life of the House of Commons during the three years (1895-98) that I was working with him. He was passionately attached to the place as a workshop of Empire, but cared nothing for it as 'the best Club in Europe.' He was never in the smoking-room or gossiping in the lobbies; his friends there were those who happened also to be members of the social circle in which he moved, or connected with the scientific and other activities which interested him. But if he preferred, as he did, to work alone and without assistance, he was a giant in strength to help those who came to him for it. (He was also lavish in gratitude to such as were able to help him when he did require assistance, as I know very well.) He would help in every way if the object was serious and if the man was keen. By long conversations he would clear the applicant's mind as to what he wanted himself. By informed criticism, both constructive and destructive, he would frequently better the plan presented to him; by memoranda written with

his own hand he would work out an organisation to achieve the desired purpose: by voluminous personal appeals he would produce large sums of money if these were required. He always had time—like all men of business—and, when he had no more time at his disposal, he made it somehow—generally by depriving himself of sleep and working far into the night..

His power of work was quite prodigious: a holiday abroad, or on the grouse-moors, on tour in India, or a voyage on a ship, without work was intolerable to him. In his own house, at his office, he was surrounded—whilst a member of a Government—by piles of official boxes with which he dealt with extraordinary rapidity, and his brain seemed to become clearer as the darkness paled into the dawn. Night after night I have seen him working in his shirt-sleeves at his desk, clearing off his work, revising proofs of an article or a book, then settling down to write twenty or thirty letters to friends or acquaintances to engage their interest or to extract their cash for schemes which he had undertaken to promote. So absorbed was he in the day's work that the passing of the hours meant nothing to him. He did not know what punctuality meant; people who did not know his methods used to put this down to lack of consideration for others, to indifference to the accepted conventions of Society, to anything but the real cause, which was a feverish and passionate desire to finish the business in hand of which his mind was full, before switching off to preside at a meeting, to attend a dinner-party, or even a Durbar. I am not going to deny that this defect, which I have tried to explain but not to excuse, made him a difficult chief in an office. He upset the whole *train de vie* of his subordinates, who never knew when they could get away for their meals or their holidays, since he insisted that whilst he, the Captain, was on the bridge keeping a sleepless watch over the ship that he commanded, every officer under his control should be alert and present to help him. Many were the complaints laid against him on the score of overworking a willing staff: one complaint was never lodged—that he compelled others to work whilst he idled.

To the tips of his fingers he was a 'professional' and an 'expert' on the variety of subjects which interested

him. He hated the amateur with an indiscriminating scorn. Very early in our friendship he told me (as he knew that I, too, was an enthusiastic traveller) of his invariable method of preparing for travel—a long period of time hidden in the British Museum, devouring every book of value that had been written on the country that he was about to explore, until, as he said, he felt he knew the place so well that it was hardly worth while going there. Voluminous notes, nevertheless, and a confidently tenacious memory, made it unnecessary for him to take with him the library of appropriate books that usually accompany most travellers. He took a few of the very best, a large quantity of maps, and three volumes which, he once told me, were packed for him wherever he went. I wish I could remember all their names, but one was the Bible.

As in Travel (all in preparation for the position of Viceroy of India which, from his Oxford days, he had fixed upon as the goal of his life) so in the other business of his great career. His knowledge of the Foreign Affairs not only of our own but of all countries, was wide and deep—so thorough and so profound that it was a constant source of surprise even to the very elect of all nations with whom he was brought into official contact. And when it came to Administration, as in India, his procedure though more exhausting was—*mutatis mutandis*—precisely the same, except that then he studied primarily men and methods instead of books. I have a document from him, written in 1908, in which he outlines the shaping of his destiny up to the day that he left that country for the last time. I cannot do better than quote his own words:

‘I always wanted to be Viceroy of India, and in 1887, after visiting nearly every country in Europe between 1882–87, began the series of long voyages that were intended to give me first-hand knowledge of the politics of Asia.

‘They also enabled me to map out a scheme of politico-historical writing which was to embrace the entire Continent of Asia, in so far as it related to India. This series was to consist of six separate works. Three of these had appeared, dealing with Russia in Central Asia, Persia, and the Far East; a fourth, on the Indian Frontier, was in print when I was appointed Viceroy. The two others, on Indo-China

and Afghanistan, have never been written. [I would still like to write "Afghanistan," having collected all the materials for years and having full notes of my journey in that country, and of my stay as Cabul, and of conversations with that remarkable man, the late Amir. I performed that journey entirely alone, in order to disarm suspicion, trusting to the protection of the Amir.]

'I had frequently said to my friends, not in any spirit of bravado, but from a profound conviction, that an inordinate demand would be made upon health and strength if the work was to be done as I thought it ought to be, that I would not take the Viceroyalty of India if I were a day over 40. I was 39½ when Queen Victoria offered it to me. My 40th birthday was five days after I had been "read in" at Calcutta. I had also said that, if the thing were worth doing, seven years would be required for it. It was for this reason only that I accepted a second term, though I knew very well that my health would suffer permanently, as it has done, by it. Few know how many weeks, and even months, of the year I have had to pass on my back, doing my work in bed—where, indeed, I am writing this. I finally returned from India, after my resignation, exactly ten days short of seven years from the date at which I had started.

'Concerning India, I have not much to say, except that my conception of the position of Viceroy was to be head not only of the Government but of every department of the Government. This I was: not in the least from any vain-glorious idea of *l'Etat, c'est Moi*, but because it is the secret of good Administration that the man who is nominally responsible should be actually responsible, and because he cannot make himself actually responsible unless he has the knowledge to excuse intervention and to justify supervision. The only way to control departments and to avoid the dangers of a bureaucracy is to know at least as much as they; grasp of principle is not enough; mastery of detail is essential. No man has ever been a great Administrator who has not combined the two. For there are two great rules in Administration: (1) Never to despise the small things—out of them the big things flow: (2) If you want a thing done to your taste, to do it yourself.'

I cannot refrain from adding to the above the conclusion of this interesting document:

'I was savagely denounced as hostile to the Indian people, and yet no Viceroy has ever so spent himself for the bettering, moral, educational, industrial, and material, of the millions.

The work stands and cannot be upset because it is based on sound principles. What one of my great reforms has been reversed or even modified? I so loved the people of India that I on many occasions braved the obloquy and abuse of my own countrymen in order to procure them justice. . . . There in India is my heart to my dying day. It is the glory of the British race.'

In that excerpt from a very long missive, written in pencil from a bed of pain, the soul of George Curzon, so far as India is concerned, lies bared. As I transcribe it, my mind goes back twenty-five years, to when I first landed in India and went up to Simla to find him prostrate, after completing in several months his close inspection of two or three of the Departments of his Government, and yet just about to start upon an exhausting Viceregal tour through North-East India, Manipur, and Burma. Upon that tour I was permitted to accompany him as an extra A.D.C., and then saw at very close quarters the minute and detailed information with which he had already fortified himself to deal with and to decide the varied problems which would be laid before him in the course of his journey. One day he was studying defects of administration that were brought to his notice; on another, he was engaged in preserving ceremonial architecture; or he was dealing with the grievances of Civil Servants or of native notables; or he was solving the knotty question of the proper succession to the headship of the Buddhist hierarchy at Mandalay. Yet all this time, with the Ministers whom he had brought with him, he was examining the problems for the next year's Legislative session, was fighting famine in different parts of India, was planning the new Victoria Memorial Hall at Calcutta, and dealing by mail and telegraph with the unceasing current business of an untiring Viceroy.

I doubt whether anybody, except possibly some members of his own family, knew Curzon well enough to be certain whether his ambition was to him a matter of personal concern. That he was ambitious no one, I think, can doubt. All through his life he aimed very high—from the age of twenty-five he had set his heart on becoming Viceroy of India—but to me it always appeared that his motives were quite as high as his

ambitions. So great were his industry and his knowledge that he was convinced that he could render useful public service in any high position, and to his friends he made no secret of it. He was under no illusion but that India would wear him out physically; yet, being anxious to serve his country thereafter in what he believed would be the principal theatre of operations, he preferred to accept (on becoming Viceroy) the title of an Irish Peer which would enable him to return, at the end of his foreign service, to the House of Commons. Surely a man whose ambitions were less nobly born would have chosen, as one might legitimately suppose he might have chosen, a peerage of the United Kingdom which would have made his political future a certainty. No; I do not believe that he had much personal ambition, except to serve his country and to guide the plough, to which he had set his hand, straight to the end of the furrow, no matter at what cost to himself. And in this respect Curzon was, not unlike the late Lord Morley of Blackburn, whose ambition, whether it was personal or otherwise, it puzzled even the most intimate of his friends to fit in with the other traits of an austere and simple character. His own observations on this particular quality of ambition, which may be magnificent or mean according to circumstances, are quoted in General J. H. Morgan's book about him:

'It is always the most difficult thing in the world to draw a line between arrogant egoism on the one hand, and on the other the identification of a man's personal elevation with the success of his public cause. The two ends probably become mixed in his mind and, if the cause be a good one, it is the height of pharisaical folly to quarrel with him because he desires that his authority and renown shall receive some of the lustre of a far shining triumph.'

But for his family, and for his family name, I think Curzon was ambitious: to add something to its fame, and so to leave behind him an imperishable sign of the recognition that he had won by his services to the Empire to which he devoted his life.

This brings one to think, very naturally, of the disappointments to which a man of high ambition must be subject in this imperfect world. Curzon certainly loved

praise and recognition from quarters which he thought were qualified to bestow either the one or the other; and, on more than one occasion, he felt deeply and bitterly that he had been badly treated at the hands of those from whom he had expected better things. It was not, I think, until his health began to break down in India that he became so sensitive to the question of rewards for his services; but after his return, and until my closer intimacy with him ended, I always felt that he was under the impression that he was in a kind of way a public failure and that, in political life at any rate, every man's hand was against him. Indeed, just before he left India, he seemed to forbode something of this kind in a letter which he wrote to me:

‘I feel as if I should be rather out of it when I come back; out of touch, unrecognised and almost unknown.’

Of this period in his career I shall have something to say later on, but I do not want to omit some earlier disappointments of which he often used to speak, as though they were among the challenging events in his early life which spurred him on to that habit of incessant hard work which ultimately broke him down. Once, for the purposes of some article that I was writing about him, he jotted down for me some notes on his early struggles at Oxford which may not be without interest to those who knew him well:

‘When I went up to Oxford I resolved to win a University prize, but disappointment was in store. I tried for the Lothian prize, but was *proxime accessit*. I tried for the Chancellor's Latin Verse Prize—with the same result. The next year I went in again for the Lothian and won it with an essay on Sir Thomas More, which was written in lodgings at Cairo and in a Cook's steamer on the Nile. I sent it home by post and read of my success in a café at Buda Pesth.

‘The chief History Prize at Oxford is the “Arnold” which is open to M.A.'s, and for which Bryce wrote his “Holy Roman Empire.” I had no thought of entering for this, never having taken the History School. But one day in December 1883, happening to be in the Bodleian Library, I saw one of the competitors taking notes—the man who was second to me when I won the Lothian. He meant to avenge the defeat! This was not to be stood. I went straight to London, lived

there alone for fifteen weeks, spending the day in the British Museum and working from 11 a.m. to 4 a.m. daily. I took down the unfinished essay to Oxford on the day on which it had to be handed in at midnight and continued writing until then. I took it over to the Old Schools and rang up the janitor (who was in bed) as the clock struck 12. I apologised for waking him on the ground that it was the winning essay. It was.

'I think the greatest disappointment in my early life was just missing my "first" in the Final Schools at Oxford. I afterwards heard the story of this misfortune: two names were in doubt, another man's name and mine. My Balliol tutor happened to be one of the examiners and could not, owing to a very proper rule, adjudicate on my merits. The papers of the other candidate were therefore submitted to him. If he passed, then we were both to get our "first." If he did not, we were both to lose. The verdict was negative, and by his unconscious axe my head fell.'

In a scholar of Curzon's attainments it is no wonder that he should have felt this disappointment deeply at the time, but his election soon afterwards to a Fellowship at All Souls' must have gone far to console him. A year or two passed and he received the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society. Then he was elected to Parliament and entered upon the career of his life. Success crowned his first year as a Minister, and it was not until he had been Viceroy for some time that he began to feel that his work, or part of it, was misunderstood or disapproved of at home. One letter of his, written to me in June 1903, after some strong criticism had been passed on his treatment of the 9th Lancers, shows how the iron could pierce his soul. He writes:

'Nobody seems to know at home that the 9th Lancers' punishment was Sir Power Palmer's [then Commander-in-Chief in India]. He proposed it and, in a matter of military discipline, of course we all agreed. Then he slipped away and left me to bear the whole burden. The affair was much worse than we have ever allowed, for the sake of the Army, to get out; and yet I am blamed as though I had laid hands upon the Ark of the Covenant.'

Another source of disappointment to him was the reluctance which he felt was shown by his fellow-countrymen in England and in India to show any enthu-

siasm for his scheme of a stately edifice in Calcutta to commemorate the long and glorious reign of Victoria, Queen Empress. He writes:

'Everybody seems to combine to place obstacles in my way of popularising the scheme, so that I almost regret having taken it up. I have to do the whole thing myself; every article, every letter, every appeal. The work is overwhelming. They appear to think that I have a splendid Committee to do everything for me. But there are not ten men in India who know the difference between a Gainsborough and an Angeli, or between Michael Angelo and Onslow Ford.'

But these chagrins and others like them, which preyed upon a mind already pre-occupied with a sense of growing isolation and advancing ill-health, were as nothing to the disappointments which were in store for him when he had laid down the burden of Viceroyalty and returned home. There he found that his support of Younghusband's Thibetan expedition and Treaty, and his disagreement with the Government of India at home over Lord Kitchener's position in the Indian Cabinet, had lost him not only the support of His Majesty's Conservative Government, but even the good-will and friendship of some of his oldest colleagues in Parliament. This, too, he seems to have anticipated in some measure, for he wrote me in August of 1905:

'I have resigned three times, but they will not let me go. At the same time they will not give me full support: partly because they are so frightened of the other man [Kitchener] and partly because they have never made up their mind whether they want a military dictatorship or not—I am longing to get away.'

At this distance of time, it is vain to rake over the ashes of that dead controversy and to recall the poignant feelings which it aroused not only in the Conservative party but also in the circle of Curzon's closest friends. It is sufficient to know that, after the lapse of years, most of the wounds in that acute campaign were healed, and, I hope, all the old friendships were renewed. But the days of his disappointment were not over. He had arrived in England just before the General Election at the end of 1905, too unwell to take any part in it, and

forbidden by his doctors to contest any of the safe seats that were offered to him. This was another blow, and one which rendered void the sole reason why he had preferred to be given an Irish Peerage. For the first time for many years he was not in the fore-front of the battle, but only a spectator at the *débauche* of the party to which he belonged. He wrote me an account (I was in India at the time) of the new Parliament, in which he observed :

‘Everybody notes the ability and sincerity of the Labour Party and the arrival of a new Tory light named Smith, who has sprung up with a brilliant first oration, from Liverpool. . . . Everyone in England talks, chatters, gossips, shouts. Nobody does anything. It is *far niente* without the *dolce*.’

This was just about the time when, after the new Prime Minister had got into the saddle, Curzon most naturally expected that he would be offered a peerage of the United Kingdom in recognition of his record services to the Empire as Viceroy of India—a recognition of a kind which had invariably been bestowed on his predecessors in that office, and had not been hitherto dependent upon the political complexion of the party in power. Yet this well-merited honour was denied him by the late Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, who admitted openly that it would give offence to the Radical Party, and took shelter behind the argument that he would not do for Curzon what the Conservative Government, which was in power when he resigned the Viceroyalty, had omitted to do.

In arriving at this decision, it may now perhaps be stated, Sir Henry took the grave step of declining to accept the suggestion of His Majesty that this honour should be conferred, and of refusing to comply with the request of his colleague, Mr Morley,* who also intervened on Curzon’s behalf. It is characteristic of his innate sense of the proprieties that he firmly declined to let these facts be known publicly during his lifetime and suffered silently under the taunts of certain newspapers that he was trying to coerce the Prime Minister of the day into giving him a Peerage. At that time I had several letters from him referring, *inter alia*, to this matter. I quote from one of them :

* Mr (afterwards Lord) Morley was then Secretary of State for India.

'Of course it aggravates the meanness that C.B. twice consented and twice withdrew: but, apart from that, the salient feature is that he (the P.M.) knowing that his decision would exclude me from public life, deliberately took that step on party and political grounds. The post of Viceroy of India is beyond and above party. No one can say that I administered it in a party spirit. I was supported throughout by both parties in the House of Commons. The Liberal party and C.B. and Morley themselves agreed with me in the controversy over which I resigned. Lord Beaconsfield could give an Earldom to Lord Northbrook, a strong Liberal who had been appointed by Gladstone and had actually resigned because of a disagreement with Lord Beaconsfield's Government, after a Viceroyalty of only four years. Lord Salisbury could give the Garter to Lord Elgin, though he had been appointed by Gladstone—but he, like myself, had been thrown over by his own party. So manifestly were Northbrook and Elgin party men that *both*, though honoured by Tory Prime Ministers, became members of the next Liberal Administration.

'But C.B. could not even give an English Peerage to a man who had devoted seven years of his life to India, who had twice been Viceroy and whose only opportunity of public service it was, simply because he had been a member of the opposite party and because the return of such a man to public life might be distasteful to the tail of his own party. Again, as *you* know, though it is impossible for me to state who intervened on my behalf (*viz.* The King and Morley) it is yet absolutely true that I never either solicited, demanded, or requested it of C.B. myself, as the Radical and some Tory papers assume.'

It would be idle to pretend that, upon a man of Curzon's vitality and proud ambition to serve his country, this decision did not leave a wound which it took long years to heal; nor to disguise the fact that, in his mind, the Conservative Government might have had the magnanimity to do him bare justice, according to precedent, before they were turned out of office at the General Election. Let it be remembered, however, that it was only in the circle of his more intimate friends that he ever unburdened himself on this question; so far as the public and the press were concerned, he was content to let them think and say what they chose.

But it was unthinkable that such a man could be kept permanently out of public life by the arbitrary action of a political opponent. It, therefore, occurred

to some of his friends that a way might be found if the Irish Peers, of whom Curzon was one, could be persuaded to elect him as a Representative Peer in the place of Lord Kilmaine who had recently died. I remember that it was an easier matter to enlist the necessary support for him than to secure his own acquiescence in using this method of re-entering public life. Once, however, he was convinced that it was (in the opinion of many whose views he respected) his duty to be nominated, he entered the fray with characteristic energy and was elected in January 1908 by a small majority over his friendly rivals, Lords Farnham and Ashtown. But he found it difficult to take any real interest in Irish affairs, much to the disappointment of many of those who had voted for him at the election; partly through diffidence, owing to his lack of knowledge of Irish subjects, and partly through some oversight whereby he was not summoned to the regular meetings at which the Irish Peers discussed the affairs of their country. This was speedily remedied when it was brought to their notice; but I do not remember that it altered his rather aloof attitude to Irish business, or that he ever made any very striking contribution in the Lords to their discussions upon the vexed problems of Ireland.

From 1909 onwards, I saw far less of Curzon than I had previously. We met, of course, constantly in Society and he was always the same busy, genial soul; but we had no work in common, and I always thought that Oxford or work were the bonds that bound him to his men friends. It was towards the end of the war that the accident of official ties brought us together again, for I was working with Mr Balfour (as he then was) at the Peace Conference in Paris whilst Curzon was Acting Foreign Secretary at home. It was the post that he had always coveted and he was supremely happy at his work. I am under the impression that he did it admirably, reorganising the work of the whole office, beautifying the principal apartments, and attending to the greatest problems and to the minutest details of administration with the same fastidious care and untiring industry that he bestowed on every task to which he set his hand. It was generally feared that, once in the seat of authority, he would be a domineering character. There was

certainly some foundation for this apprehension; but, as a matter of fact, whilst he was acting for the absent Foreign Secretary, there was no trace of this inconvenient trait. Letters passed almost daily between them, discussing the many complex problems that were constantly arising, in connexion with or apart from the Peace Conference. It is not difficult to believe that both statesmen exchanged views and proposals with the utmost lucidity; they generally agreed. But, when they disagreed, then it was most frequently Curzon who accepted the decision of the elder statesman with a grace which did him credit, whilst adhering to the opinions which he had previously expressed. Subsequently, when he became Foreign Secretary, the position was less easy; and I for one do not pretend to understand what appeared to be the perpetual acquiescence of the Foreign Office in the views of the Prime Minister (Mr Lloyd George) whose interest in and knowledge of external politics were of comparatively recent birth. I confess that to me, at any rate, this attitude of complete subordination was, and is, inexplicable; but, as I had then no means of forming a reasoned opinion owing to the absence of inside knowledge, I declined to criticise, or to pass judgment upon, a situation which I profoundly regretted. When Mr Bonar Law became Prime Minister, things gradually righted themselves, and, once more, the Foreign Secretary and his office came into their own. The amount of work was formidable, but, under a system which was not unlike 'forced labour,' it was performed with commendable punctuality, though at the expense of the health of the Chief and of his staff, as well as of his own personal popularity. I suppose that his prestige was never higher than during the negotiation of the Treaty of Lausanne where he was dealing with problems of the Near East with which he was entirely familiar, and with types of the Oriental mind which he had studied for thirty years.

Not long after this came the beginning of the end, when Mr Baldwin was preferred before him as Leader of the Party (and therefore as potential Prime Minister) on the death of Mr Bonar Law. Too much immersed in the exacting business of his office, Curzon had no time to canvass the opinion of his party in Parliament in

order to ascertain what their views might be; always temperamentally indifferent to the pulse of the public, he knew nothing, and perhaps cared less, about its preferences. We had several talks together during those days, whilst the Tory party was quietly and soberly examining its needs and its *personnel* with a view to deciding upon the leader whom it should choose. Curzon could not believe that there was any practical alternative to himself; he felt that, although there were admitted drawbacks nowadays to having a Peer-Premier, his services to the Crown and his other attainments were such that they could not be passed over and must overwhelm, in so grave a choice, not only all rivals but also such personal prejudices as might be harboured against him. But it was not to be; it was he who was overwhelmed, when he learned the decision of his old party and, as he wrote me, 'it has cut me to the quick.' That was all; the mortal wound he bore in silence; and, to his everlasting credit, he continued to serve, and to serve loyally, at the Foreign Office under the new Party Chief until the new Cabinet was formed and then, until the day of his death, as Lord President of the Council. To leave the Foreign Office was, I know, as gall and wormwood to him; but not one word of bitterness or of recrimination did he ever utter after those two heart-breaking pass-overs.

To this evidence of a truly noble public spirit Mr Baldwin paid the fullest and finest tribute in his speech in the House of Commons on Lord Curzon's death.

And so he leaves us, sorrowing for the man but rejoicing in his memory. It is not probable that, in our time at any rate, we shall see another like him: so true a friend, so gay a companion, so loyal a colleague, so wise a statesman, so untiring a workman, of whom it may well be said that death brought him his first real holiday.

IAN MALCOLM.

Art. 2.—PUBLIC SCHOOL STORIES.

1. *The Hill*. By H. A. Vachell. John Murray, 1905.
 2. *Hugh Rendal*. By Lionel Portman. Alston Rivers, 1905.
 3. *The Bending of a Twig*. By Desmond Coke. Milford, 1906.
 4. *Fathers of Men*. By E. W. Hornung. John Murray, 1919.
 5. *The Loom of Youth*. By Alec Waugh. Grant Richards, 1917.
 6. *The Oppidan*. By Shane Leslie. Chatto & Windus, 1922.
 7. *Playing Fields*. By Eric Parker. Philip Allen, 1922.
- And many other works.

‘How hard to draw our distant boyhood near,
To hold in sight the flying fading past,
To rub the glass of Memory clean and clear!
The many fail: the one succeeds at last.’

THE test of success of a school story or novel should, we suppose, be a double one. We should ask, first, does it carry conviction of truth to the old boys of the school the life of which it is describing? and, secondly, does it appeal to intelligent readers, who were at other schools, as a true presentment of boyhood? For it would be vain to ask whether it appeals to the boys actually present in the particular school; we can, indeed, hear their comments: ‘Oh, I say, Ginger, did you ever hear such tosh? he calls a smug a *scug*!’ ‘What the devil does he mean by a pothouser?’* Oh, take the bally book away.’ The Lower School is indeed too busy making the stuff of future school stories to care about the *vates sacer* of its fathers’ days, and the criticisms of the Olympians in the Sixth are apt to be distorted by their naturally superior wisdom and knowledge.

Perhaps even the former of the two tests suggested is not wholly a trustworthy one, for the best men (and

* At a school situated on a river that was once canalised the disused locks used to be called ‘pots,’ and the lock-houses, now vanished, ‘pot-houses’: a ‘pothouser’ is believed to have been a dive taken from the roof of the little house into the lock. But there were *varia lectiones*.

only good men are qualified to write school stories) see their school-days through a glass slightly tinted, not by the tears they once shed, the mortifications and disappointments they suffered, the 'beastly things' they did and said and heard, but by the rosy mists of fond remembrance of friendships and affections, by the memory of

'days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,'

or by the memory of that never-afterwards-to-be-renewed delight, the first awakening of their own intelligence to the beauties of language and literature or to the marvels of science. Such a mist, we presume, tinted the glasses of the writer of the one school story that leaped at once into that classic rank which it has ever since retained, 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' It does not, however, follow that such mist obscures more than it illuminates. We believe, on the contrary, that it illuminates far more than it obscures. Like the famous golden haze of the Bosphorus it reduces objects to their proper relative proportions, and it does not emphasise the unessential. For instance, we may well believe that a good many more comments were made in Number Four, and afterwards in other dormitories in the School-house, than are recorded in Chapter I, Part II, of 'Tom Brown' concerning the events of the night on which Arthur first said his prayers in public. But in the text the essential alone is retained. Hughes was evidently recording some experience of which, if not an eye-witness, he had been well-informed; and he was recording it faithfully, for he admits that there was no immediate results from Tom's act—'after a short struggle the confessors were bullied or laughed down and the old state of things went on for some time longer.'

Now your modern realist-writer of a school story would have given you all the comments and 'asides,' very likely exaggerating their blasphemy and meanness just because his own mind is a naturally unpleasant one and loves to dwell on such unpleasant things as blasphemy and 'beastliness.' There is no denying the fact that the British schoolboy is, like the Master in 'Slipper's Alphabet of Fox-hunting,' 'blasphemious of habit,' but it is a great mistake to lay much emphasis on this habit, which means

little and generally drops off him, together with other vices (such as greediness), when he comes to man's estate. We might pick out a dozen scenes in 'Tom Brown' and analyse them in a like way, with the object of showing how much more true in essentials is Hughes's presentation than that of your modern realist would be. We believe that we should find, all through the book, similar results from any such analysis, faithfulness to the main currents of public school life, and faithful delineation of the character of the ordinary boy. 'Tom Brown' has for its subject the story of a boy's progress, in the late 'thirties of the 19th century, from a happy-go-lucky fag to the serious position of Captain of the Eleven (how serious the latter position is, is probably known only to those who have attained that dizzy height). We are far from saying that Tom did not pick up some wisps of priggery during his career, and that an emphasis somewhat too laudatory for our taste is not laid upon these. But Hughes stands to win on the fact that he, a most lively personality, remained very much of a boy throughout his life. He was not a great writer, as the sorry sequel called 'Tom Brown at Oxford' demonstrated,* and he was writing in an age which took its serious problems more seriously than we take them, or even than we take our own. Thus, if we say that we greatly prefer Part I to Part II of this immortal work, that Tom and his friends appear to us more attractive as little boys than as big boys (to our mind 'Tadpole' is a bit of character-drawing far ahead of Harry East or of Tom himself), we must always remember that the author thoroughly understood both big and little boys, and presented both as they appeared to him, writing in the 'fifties, to have been in the 'thirties which had been his own Rugby period. And, if we say that there is too much religious discussion, and too much bible-reading, to be true to boy nature, the answer must be that, in the 'thirties, the stories of the patriarchs and the prophets in the Old Testament were really believed to be the Word of God, and that Jacob and Samuel were believed to have been estimable persons worthy of our imitation. In the age of Henry of Exeter and of Exeter Hall it is small wonder

* His 'Memoir of a Brother' is, however, a very admirable piece of biography.

that religious discussion was part of the heritage of intelligent schoolboys.

It is inevitable that all school stories should have much the same subject as 'Tom Brown,' the progress of the hero from the bottom to the top of the school. Their value, then, will depend upon a combination of two powers not always to be found in the same writer, that of fidelity to the essential facts, and that of comprehension of the nature of the species boy during the process. The latter is infinitely the rarer quality of the two, indeed it is a quality seldom possessed except by clever and devoted mothers of sons, and only in the highest degree by those mothers who have no daughters and have husbands that don't count. The perfect study of boyhood could probably be written by such a mother, but unfortunately she would not be qualified on the former count, for she would know only by hearsay of the facts, essential or non-essential, of school life.

We must, however, come to closer grips with our subject. The main fault committed by that which we may call the soberer school of school novelists is the steady insistence on some *Leitmotif* which runs as an undercurrent through the earlier chapters, gradually works its way to the surface, and finally sweeps everything before it in a *dénouement*. This will generally lead the author to exaggerate qualities which exist, *bien entendu*, in every boy, but which seldom manifest themselves in such force as the author attributes to them. It may be art, but it is not boy-life, in which there are too many cross-currents and counter-currents to allow the one to be resistless. And it is for this reason that we feel that, in four of the simplest and best of the books before us, the authors have erred in choosing for their main theme a sort of contest between a good boy and a bad boy, or group of bad boys, for the soul (or whatever you like to call it) of a third boy, who is, either secretly or avowedly, the hero worshipped by the said good boy. The books in question are 'Hugh Randal,' by Lionel Portman (1905); 'The Hill,' by H. A. Vachell (1905); 'The Bending of a Twig,' by Desmond Coke (1906); and 'Fathers of Men,' by the late E. W. Hornung (1912). As we are not strictly 'reviewing' any of these books nor, for the moment, any particular book, we

must content ourselves with noticing that in each instance the contest is intended to end, and ends, in a self-sacrifice on the part of the good boy of such a super-quixotic kind as to be not only improbable, but a distinct overstepping of the modesty of boy-nature. For each hero, seeing all his own mischance, deliberately pretends to be guilty of a crime, or a breach of discipline, which he has not, but which he knows that the god of his idolatry has, committed. This god if detected will inevitably 'get the sack,' but so will he, the voluntary substitute, if he shields his god. There is not, in any of the crises described, any question of 'sneaking' or of the violation of the code of schoolboy honour, but mainly a deliberate self-immolation on the altar of an exaggerated, over-sentimental, and somewhat unworthy friendship.

Each of these books possesses excellencies of its own. 'Fathers of Men' and 'The Bending of a Twig' each select an unusual type of boy for the hero, and each works out his development in the healthy atmosphere of a public school with some skill; the former is, we think, the stronger and the more original book of the two, perhaps the strongest of the four, and it contains an extremely fine and life-like portrait of the famous headmaster Edward Thring, a portrait which Dr Parkin's 'Life of Thring' enables us to check and to find true. 'The Hill,' it must be confessed, is a little more startling: the atmosphere of Harrow at the date described would seem to have been, shall we say, a little oppressive for quiet boys to breathe, sometimes even a little lurid; events crowd thick and fast and are somewhat startling; there are a great many dukes and plutocrats about, and perhaps too much emphasis is laid upon them, an emphasis which we are glad to find wholly absent from the two Eton stories to which we shall presently have to refer. But 'The Hill' is redeemed by one character of superlative excellence, a character so wholly unexpected and freakish that it confirms our previously-conceived opinion that the greater the school the more chance will a boy of strong, even of freakish, individuality have of getting on well. Egerton, nicknamed 'The Caterpillar' 'from his leisurely progress up the school,' is so original, so true to nature,

yet so inconceivable by any one ignorant of public-school life, that he seems to leave all the other actors in these four books standing still at the post. Some of these perhaps fade before our eyes as *fortis Gyas fortisque Cloanthus* of the *Æneid* fade; The Caterpillar

οἷος πεπνῶται, τοὶ δὲ σκιὰ ἄισσουσιν.

Such books as the above-mentioned will probably be found well-thumbed, and shaky in their covers, in the libraries of old boys who hail respectively from Wellington, Shrewsbury, Harrow, and Uppingham. They will often be re-read and will awake recollections, some gay, some tender, some painful, but none unwholesome. It is a very different matter with Mr Alec Waugh's 'The Loom of Youth' (1917) and Mr Shane Leslie's 'The Oppidan' (1922). It is not our intention to dissect or quote from those books, a perusal of which is, however, necessary if we are to attempt to understand to what lengths modern 'realism' can go when applied to school life. Each is evidently written by a rebel (we have nothing to say against rebels, who are necessary ingredients in the *olla podrida* of school life), but by a rebel of very different temperament, the one sombre and spiteful, the other impish and irresponsible. To the former book are annexed a strange Dedication to the author's father (we wonder what he thought of it) and a Preface, hardly less shattering than the text itself, by the late Mr Thomas Seccombe. This preface tells us that 'The Loom of Youth' was written when its author was seventeen. Whether this be an excuse or an aggravation we must leave to the judgment of its readers, if any readers can be found tough enough to wade through 335 pages of pointless and sordid descriptions of bad faith, bad language, cruelty, squalor, and incapacity, unredeemed by any delineation of character, any wit, any kindly feeling. Truly the cynicism of what Mr Seccombe calls 'the new generation which is going to do wonders by the Divine Right of Youth,' is remarkable even for a lad of seventeen. The most charitable supposition is that Mr Waugh, who must by now be more than a quarter of a century old, was a clever bilious-tempered boy, who got athwart the hawse of nearly every one at his school, masters

and boys alike, and revenged himself directly he had left by trying to make our flesh creep. In this experiment on the flesh of people little acquainted with boys or public schools, he has probably succeeded. One would suppose that his book may have done a measurable amount of damage to 'Fernhurst.' Another possible supposition is that he may have been petted and spoiled by some peculiarly injudicious schoolmaster of a journalistic type of mind, whose nerves (and much must be forgiven to such a man in the terrible nerve-wracking year 1917) were intolerably on edge, and who found himself hopelessly out of sympathy with his healthy surroundings. We do not ask, and we do not seek to know, what actual school should answer to the name of 'Fernhurst' in 'the dreamy Derbyshire town' with 'a great grey abbey' (we do not somehow think of Derbyshire as a 'dreamy' sort of county). Nor do we suppose that Mr Waugh has been a frequent visitor at his old school since his departure. But we do rather wonder whether the Governors took any steps towards an action for libel against him.

Mr. Leslie's book about Eton is a more difficult proposition to tackle. If 'Fernhurst' may be relegated to that Machiavellian limbo of 'many imagined republics and principalities which have never been seen or known in actual existence,' it is otherwise with Eton, concerning which too many books, and too much literature of every kind, from Dr Keate's time to our own, have been written. Masters as well as boys write there, and often with too little reticence. The result has been to throw too fierce a light upon this school. The excuse, if it be one, is that the old-Etonian public is a large one and a book-buying one, and no literary man can be wholly indifferent to the rewards of divination. Books about Eton are, moreover, eagerly read, even by those who were not educated there, and the rather difficult and peculiar terminology of the school is not wholly unfamiliar to the outside world. All this makes it rather difficult for an outside reviewer to estimate the value of a book about Eton. Mr Leslie does not pretend that his is about anything else; he lays no claim to any general appreciation of boyhood. That he is a brilliant and descriptive writer, with occasional flashes

of real cleverness and originality, cannot disguise the fact that he is a cock of the same hackle as Mr Waugh, that he has the same end in view, that of startling and shocking his readers (particularly his readers from other schools, real Eton schoolboys and masters, except those whom he has deliberately wounded, will take him at his real value), careless of what damage he may do to his old school, of what wounds he may inflict on his victims. In this last matter, and without Mr Waugh's excuses of extreme youth and extreme rancour, he is a thousand times more guilty than Mr Waugh, as he is a thousand times more clever. For we have been told, on good Etonian authority, that the names of all the masters in 'The Oppidan' are but thinly disguised, that the portraits of some are deliberately drawn in puckish, if not in more serious, malice; and that the names and nicknames of the boyish actors in the story, many of whom lost their lives in the War, are hardly changed at all, and that their escapades, some of them discreditable, and exploits, are related almost as they happened. We cannot wholly believe this last indictment, for the cruelty of such descriptions, at this near date, would be too cold-blooded, the probability of a horse-whipping from their surviving friends too great a risk for the writer to run. But there must be some truth in it, for the description of the fire and the loss of life in the last chapter is taken from an actual occurrence at the school at the opening of the present century. To have introduced this incident into a rollicking novel at a period when the parents and friends of the sufferers are still probably living, is an example of bad taste almost incredibly flagrant even for an irresponsible Irishman or a yellow-press journalist. Mr Leslie (no doubt after finishing his novel) has sought to disarm his critics and conciliate his readers by an ingenious, if somewhat colourless, preface, which certainly does not prepare them for the shocks to their good taste which he administers in the text of the book. Now, in this preface he says (and no doubt he believes) that 'there could be nothing duller than a school novel true to life.'

As we read these words we pondered, and we wondered, whether they must necessarily be true. And

even while we pondered we came across another book about Eton of the same date of publication (1922) as Mr Leslie's, but containing memories of the school of some fifteen, or more, years before the period to which 'The Oppidan' evidently refers. This is 'Playing Fields' by Mr Eric Parker, whose debut in story writing was made in 1901 with 'The Sinner and the Problem'—a title which may have been adopted *ad captandum*, but which is entirely belied by the charming, if slight, study of the personality of two boys who are its main heroes. Mr Parker has also written a serious study of his old school called 'Eton in the 'Eighties,' which is a good deal better than most studies of its kind, but would not, of itself, call for any very high praise. And he is known to a select circle of readers as a prose-poet of his own beautiful county, Surrey, and a keen student of natural history of equal knowledge with, and more literary gift than, the late C. J. Cornish. But 'Playing Fields' is on a level far above anything he has yet done, and far above anything that any modern has done in the same field. If we were to take seriously the words we have just quoted from Mr Leslie's preface to 'The Oppidan,' we suppose that he, Mr Leslie, would say that 'Playing Fields' was 'not a novel.' And, in truth, it is more a study of boy life and boy nature under exceptionally happy circumstances. Yet it is *ποίησις*, or, if you prefer it, a fictitious narrative, with a regular 'hero' and all the normal appendages of a 'story'; it is, as 'Tom Brown' was, and as Mr Leslie would like us to believe 'The Oppidan' was, based upon facts and illustrated by characters, or, rather, by unconscious generalisation from characters, actually observed or remembered by the author. Mr Leslie has many stirring scenes ('The Great Keyhole Mystery' is about the best) and some jolly fellows as actors in them, yet you cannot help seeing that he is 'out,' as modern slang has it, for a purpose quite different from the description of ordinary schoolboy life. He is out to exercise his wit and his satire against everything that is sober and quiet at Eton, against all the old ideals of Dr Warre's time, against Government, against tradition, against the Empire. And, alas, most of all, he is out to display his own cleverness.

Mr Parker's book is at once *Dichtung* and *Wahrheit*. It does not conceal the fact that there are sordid aspects of school life; it lets you guess pretty clearly what they are, but it does not trumpet them to the skies, and in treating of them by conversations the author employs just that natural habit of shy talk, half-confidences, broken-off sentences, that are the protective armour of the normal schoolboy. He exaggerates nothing nor aught sets down in malice. Like the author of 'Tom Brown' he fills his pages with things that have seemed to him in his middle life to have been the essentials in his own boyish days. And he is eminently fitted for this, for it is clear that on his sensitive brain the real thoughts and scenes of childhood and boyhood have been indelibly imprinted. It has been said of 'Playing Fields' that only a mother of sons could perfectly appreciate it, and it was, indeed, pointed out to the present reviewer by one such mother that the chapters on home and private school life were, if possible, even more true to nature than those on Eton life. We should not expect Mr Leslie, even in his præfatial mood, to endorse this verdict. But the lines which we have placed at the head of this article were written after reading and re-reading 'Playing Fields' by a true poet and a great schoolmaster whose knowledge of boys is not inferior to Mr Parker's own. Perhaps, after all, the best category in which to class the book is that of love-poems; for it is at once a love-poem to Eton and a love-poem to boyhood's days.

The latter is infinitely the greater achievement of the two. 'Playing Fields' shares with 'Tom Brown' the supreme merit of being a true picture, *mutatis mutandis*, of any great school in Britain at any time during the past hundred years. If it had been called 'Meads,' and if the necessary reconstructions of the background had been made, its characters and their dialogues would have appealed equally to the Collegemen of Eton's elder sister. It is, however, greater than 'Tom Brown,' first because its author is a very much greater writer than Hughes—he is, indeed, an artist-in-style of a calibre quite unusual in modern England, and much of his work possesses the delicacy which we find only in the best French writers; secondly, because he

is wholly without self-consciousness and without any moral to drive home; and lastly, but most important of all, because he comprehends, as Hughes hardly did, the essential shyness of all boys. He knows that they never reveal themselves wholly to each other any more than they do to their elders (we know nothing about school-girls, but we have been told that in this matter they are of a nature exactly opposite to that of the young males). Now this is a truth which writers like Mr Waugh and Mr Leslie not only fail to perceive, but which their brains are not at all capable of understanding. Each of them is so full of himself, and so anxious to display his own cleverness, or naughtiness, that he tries to make all his characters shout with the same blatancy as himself. Nothing, on the other hand, is more admirable than the frequent use which Mr Parker makes of *aposiopeses* and of actual silences. They run all through the book. Take this (from its opening pages) concerning a boy's delight in a new home, unexpectedly beautiful:

'He heard from the house behind him his mother calling. She was at a window brushing her hair; she was asking him what he thought of the new garden. He stood up with his bunch of cowslips. A blackbird shouted from a lilac-tree. He stood there with his cowslips. He could say nothing.'

You can see that there is a tragedy to come. The boy's father is going to die and the new home (called Tanyate) will all too soon have to be given up, although Martin, being an endowed scholar, will be able to remain at Eton. The tragedy, however, when it comes, only throws into greater relief the amazingly beautiful sketch of the mother and of her relation to the boy. Martin was *æger* with the mumps and was feeling dreadfully bored, in spite of the kindness of a few ex-mumpers who visited him in the sick-room. He had even been comforting himself by putting his fishing-rod together and taking it to pieces again; and he was wondering why he hadn't heard from home recently. Then the letter with the ill news comes, and then:

'The day had been unlike any day he could have imagined. It did not seem a period of time. Hundreds of things had happened since the morning; yet the hundreds of things were all one thing. He read his mother's letter over and over

again. He tried to find the meaning in every turn of each sentence. He guessed what was in his mother's mind in each word she wrote to him.

"They would be together"—could they possibly, then, be apart? Trouble and losses—what did these mean? Why should there be losses? If his father was no longer there to make money. . . . Investments, Income, Capital, Interest—things in mathematics. If you had no income. If you could not pay bills. School bills. But School bills were not the only bills. There were shops, servants, Tanyate. . . .

'They would have to leave Tanyate. They would never go to Tanyate again. They would never see the garden and the woods: he would never bird's-nest again there with Anne. . . .

'He thought suddenly of his father as he remembered seeing him last at Tanyate. He was sitting under a haystack smoking; he had on an old tweed coat—the Harris tweed coat that smelt of out-of-doors and shooting—he had a crimson apple in his hand which he was just going to throw to him, and he was looking at him with his merry eyes. . . .

'That was what it meant.

'He sat looking at the letter in the evening. He heard steps coming up the stairs—Guillesley [his fagmaster].

'The door opened. He could not turn round.

'Guillesley touched him on the shoulder. He said nothing. He stood there a minute. He went down again.'

The scene of Martin's first afternoon at his private school is equally perfect. Mr Parker is not afraid to put down the silliest bits of talk that pass for wit at the age of nine or ten:

"Hullo! here's a new squirt! A new squirt, you chaps! . . . What's your name?"

"Martin Wardon." . . .

"Martinwardon Ma's in Jordan.* He says his name's Mamma's in the Jordan. I say, you chaps, here's a new squirt says his name is 'Little Mamma Martin Crossing the Jordan.'"

Turn to the closing pages of the book and you will find the answer to Mr Leslie's jibe about school novels. Martin and his friends are having their last bathe at the

* How large that small stream loomed in our imagination in the days of our boyhood, and how full of its name was our (occasionally profane) boy-language!

Sixth Form swimming pool at Boveney Weir, on the last day of their Eton lives. Their silence is barely broken by such remarks as 'It's almost too hot. The sun's like a hat-iron' (Eton boys still wear the ridiculous top hat, and such headgear needs a periodical application of the iron). 'I'm ironing myself' . . . 'Hay, you're a water-funk. Come and sit under the weir.' At last (after they had dressed) Martin broke the silence:

"I wonder if that's the last time."

"That's what I was thinking."

"They crossed from the bank to a cart-track. Martin stooped to pick up a wisp of dry clover.

"Curious thing, you know, how it's all gone?"

"All what gone?"

"One's time here. It's gone differently from what one expected."

"I don't know——"

"Well, I mean——" He swished with the clover at a briar.

"You mean we haven't done what we meant."

"Not exactly. But we've done what we didn't expect. And we haven't done what we thought we—— At least I——"

"You've spent your time shooting [rifle-shooting] when you meant to play cricket."

"And failed at that. And Crundall didn't get his Eight and he might have."

"*But* he nearly won School pulling."

"And Hay's got his Eleven and he ought to have. And you——"

"What about Speeches? And 'The Mask'?" [a School Magazine].

"That's what I say. I wasn't thinking only of myself. I was trying—I was thinking of what one thought it would be and how it's different. Fellows one thought would do things and they didn't. Like Blakesey. And fellows one knew must do things."

"Like Lidden getting the Newcastle."

"Yes. Well, it's all like that. I mean that's what happens. It was what Massinger was saying the other day. About stories of schools. How they're not like school because the people who write them seem to think that you can't make a story without impossible rot like people climbing out of windows at night, and climbing back dead drunk——"

"And the head prefect being caught cribbing. And

a g-girl [Crundall had a slight stammer, of which very effective use is occasionally made by the author] in a shop or a village or something. And O yes! the hero making a hundred in the great match and doing the hat-trick on the stroke of time. It's always the hero who makes the hundred. You know he is going to do it when the book starts."

"Yes. Well, I mean it's really true what Massinger was saying. That you don't get plots in school life. You don't get extraordinary things happening. You just get people going on day after day. And sometimes they do things and sometimes they don't. And there are hundreds of people who don't do things and two or three who do. And the real school story's about the people who don't."

'Hazier said nothing. He was walking faster, stooping with his head bent, as he walked when he planned things for "The Mask." He was frowning. He spoke absently.

"You do get plots."

"Well, I mean you don't get——"

"You do get a plot. I could give you a plot."

"What then?"

"The wrong person being punished. The real person getting off."

"D'you mean——"

"Raine."

"D'you think——"

"Leverer being here five years."

"M."

'They turned the corner of Common Lane.'

The 'plot' just mentioned—a school tragedy of the grimmest (and a thousand times grimmer as presented by the reticence of this consummate artist than with all the t's crossed and the i's dotted as it would have been presented by the blatant type of school novelist)—is handled in Chapter XXIII; there had been foreshadows of it. But the delicacy and pathos with which Mr Parker handles it is unrivalled. And the best thing about it is that we are not at all definitely prepared for it when Leverer, the villain (never was secret villain sketched with such few, such powerful touches), first appears as a new boy. The new boys (in Martin's fourth half-term) were

'weaker somehow. There was no one among them who was interesting.

'Except perhaps Leverer. Leverer was rather a curious sort of fellow. When you saw him first you rather hated him. He had a long not exactly crooked, but not quite straight nose. He had very regular white teeth. His hair was shining and wavy, and he had a way of laughing quickly and showing his teeth and then becoming serious again. But his eyes. . . . There was something odd about his eyes. They were rather a jolly sort of brown. But—they were difficult. They looked at you too hard.'

Faunt, the caricaturist of Martin's year, drew animal-pictures of all the new boys and made Leverer into a fox. The name 'foxy' stuck to him, especially after Faunt had made him into 'St Foxius' in a painted-window sketch. But Foxy (and this is art, as well as too often truth) goes placidly up the school, scattering mischief on his path and wrecking more than one career, occasionally suspected but never detected in his evil ways, plays for the Collegers in the most important football match of the year, and ends by getting one of the Scholarships at Cambridge which Martin himself fails to get.

It has been said of Jane Austen, and it might be said of Mr Parker, that he knew his own limitations. There is one aspect of school life that he makes no attempt to describe—the religious aspect. Eton College Chapel was for Martin Warden and his friends a thing of beauty and a place in which you behaved with decency, but either it was not a place whose services or sermons powerfully affected their lives, or else something sealed the lips of their evangelist. Almost the only reference to the chapel services is a conversation between the two boys, in Martin's second year (Chapter XVI), first on the comedy afforded by the procession of the Sixth Form boys to their seats, then on the idiosyncrasies of the choir-men, then on their own delight in shouting in certain Psalms ('Yes, and the next day its "Oh that men would therefore." Ripping. I simply howl'), and then on the probable changes to be introduced by a new headmaster. 'Crundall pondered, "I always like hoods, don't you? And those scarlet and pink ones. On surplices. And watching Holy P-poker going in front of the Head up chapel."' Now, nearly every other school-novelist has harped on this theme, of the effect of chapel services, the innocent chroniclers naïvely, the

sentimentalists sentimentally and often *ad nauseam*, the blatant ones blatantly and profanely after their kind. Compulsory attendance in the school chapel, and all-but compulsory Confirmation according to the rites of the Church of England, after due 'preparation' by the headmaster, or by some other master whether fit or unfit for this extremely delicate task—these things are the greatest of grievances to writers like Mr Waugh and Mr Leslie. Were it not for some hints thrown out by the latter of belonging to another Communion (whose priests would probably make short work of any boyish scruples on such points) you would suppose religion itself and the appurtenances thereof to exist mainly for the purpose of affording an agreeable tickling to the 'blasphemious' nature of the species boy. Mr Parker would, we think, answer with a *ne sutor supra* to the perfectly reasonable and valid charge of having omitted all serious reference to this subject; which, nevertheless, we take, from many sources of information other than those afforded by Messrs Waugh and Leslie, to be a burning one at the present day. Among the older books which we have mentioned an extreme instance of naïveté is shown to us by Mr Portman in the otherwise thoroughly sensible fifteenth chapter of 'Hugh Rendal,' which is headed by an admirable quotation from Edward Bowen, and deals with the episode of Hugh's confirmation. His master, Mr Gurney,

'gained more attention than his chief from the boys. For he did all he could to avoid saying anything that could be branded as "pijaw." *With as little mention of religion as possible*, he spoke, as friend to friend rather than master to boy, of general principles of conduct with special reference to the pitfalls awaiting the adolescent male.'

The above italics are ours, and we must leave each of our readers to interpret their meaning according to his own opinion on such matters; perhaps what is wanted is a new definition of the word 'religion.' More than one lay schoolmaster of our acquaintance has, however, said to us that preparation for confirmation was by far the most difficult (one said 'the most odious') task he was called upon to perform; and herein, no doubt, Catholic schools, whereat religious

instruction is left wholly to the priests, enjoy at least an apparent advantage over those whose pupils are members of the Church of England, and therefore are assumed to be in need of its rites.*

In almost the only place where an impartial observer can check Mr Parker from outside knowledge he passes the test unscathed. He was evidently a boy at school when Warre succeeded Hornby as headmaster. We know from Mr Fletcher's biography of the former, that early in his career as head, Warre was rudely treated by some of his Sixth Form boys, and that he was deeply distressed. This is how Mr. Parker relates it:

"Judwin says there's a row on."

"What sort of a row?" Martin looked back from the turn of the path. Mist rose white beyond Fellow's Eytot.

"Well, it isn't exactly a row. It's ructions. With the Head. Judwin heard Hassall talking about it to Rodwill."

"How could you have ructions with the Head? I don't see——"

"It's something to do with changes. And the new things Sixth Form have to do they never did before. Alterations of time and schools and all those new School Orders. Judwin says Hassall said he was sick of seeing the Head's signature and his blue ink, and Judwin says Hassall said the notice board's getting like a paper chase" ['Judwin says Hassall said'—what skill, what simplicity, what truth, are in the repetition of those four words! We should like to have been introduced to Hassall and Judwin, but Mr Parker is far too good an artist to indulge us here]. . . . "Hassall says we've got on very well all these years without School Orders printed and hung up and all that, and everybody's known what to do and how to mind their own businesses, and it's impossible to keep count of all these new things you must do and musn't do, and anyway Hassall says the Head will find out that Sixth Form——"

'They turned the corner of the wall leading to Weston's Yard. Under the arch strode a tall figure in black.'

There follows an eight-line portrait of Warre which carries conviction, and, if it be accurate, must have made his biographer green with envy.

* We must not be understood to say that Catholic priests would perform the difficult task better than English laymen; we offer no opinion on this point.

If we have devoted the greater part of this article to a single book, it is not because we regard it as *the* single book on the subject, for we cannot say this while 'Tom Brown' remains in print. But we are quite prepared to make a first class of these two books only, and it would be a first class in which 'Playing Fields' would definitely be Senior, and 'Tom Brown' Second, Classic. To suppose that a better school story would never be written would be to set bounds to human imagination; to suggest any better way of writing one would be impertinent, and for the present reviewer impossible. Indeed, he has only one concluding reflexion to make, and he makes it in some fear and trembling. 'Happy is the School which has never had its intimacies thrown open to the world outside its gates.' It is tolerably well known that there is such a school,* and that it is not the least among the great colleges and schools of England. This silence is not from want of time, for it is a very old school, so old as to be, in common with Eton and Westminster, specially exempted from the restrictions of the Mortmain Acts.

* There is a very brief sketch, called 'School Life at Winchester,' written early in the 'sixties, published in 1870, by Robert Blachford Mansfield, describing the experience of a junior in college between 1835 and 1840. It was no doubt inspired by 'Tom Brown,' and its author was a family friend of Hughes. It was reprinted in 1893. But it is in no sense a novel or even a 'tale.' It has been suggested to the present writer that the earlier pages of a *very* 'modernist' novel called 'Sonia' may have reference to Winchester, but there is no proof of this, and little real internal evidence; nor, we believe, was the author of that novel a Wykehamist.

Art. 3.—THE NEXT NAVAL CONFERENCE.

THERE can be little doubt that a very general desire exists amongst the civilised peoples of the world to see the burden of expenditure on armaments lightened and 'peace on earth' more firmly established. Ardent supporters of the League of Nations, Internationalists, Pacificists, and Economists are wont to regard a reduction of the means of making war as one of the most potent measures which can be taken to ensure peace. In consequence, we see Governments being continually urged by these enthusiasts to call a new conference for the 'limitation of armaments.'

The success of the Washington Treaty of 1922 and the fact that the Navy takes the heaviest toll of the public purse have combined to produce in this country a tendency to seek a reduction of that rather than of the other two Services. The British Army has already been whittled down until it can scarcely fulfil our manifold commitments, and it is so reduced and scattered that it constitutes neither an asset for bargaining with on our part, nor a cause for alarm or offence on the part of the most sensitive foreign Power. Our weakness in the air, compared with our nearest neighbours, is so obvious and the horror of air attack so firmly implanted in 'the man in the street' by the experiences of the late war, that there is little inclination to urge a further reduction of the Royal Air Force.

Peace is lulling the nation to a sense of false security at sea. The most serious danger to this island seems to the unthinking to be that latent in the air forces of Continental Powers. The public forgets that this country is now more dependent on oversea commodities than any nation at any time in the world's history, and that the Navy alone can ensure the safe arrival of those commodities. It has come to take abundance for granted. It also overlooks the fact that the one and only defence against air attack—our own Air Force—would be paralysed in a very short time if petrol supplies failed, and that practically the whole of our petrol has to be brought by long sea routes from sources which lie, almost entirely, outside the British Empire.

Of course, these domestic considerations need not, by

themselves, preclude an investigation of the problem of a further reduction of naval expenditure. To carry the issue to extremes, if all other Sea Powers would agree to reduce their navies to a strength not exceeding that of the present Portuguese fleet, let us say, we in this country could undoubtedly afford to reduce our own navy very considerably, but even then our reduction could not be proportional to that which the United States, for instance, would be making. In practice, however, the balance of Sea Power cannot be struck by the simple process of comparing the numerical strength of the various types of warships of the respective navies of the world, much less would such a process make for a stable peace. The lasting 'peace on earth' which is the high ideal of all statesmen can, we know, only be ensured by universal 'goodwill towards men.' There is that type of goodwill which might be maintained between two nations fully content with their own lot, living fraternally like two God-fearing neighbours needing no barriers to prevent each trespassing on the other's property. In the present state of the world, however, such international affection is far to seek. The great war has left the victors watchful and insistent on due compensation, the vanquished resentful and evasive, and neutrals suspicious and ill at ease. In this atmosphere it is vital to the promotion of increased tranquillity that the 'strong man armed' should retain his strength and use it to prevent that disorder which springs most readily from weak and restless communities. It is in the fulfilment of that rôle that the British Empire has grown to its present greatness and in which it has brought peace, security, and prosperity to innumerable millions who would otherwise be in a perpetual state of strife and unrest.

Great Britain is the eldest child of the biggest family of nations in the world, and as such she has immense powers for keeping the peace of the world if she maintains her sense of responsibility and the means of exerting her authority in that great cause. So long as human nature remains what it is there will be two potent dangers to peace. Firstly, there is the man or nation with great possessions who invites attack because he has not taken adequate measures to safeguard them.

Secondly, there is the instinctive inclination to challenge authority which is lacking in the power to uphold its decrees. It is as well to keep these axioms in mind when examining the question of reducing naval armaments.

Now, the British Navy is the sea-police of the Empire. Just as the police force on shore safeguards the King's highways, the nation's storehouses, and our hearths and homes, so the Navy safeguards the ocean highways and our harbours and coasts all over the world. Remove or unduly weaken either of these police services, and we invite robbery and assault by the unruly elements of mankind. On the other hand, a nation which maintains a navy far in excess of its normal and peculiar requirements may come to be regarded as having aggressive intentions. Such display of force creates an atmosphere of suspicion and encourages that competition in warship construction which, in the interests of peace and the improvement of social and economic conditions, it is so desirable to avoid. We can, therefore, formulate two further axioms on which to establish a firm balance between the Sea Powers:

1. The strength of a nation's navy should be such that it will constitute an adequate safeguard to that nation's maritime interests, and that it will act as a strong deterrent to a rival who might otherwise disturb the peace by assailing those interests.

2. No nation should create or maintain a navy of such a size that it constitutes a menace to peace because it is out of all proportion to normal needs.

The second axiom in no way implies that the nation with the largest navy necessarily constitutes a threat to other Sea Powers nor, on the other hand, that one of the lesser navies may not assume aggressive proportions because it does not possess superiority in numbers. Germany, for example, in the years leading up to the war was the most aggressive of nations in the way in which she accelerated warship construction to an extent out of all proportion to her normal requirements, although she never attained first place as a naval power.

Keeping these considerations in view let us examine the existing situation. In 1922 the chief maritime nations met and came to an amicable agreement stabilising the naval position throughout the world. The

agreement was based on a limitation in number and size of the largest and most essentially aggressive type of warship—the battleship. It was not reached without considerable sacrifices on all sides, strong evidence of goodwill and of an honest desire on the part of the nations concerned to contribute to the peace and tranquillity of the world. Britain, for example, sacrificed her time-honoured place as the predominant naval power and gave up the principle of the 'two-power standard' in the main units of the fleet which at one time was regarded as the minimum for safety.

The United States scrapped a number of vessels, actually on the stocks and in some cases in an advanced stage of construction, when their completion would have placed her, for the time being, well ahead of this or any other country in modern capital ships. The other nations who took part in the conference definitely accepted a lower place amongst the Sea Powers; a surrender of national pride and ambitions by no means the smallest contribution to the general effort to further the causes of international peace and economic recovery.

The effect of the Washington Treaty was to establish confidence amongst the nations with regard to the naval position because it precluded to a great extent any nation inflating its navy with aggressive intent. It follows, therefore, that any new conference which imperilled this good understanding would have a detrimental effect, particularly if it raised new issues tending to disturb the present balance of sea power only to prove abortive in the end. Before any such conference is even contemplated, there should be a clear understanding between the contracting nations as to what are the essential naval requirements of their own and other countries and whether there is anything which they are prepared to *give* in the common cause, and if so what sacrifices they must ask in return.

It was largely due to the fact that such contributions were forthcoming at Washington that the present pact was made possible. It is a very great mistake, however, to imagine, as some people do, that it is only a matter of paring down the respective navies in an agreed proportion to effect great saving without lessening the degree of national security. As an hypothesis, however,

let us consider the following proposals for reducing the burden of armaments:

1. Abolition of battleships.
2. Limitation of warships to 10,000 tons.
3. Abolition of submarines.
4. Abolition of aircraft except for commercial purposes.

As regards the Capital Ship question, we have already seen that the basis of the Washington pact is the limitation of the number and size of capital ships. No battleship is to exceed 35,000 tons displacement or to carry a gun greater than 16 inch. Within these limitations the naval constructor is free to evolve the most heavily armed, fastest, and best protected ship that he can. Details of the total tonnage and number of battleships allotted to the respective nations for the next eighteen years are as follows:

	Great Britain.	U.S.A.	Japan.	France.	Italy.
Approximate relative strength .	5	5	3	2	2
Total Tonnage (thousands) .	525	525	315	175	175
No. of Capital Ships					
(a) in 1924 .	22	10	10	7	6
(b) in 1942 .	15	15	9	?	?

As the other types of ships which go to make up a main fleet are more or less proportional in numbers to the battleship strength, the above figures (5 ; 5 ; 3 ; 2 ; 2) may be taken as fairly representative of the relative strength of the respective *main* fleets, exclusive of permanently detached squadrons or units. This further emphasises the fact that the battleship is at present the stabilising factor in determining the relative strength of the principal navies.

Now let us consider the position if the present type of capital ship is abolished and it is agreed to build no warships over 10,000 tons. The question will probably be asked at once—why draw the line at 10,000 tons, why not further limit the size and, therefore, the cost of warships to 5000 tons, say? The answer is that a vessel of less than 10,000 tons cannot carry the armament, the crew, and the fuel and have the sea-keeping qualities to

enable her efficiently to perform the duty of protecting ocean-going shipping. Nearly all our cruisers to-day are of the 'fleet' type, a war product, built chiefly for the North Sea. They are ill-suited for commerce protection. The new type, the first five of which were laid down last year, are really long overdue replacements of the now extinct 'County' class. The latter were ships of approximately 10,000 tons, and, although badly designed in some ways, were much more suitable for high sea work than the present 'fleet type.'

The Washington Conference did not arrive at the 10,000-ton standard by haphazard, and it may be taken to represent the smallest displacement for a warship which can fulfil the duties of a commerce-protecting cruiser. It will be further observed that the present Treaty contains no clause restricting the number of these vessels which any nation may build. Britain, in any case, cannot be tied in the matter of cruisers. The Empire is dependent for its existence on unity, and unity means that the links of its sea communications must be kept inviolate. Moreover, as has already been emphasised, the mother-country depends for her daily existence on supplies brought to her shores by sea routes. It is for these reasons that British cruiser squadrons are and must remain dotted over the world with bases at the strategical centres of the Empire. They could not be withdrawn and concentrated with the main fleet without imperilling Imperial and national security.

Already these squadrons are too few and too weak. Great tracts of ocean where British shipping plies, and many ports in and out of which British trade is continually flowing, seldom see the white ensign. The cruiser force recently detached from the main fleet to do a tour round the world was like a stage army, making up by the brilliance of its entrances and its exits what is lacking in numerical strength. Such tours, admirable in themselves, are, nevertheless, clear evidence that our naval forces abroad are inadequate, and that the fleet has been reduced below the standard of this country's needs.

In spite, however, of the far wider range of duties our cruisers have to perform and the fact that the number we need is out of all proportion to those of any other Sea

Power, the abolition of the battleship would necessarily result in our naval strength being assessed by other Powers in the next largest type of warship, i.e. the cruiser. The present position, including ships launched and completing, but excluding obsolete vessels of low speed and little fighting value, is as follows:—

	Cruisers of and under 10,000 Tons.
British Empire (including Dominion Navies)	52
Japan	20
United States	10
Italy	9
France	3

In addition, five 10,000-ton cruisers were laid down in this country during the last financial year, but even if a similar number is laid down each successive year such new construction will only replace worn-out ships and our total numerical strength in cruisers will not be increased. Japan has laid down six new cruisers, two of 10,000 tons and four of 7100 tons; two more of 10,000 tons are projected. The United States has a programme of eight 10,000-ton cruisers; two of which are being laid down this year. France and Italy are each building two 10,000-ton cruisers, and have four and three more, respectively, projected but not yet authorised. If and when these ships materialise, the position will be, approximately:

	Cruisers of and under 10,000 Tons.
British Empire	52
Japan	25
United States	18
France	6
Italy	5

These figures assume that obsolete ships will be scrapped when this new construction is completed, but the comparison is, at best, only a rough one as the rate of construction is bound to vary considerably in each country. Broadly, however, the relative strength of the five navies, measured in cruisers, may then be expressed by the figures 8, 4, 3, 1, 1; that is, supposing we build at least five new ships a year. Japan and the United States, it will be noticed, have changed places, as compared with the battleship ratios, and much to the latter's disadvantage. There can be very little doubt that such relative standards would not receive universal acclamation. The,

apparently, undue preponderance of the naval strength of the British Empire would doubtless be challenged by foreign representatives at any new Conference. To this we might well reply that the figures do not represent a fair comparison because a large proportion of our cruiser strength is necessarily dissipated in maintaining widely scattered foreign service squadrons while that of other nations can be concentrated in their home waters. Furthermore, the true comparison should then be in 10,000-cruisers, for, with the abolition of the battleship they will have become the real 'capital ships,' and, as a type, they are just as much the superiors of the older and smaller cruisers as the 'Dreadnoughts' were of the earlier battleships. The relative strength in this class, as at present laid down and projected, becomes :

	10,000-ton Cruisers.
United States	8
British Empire	7*
France	6
Italy	5
Japan	4

At present, too, we are building 10,000-ton cruisers essentially for commerce protection and therefore mainly for service abroad. An entirely new situation, however, would be created if this class were to constitute the main fleet of the future. If the battleship is abolished and other countries build a main fleet of 10,000-ton cruisers, we could not possibly rely on a main fleet consisting mainly of the small 'fleet' type, and our construction programme would have to be augmented accordingly. As matters stand, therefore, naval strength is measured primarily in a type of warship which it has been found possible to limit both in size and numbers, while each country is free to build cruisers according to its needs without offending the susceptibilities of other countries. This arrangement has provided a considerable measure of harmony and good understanding between the Sea Powers. In seeking for a new, and less expensive, standard it will be seen that there is a grave risk of the whole situation being thrown

* Including two building for Australia and not including the three pre-Washington 'Hawkins' class.

No new British construction programme has been announced at the time of writing.

into the melting-pot only to result in renewed competition, greatly increased expenditure, and a general atmosphere of mistrust.

From a British point of view, there would doubtless be far less objection to the complete abolition of the submarine than of the battleship. This does not arise from any suggestion that the former is the most potent source of danger to the latter. In point of fact the submarine is far less of a danger to the modern battleship than is popularly imagined. Anti-submarine devices have been so developed and under-water protection of large ships has been so improved that the position is changed to a remarkable degree in the battleship's favour. Our readiness to acquiesce in the abolition of the submarine, freely announced at the Washington Conference, arises from the fact that these craft are not vital to the defence of our islands so long as we have a predominant surface fleet and they are not of direct value for the protection of our sea-borne commerce. Moreover, submarines in the hands of an enemy must always constitute a potential menace to our merchant shipping, no matter what international laws are made to prohibit this form of warfare.

Such is the British aspect of the submarine question, but it would be absurd to ignore the justness of the claim of lesser Sea Powers, that the submarine is an essential weapon for their naval defence. It has legitimate uses in sea-warfare, amongst which is that of attacking surface warships whenever the chance arises and thereby reducing the enemy's fleet. Only so, these Powers may well argue, can a fleet which starts the war in a position of inferiority, hope to equalise matters and engage with some chance of success? Again, the use of submarines to defend coasts and harbours against invasion or raids by the forces of a stronger sea power is essentially one of the legitimate uses of these craft. Altogether there is very little likelihood that a proposal for the total abolition of submarines would find the same response from other nations that it might in this country.

The prospects of effecting agreements in reductions of surface warships and abolition of submarines presenting so many difficulties, attention will not

improbably turn to aircraft. Here, again, it is fairly safe to say that this country could subscribe to a proposal to abolish all military aircraft and be the gainer thereby. But if such a measure is to be effective it would have to include *all* aircraft—civil or military—for, subject to certain technical qualifications, a civil aeroplane has only got to set out with a cargo of bombs instead of with a load of mail bags and it becomes a weapon of war. It is not too much to say that an international agreement for the total abolition of any and all craft capable of self-propulsion in the air would be of advantage to this country. Such a sweeping measure might not be popular, for 'flying' has caught the public fancy and many vested interests would help to promote an outcry that the advance of science and the closer bond with friends and relations overseas was being checked. The cold fact is, nevertheless, that the advantages which this country derives from civil aviation are not comparable with the dangers to it which the conquest of the air has introduced. From an international point of view, there can be little question that commercial aviation has already reached a stage where it would be impossible to put back the wheels of time and prohibit flying, yet, as we have seen, it is very doubtful whether any advantage would accrue from attempting to limit the number of war aircraft while the number of civil ones remains unchecked.

Apart from these considerations, it is most probable that certain Continental nations have come to regard their air forces in much the same light as we in this country are wont to regard our Navy. They look upon them as an essential form of national insurance which they dare not do without. At best, any agreement limiting the upkeep of war aircraft would only delay their production after the outbreak of hostilities. Stores of aeroplane engines and other parts could very easily be maintained in peacetime under the guise of civil aviation requirements, and war aircraft could be speedily manufactured by a nation which had accumulated the necessary resources, and which maintained suitable factories.

The only real check on a nation's readiness for war which can be imposed by international agreement is the prohibition or limitation of those types of weapons

which take a long time to fashion. All other types belligerents will rapidly manufacture or purchase from neutrals; their production is solely a question of home resources or ability to pay. Hence the practical utility of limiting battleships and the futility of attempting to limit aircraft. Peace agreements cannot abolish weapons, they can only delay their revival, always supposing they are worth reviving as a means of securing victory. A nation to whom battleships might be essential for victory would therefore be heavily handicapped if they were abolished, as compared with an enemy who could gain his end with aircraft, supposing the latter were also prohibited in peace.

Summarising the foregoing arguments, we find that attempts to abolish the present predominant fleet unit—the battleship—would be likely to throw the whole naval position out of balance, to undo the good of the Washington Treaty, and to create general mistrust and a tendency to renewed competition in naval armaments. The abolition of submarines and aircraft, to which Britain might readily agree, could not be regarded in the same favourable light by other countries, and such proposals also would be likely to produce dissensions ill-conducive to the firm establishment of peace. It is not suggested that it is beyond the wit of man to find common grounds between the Powers for a further reduction of armaments, but in seeking them it is well to beware of the rocks which might shipwreck a new Naval Conference.

E. ALTHAM.

Art. 4.—THE FOX.

NEAR the parish church of Widecombe-in-the-Moor there stands a venerable yew-tree upon which in by-gone years it was the custom to hang all foxes destroyed within the parish. There were no legitimate fox-hunters in those days, it would seem, and it was a more or less general practice throughout the country to pay small rewards out of the local rates for the killing of rapacious creatures. Badgers, polecats, and even hedge-hogs each fetched their price, but the fox, as principal malefactor, headed the list, his life being valued at no less a figure than three shillings and sixpence. This system only ceased to operate early in the 19th century, and was carried on unofficially by farmers' clubs and similar institutions until a much later date. Doubtless the morals of the West-Countryman have improved somewhat in this respect with the passing of the years, yet even to-day he has his own ideas about foxes and the fox-hunter, regarding the latter very much as he regards the police—merely as a last resource in times of need, a means to an end which he cannot himself achieve. His attitude, indeed, resembles that of the gipsy, cleverly sketched in 'Punch' some years ago, who, having knocked down a fox in front of hounds, was genuinely astonished when his action won anything save approbation. A characteristic example occurred in Devonshire a season or two ago.

A farmer living in a remote district wrote to the M.F.H. to the effect that a fox was making frequent raids on his poultry, and he would esteem it a favour if hounds could be brought. The Master agreed to come, fixing and advertising an early date. That particular bit of country, as it happened, was outside his boundary, belonging strictly to a more distant pack which never came there. He took the trouble, therefore, to obtain the customary formal permission, and all was satisfactorily arranged, when upon the very morning appointed there came another letter from the good farmer, intimating that he 'need not trouble the gentlemen after all,' as he had succeeded in *trapping the delinquent*. Incidentally, it transpired that the animal caught was not a fox at all, but a wild-cat—the genuine

article, unheard-of in the West Country for many years.

Upon the wilder parts of Dartmoor foxes have seldom been even nominally preserved for hunting, and within the memory of many residents there, almost every farmer kept greyhounds for coursing them. This appears to have been a rough-and-ready form of sport, and distinctly one-sided. Both guns and terriers were used, the former to be brought into play whenever occasion arose, the latter for ejecting the foxes from the rocks—their main fastness. If they would not bolt, crowbars were employed to get them out, and short shrift was granted, whereas those which bolted stood slight chance, for even if they escaped the guns, there were the greyhounds to be reckoned with. In an old farm-house in the parish of Throwleigh, visitors are still shown a string of brushes, numbering twenty-four, all trophies of this now happily forgotten 'sport.'

There are few creatures more wary than the mountain fox, yet, with all his elusiveness, like his next of kin, the coyote, he is blessed—or cursed—with an overpowering curiosity which frequently proves his undoing. Wideawake and suspicious of every distant sound or scent, at the first hint of danger he is afoot, stealing away as imperceptibly as a cloud-shadow along the hill-side, and keen must be the eye that can pick out his russet-grey form against the brownish-grey landscape. If not pursued, however, curiosity soon gets the better of his discretion, and the chances are that he will circle back to some high point near his starting-place, to watch or get the wind of his enemies. When walking along almost any wild rocky coombe where foxes abound, it is well worth while to pause now and again and scan the near slopes with a field-glass.

One early-summer evening I was watching, or, rather, listening to a pair of ring ousels which appeared to have a nest in a 'clitter' near by, when, glancing suddenly round, a gleam of white on a heathery slope some fifty yards away caught my eye. It had not been there a minute before, I was convinced, and even as I looked it disappeared. Some disturbance in the ousel household attracted my attention for the moment, and when I looked again, not one but two white objects

were visible in the heather. To use the local expression, it was getting 'dimpsy'; ghostly nightjars were already flitting about with wavy, soundless flight, and in the deepening twilight it was not easy to distinguish even near objects very clearly. There was still light enough to use a glass, however, and with its aid I was able to solve the riddle. The white spots were nothing else than the light breasts of two foxes, sitting erect, and studying me with wide-eyed interest. Needless to say, when I reached the place a few seconds later there was nothing to be seen in any direction save the darkening heath, no sound save the rustle of the wind in the ling-tips. One almost doubted the reality of the experience.

That is always the way, of course. The moment the wily one feels that he is discovered he effaces himself forthwith, but when greyhounds or 'long dogs' are handy it may well be too late, and one may safely assume that they who sought him 'years ago' with such assistants knew his peculiarities and how to turn them to account. An old inhabitant of Okehampton who saw a great deal of fox-coursing in his youth tells many curious tales of his experiences on the moors. Upon one occasion, he told me, when he was out with a party of kindred spirits among the wild hills north of the Teign, a fox was sighted watching the party from the slope of Waterton Tor, a quarter of a mile away. One of the greyhounds, a somewhat famous dog, was chivvied on, and an exciting chase ensued. The fox had a substantial start, but it soon became apparent that its capture was scarcely even a matter of minutes. A scant fifty yards at last divided them with the dog still gaining at every bound, when to everybody's astonishment the fox suddenly faced about and trotted back unconcernedly to meet its pursuer. Even the greyhound was taken aback. It stopped short in its rush, circled the fox, stiff-legged and bristling, but made no attempt to attack him. And so they went on 'walking round one another' along the hillside, until the crafty one by insidious stages worked his way to a convenient pile of rocks, where he took refuge, but was extricated, I regret to say, later in the day. He proved to be a very old dog-fox, literally without a tooth in his head, so, perhaps, all considered, his time had come. It is common

knowledge, of course, that a greyhound will seldom molest an animal who calmly faces him, but how, one wonders, did the fox know it? Was it merely a case of blind instinct, or is it true that the 'father of cunning' studies the psychology of his various enemies, even as we study the many animals we hunt, and trades upon their respective peculiarities? These are questions which one would like to be able to answer.

When hunting not long ago, I saw an in-country fox do an astonishing thing. It occurred during a run in which some trifling misadventure had left me a bad last, and I was doing my best to make up for lost time, when I discovered that the hounds had turned and were coming my way. They were pointing for a favourite batch, or hanging, within a field or two of the lane that I was following, from which foxes usually broke by way of a gap beside an old oak that grew upon the more than half-wild boundary fence. To reach a point at cover side overlooking the place was the work of a few seconds, and, this accomplished, I watched eagerly for the first glimpse of the 'pilot.' The hounds, meanwhile, approached at a galloping pace. Into the wood they drove with an echoing crash, there followed a few moments of silence, then a chorus which made the old oaks ring again announced the 'fresh-finding' of the game. An interval of breathless watching, then the patter of light feet upon the woodland carpet where last year's leaves lay thick, and the principal actor in the swiftly moving drama made his appearance.

Up he came, gliding between the gnarled and mossy boles like a low-flying woodcock, topped the bank with a graceful bound, and there under the same old tree, with open country before him and the terrifying cry behind, he paused, presumably to consider the situation. His obvious intention had been to break, but deciding, apparently, that his pursuers were too near, he changed his tactics, slipped behind the tree, crouched flat in the moss, and became one with his surroundings. Up swept the pack in full chorus, broke the fence and drove ahead in true, impetuous foxhound fashion, overrunning the scent and quartering wide over the field beyond, just as the fox had expected them to do. He, meanwhile, never budged, merely peeping at each hound as it passed with

a curiously knowing expression on his pointed face. Then, when the last had gone by, he slipped down from the bank and ran back in his own track and that of the hounds, so confusing the line that not a hound could own it.

By what means other than the chase are foxes usually dispatched to the shadowy hunting-grounds? Some are shot—not many, for they do not come readily to the gun. A certain number of cubs are dug out and worried by terriers, but the greater number by far fall victims to traps and poison baits. Some years ago a neighbour of mine was plagued with a superabundance of magpies on his estate, and, having tried other means without success, as a last resource put down arsenic. The bait consisted of dead rats which were scattered about a little clearing between two plantations, well out of harm's way, as he thought. A few days later, however, when going the round, he picked up the bodies of no less than three foxes, all within a short distance of the baits.

The old story, rats or moles! No fox can resist them, and by this means after death the smaller animals not infrequently take indirect vengeance upon their arch-enemy. In his book 'Nature in Downland,' W. H. Hudson describes the finding of foxes killed by 'adders.' Adders, forsooth! I wonder whether an adder's bite has ever accounted for a fox since the first serpent crawled. We, too, have found the 'adder's victims,' but in every case the fatal dose had been swallowed, not injected, and the analyst had but one word to say: 'Arsenic.' It is the most fatal of all poisons employed against the fox. He may detect and shun other concoctions, but he licks up arsenic readily, even if undisguised. It has a sweet taste which appeals forcibly to the vulpine palate. Its use is illegal, but, as is customary in such cases, the law seems powerless to enforce its mandates.

But if arsenic is lethal, the rabbit-trapper has proved even more deadly. He catches foxes as often as not without even intending to do so, and by his wholesale methods put the most cunning devices of the keeper to shame. His activities, again, are not confined to any particular area. The peril lurks everywhere, along hedgerows, and even around open downs and brakes, where nobody dreams of stepping warily, least of all the

fox. When two or three trapping gangs are at work the lines may extend for miles, crossing the track of every wide-ranging animal in the district, and, what is even more to the point, the screams of captive rabbits are safe to lure every passing fox into the danger zone.

When hunting, or roaming about the countryside, the fox uses rabbit-runs freely, hence his frequent downfall. For long distances he has his regular highways and crossings over roads and streams. These are common to the whole race, and, like the great main earths, are used by each succeeding generation. It gives one a strange feeling when hunting again in any country after long absence, to see the descendants of our former friends breaking over the same old corner, or slipping behind the same well-remembered gate-post as did the foxes of yore. Both keepers and trappers turn this habit to advantage, and try their art with gin or snare; but a fox is not easily caught in his own runway. He knows it too well, and is suspicious of the slightest disturbance. He has yet one more curious weakness, however, which often proves his undoing. He cannot resist a dead cat. He does not eat such uninviting fare, but he likes to rub against it as a dog might; and as cats figure largely in a keeper's larder, this strange but deadly bait is usually obtainable when required.

A gin set for a rabbit is seldom very firmly staked, and, should a fox get in, he soon succeeds in 'pulling' the peg, whereupon he makes off dragging the whole contrivance with him. In such a case, his chance of ever getting rid of the trap is slight, and he must carry it for the remainder of his days, which will not be many. A somewhat pathetic instance occurred lately within my knowledge. A litter of three cubs, one dog and two vixens, were brought in from the hills to a farm on the edge of the Moor, and after being hand-fed for a time, were turned down in a gorse-brake to fend for themselves. During the ensuing months they were seen frequently, and appeared to be doing well, until autumn brought a trapping gang to an adjoining farm, when they disappeared. Some weeks had passed since anything had been seen of them, when the farmer, going out one morning at daybreak, noticed some red object huddled against the door of the outhouse in which the

cubs had been kept. Upon closer inspection this proved to be a fox—the little dog cub—and attached to one of his fore-pads was a gin. He was in a starving condition, mere frame and skin, and being unable to obtain food in the natural way, had crawled back to the one place where supplies had never failed him. He was taken in and released from the trap, but died before evening.

The story of the same three cubs, or, rather, of their capture, is an unusual one. An old Moorman caught them in a somewhat peculiar way. He was returning at dusk from a rabbit-stalking expedition along the brow of one of the many deep coombes of the country, and his path skirted a tangled brake of gorse and brier where rabbits abounded. He was treading cautiously in the hope of a last shot, when the subdued but merry clamour of fox-cubs at play—'burrking agin one another,' he called it—reached his ears. They were somewhere deep in the shadowy glen beneath him, and knowing of an earth in the vicinity, he worked his way with infinite patience towards it, and at last, peering through a six-foot screen of age-old furze on to a little mossy clearing, worn smooth by rabbits' gambols, could just discern the dim forms of the little merry-makers, frisking about like kittens within a few feet of him.

He was employed by the Hunt at the time to procure cubs for turning down in other parts of the country, and the main appeal which the sight had for him was a mercenary one. He had been wondering whether it would be possible to catch any of them before they could get back to the earth, when an electrifying squall immediately behind him 'nearly shot the cap off his head.' He knew what it was, of course. The vixen, approaching, silent-footed, through the brake, had discovered the intruder, and adopted this startling manner of introducing herself. So scaring was the sound, however, particularly at close quarters, that it brought him round in quick time, as well it might. He saw nothing of the fox. There was not as much as a rustle to indicate her whereabouts, and when he looked round again, the cubs had vanished as by magic, leaving him uncertain as to whether Mother Earth or the encircling brushwood had swallowed them up.

For the moment he could do nothing. It was certain,

however, that the wary mother would remove the litter to other quarters before sunrise, and with his intimate knowledge of the country, backed by an instinct almost akin to that of the fox herself, he was never in the slightest doubt as to where she would take them. There were not many suitable nurseries in the district, and he was convinced that her choice would fall upon an old rabbit-warren a mile or so down the valley. Being anxious to locate them as quickly as possible, he did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, and dawn found him at the place, posted well to leeward of the burrows and waiting anxiously for daylight. The sun came up, a light wind, rolling back the mist, gave him a clear view of the sand-bank where he believed the foxes to be, but nothing was to be seen save the twinkle of white scuts here and there where the rabbits hopped, and as these one by one disappeared into their burrows, he began to fear that his instinct for once had played him false. A dilapidated wall of loose granite blocks nominally enclosed the warren, and alongside this there straggled a few wind-warped firs, among which some magpies were chattering. He was endeavouring to locate the birds for lack of other interest, when movement on a lower level caught his eye. From a corner where the firs grew thickest the light, stealing form of the vixen slid forth like a shadow, halted for a moment with one paw lifted, pointer fashion, while she flaired the air and looked cautiously about, then, turning again, was lost to view among the trees.

A few seconds later she reappeared, this time with three little dark objects trickling along behind her. Straight down a sheep-path came the interesting procession, heading for the sand-bank where, doubtless, a new home had already been selected. The watcher waited his time, then, when the cubs were passing over some shallow burrows, sprang from his cover with a shout. The surprise proved too much even for the vixen, who turned tail, leaving the little ones to take care of themselves. Thus abandoned, they merely dived headlong into the nearest hole. The man, coming up, stopped them in—with stones, not earth, for fear of suffocating them—and returning later in the day with tools and an assistant, secured them without difficulty.

Like most beasts of prey, the fox is very methodical in his habits, but he is bound by no rule and hunts when and where the fancy takes him. One occasionally sees him prowling about on dark December afternoons, but this is unusual, and in the dead of winter his voice is rarely heard until the stars are bright. During the long summer evenings he is always astir, but seldom hunts seriously while daylight lasts. It is easy to tell whether he means business or not by the behaviour of the rabbits. In late afternoon, or an hour or two after sunrise in midsummer, they scarcely trouble to avoid him, nor does he attempt to touch them as a rule, beyond, perhaps, a playful jump or two at any who practically invite capture. The same man who caught the three cubs has told me that once he watched a fox for upwards of an hour 'having a fine caper' in a little hollow with rabbits all round him. The fox was frisking and tumbling about, pirouetting round and round after his brush, and executing every imaginable antic for no apparent reason. Having heard about foxes 'fascinating rabbits' by similar means, the man naturally thought that such was the game. He waited, thinking, as he naively expressed it, that 'if he caught one I could have 'un.' The game continued so long, however, that his patience was exhausted, and he went away leaving the fox to reap the full reward of his labours should success attend them. In this case the rabbits appeared to be quite unmoved, merely hopping out of the performer's way if he came too near, and it is usually so while daylight lasts. When dusk falls, however, when the will-o'-the-wisps light up and nightjars are in full chorus, there is a very different story. Then his activities really commence, and the small wild life of the fields and woods has good cause to know it.

The normal fox is always a hunter of fur rather than feather. Rabbits and small rodents generally constitute his ordinary bill of fare, and, as a general rule, his living comes easy to him. How mountain foxes at times contrive to exist is a problem which has puzzled many naturalists. Upon Dartmoor, for example, rabbits occur only in certain localities; bird life is negligible; hares are scarce; and, all considered, the case presents a strong argument against the prevailing idea that no fox can

live save at the agriculturist's expense. According to the sheep-farmer, he subsists entirely on lambs. But as mountain lambs do not arrive till the worst of the winter is over, the solution obviously does not lie in that direction. Many sheep and cattle, it must be remembered, die on the uplands, and a good solid carcase might conceivably keep a hungry fox going for some time, but there can be no doubt that his diet is largely insectivorous. He unearths all the moles he can find, and hunts the marshes assiduously for frogs and voles, but these sources of supply becoming exhausted, he has to 'fill up the chinks' with even lighter fare. Study will show that, like the carrion crow, he will scour the newly swaled lands for 'roasted snails,' those being the big black slugs which are destroyed in great numbers when the heather is burned. Black beetles, too, and sundry grubs are not despised, and to find these he turns over loose turf, wisps of badger hay, stones, or anything under which insects might lurk. He also snaps up any number of moths and 'chafers' on the wing, springing sometimes several feet from the ground to catch them when in flight. He has a sweet tooth, too, differing not at all in that respect from his representative of Solomon's days, and during the brief period when wild fruits are ripe he eats little else. I once observed a fox executing some curious antics among some bramble bushes, and found upon investigation that he was black-berrying, balancing himself on his hind legs the better to reach the higher and riper fruit.

Concerning lambs again, many curious tales are told. An old Throwleigh shepherd, going the round one wild March morning, when driving mist and frequent snow showers shrouded the uplands, saw something, which at first glance he mistook for a collie dog, stealing away from the vicinity of the flock. But a clearer view, as the mist lifted somewhat, dispelled the illusion, and he saw that the stranger was none other than a large mountain fox, and that it carried something in its jaws. Suspecting the case, he set his dog on, and the robber, taking alarm, dropped his load, and made off with the dog in full chase. He saw no more of the fox, for at that moment a bank of fog came rolling down from Cosdon Beacon, and enfolded the hillside like a curtain.

But the object it had been carrying lay there in full view, and proved to be a lamb, newborn and still living—little the worse, indeed, for the experience.

The story is true, I have no doubt. There is no justification for discrediting this or other instances of a similar nature which have occurred within my knowledge, nor can it be denied that crippled or mangy foxes occasionally develop into lamb-killers, even as the big carnivores, when old or maimed, are liable to become man-eaters. Incidentally, in all cases where doubt exists as to whether a fox or a dog is doing the damage, the ravager's identity may easily be established by his methods. A fox invariably begins the gruesome feast with the tongue, which he eats out, as often as not leaving the remainder of the carcase untouched. A dog, on the other hand, attacks the entrails, while ravens, crows, and all rapacious birds without exception make for the eyes. Foxes, of course, like dogs, pick up as many dead lambs as may happen to be lying about. It is nothing unusual to find remains and even entire carcasses upon earths where cubs are lodged, and when a vixen has occasion to shift the litter to other quarters she removes the larder also. Authenticated cases of actual killing are so rare, however, that in common fairness they may only be treated as exceptions which prove the rule. The following lines from 'Dartmoor Days' contain the most convincing argument I have ever heard upon this point:

"Think you," said he, "in this wild spot,
Where human aid avails them not;
Where shelter in the fern and rocks
Is shared alike by lambs and fox,
If once a fox by hunger led,
The blood of lambs had fiercely shed,
That e'er again that fox would stay
His havoc on the helpless prey?
Ah no! The beast would soon be found
The terror of the country round;
The slayer would destroy by scores
His victims on the lonely moors;
And every farmer then might fear
The devastation far and near."

DOUGLAS GORDON.

Art. 5.—OMAR KHAYYÁM. ✓

It was in the year 1859 that Edward FitzGerald published anonymously what purported to be renderings of verses by a Persian writer, up to that time, in Europe at least, almost quite unknown. The little book in paper covers and containing not more than thirty-four pages in all, presented to the English reader seventy-five four-lined stanzas of the poet, under the title, 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia.' Although the price was gradually reduced until it reached the sum of one penny, it entirely failed to find readers. Some years later, in 1867, encouraged by the high esteem in which the verses of Omar Khayyám were held at the Persian Court, the interpreter to the French Embassy there, J. B. Nicolas, printed with a literal translation a text lithographed in Teheran. FitzGerald then in the following year issued a second enlarged edition of his rendering, containing one hundred and one stanzas. This edition was, Mr John Payne says, 'utterly neglected.' But now the tide began to turn. FitzGerald began to be 'discovered.' A third edition was required in 1872, and four years later was commanding a steady sale at 7s. 6d. a copy. Copies of the first edition, which the author had regarded as waste paper, were sought for and fetched any sum up to 60*l.* and over; and even the second, of which Mr Payne picked up a copy for a few pence, did not lag far behind the first. In America they were richly bound in sumptuous covers, and treated as though they had been copies of the Bible or the Korán. The Omar Khayyám Club was founded, and Omar in his English dress became the object of a cult which would have astonished no one more than FitzGerald—or Omar himself.

Meanwhile other translators entered the field. Nicolas has been already mentioned. His version runs to 464 stanzas. It has been recently done into English. One of the most reliable is the German version of F. Bodenstein, in several editions. In English the best known are those of E. H. Whinfield (508 stanzas with the Persian text), J. Payne (845 stanzas without text), and E. Heron-Allen. The last has a *facsimile* of the oldest manuscript with a printed transcription and literal

translation of the same. It has 158 stanzas. And there are other smaller versions, as those of Johnson Pasha and O. A. Shrubsole.

Turning now to the MSS. of Omar Khayyám in his native Persian—none of these are early. The oldest (that used by Heron-Allen) is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. It contains, as has been said, 158 stanzas or strophes, and was written in Shiraz in the year 1460, or nearly 350 years after the death of the author. One of the MSS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris contains 349 stanzas and is dated 1527, or just 400 years after Omar; and another in the British Museum with 540 stanzas is dated 1624, or almost exactly 500 years after the death of the poet; and so on. It will be seen that the later the MS. the greater the number of stanzas, until in the lithographed editions they rise to well-nigh a thousand. That all these stanzas or 'quatrains' were not written by Omar Khayyám is certain. And this makes it necessary for us to revise the statement sometimes made, that Omar the poet had no honour in his own country and among his own kin. For, if imitation be the sincerest form of flattery, no one could have had much more of it than Omar, and it seemed to grow as the centuries went by.

In addition to the MSS. which, as a whole, are ascribed to Omar, there are a number (less than a hundred) of fugitive or detached stanzas, which are assigned, now to Omar, and now to some other author. The whole of these are to be found in the text followed by Nicolas, but only fourteen of them in the oldest (the Bodleian) MS. These fourteen are all, it must be confessed, such as any one might be tempted to plagiarise. That Omar could have been the pirate is unlikely, from the fact that the quatrain or *rubá'í* stanza, as such, was introduced by the poet Abu Sa'íd ibn abi'l-Khayr, who died only some seventy-four years before Omar. The only exception might be in the case of those which are ascribed now to Omar and now to the man into whose shoes, in his capacity of philosopher and mathematician, Omar stepped—the mighty Avicenna. There was, in fact, a very compelling motive why later poets should have ascribed their heretical verses to the earlier, for what might be ventured under the lenient sway of the Seljuks, would often, under later dynasties, be as much as the poet's

head was worth. By that time Omar was lying securely in his grave at Nishapor.

◀ But not only have the stanzas which occur only in the later MSS. and lithographed editions the inherent defect of lateness. They seem to differ also both in style and content from the earlier, although it is a well-known fact that the Persian language is as unchangeable as the laws of the ancient Medes and Persians were said to be. The literary Persian of to-day is identical with that of 800 years ago. But, to mention only one non-literary point, there is hardly a line in the Bodleian (the oldest) MS. which would betray the religious provenance of the author. He might be a Muslim, a Jew, a Zoroastrian, or a Christian. With the stanzas found only in the later MSS. it is not so. Many of them could only have been written by, or would be intelligible only to a Muslim. 7

We are, therefore, justified in saying that for us Omar Khayyám the poet means the Bodleian MS. and it alone. All the stanzas translated by Nicolas, Bodenstedt, Whinfield, Payne, and others from later MSS. or from printed editions will have to be jettisoned, for it is quite useless to say that some are 'certainly genuine' and others 'doubtful' or 'spurious.' We have no means of knowing what Omar might have written or might not have written, any more than we have in the case of Shakespeare, but rather less. The Oxford MS. is the nearest we can get to the author. Over the 350 years which separate them there is no bridge. With this we must be content.

As the Oxford MS., however, was the one from which FitzGerald made his translation, it might be supposed that in order to know Omar, all we have to do is to read FitzGerald. Unfortunately, although FitzGerald's quatrains might well have been written by Omar, the fact remains that they were written, not by Omar, but by FitzGerald. For not in one half of his stanzas is it possible to say of which stanzas of Omar they are a translation. Indeed, it would hardly be unfair to set FitzGerald among those compatriots of Omar who did not dare, or did not care, to own the authorship of their verses, and so fathered them upon their great predecessor. It has been pointed out that of FitzGerald's stanza (No. 81):

'Oh Thou, who man of baser earth didst make,
And e'en with Paradise devise the snake,
For all the sin wherewith the face of man
Is blacken'd, man's forgiveness give, and take!'

not a word is to be found in Omar, and even he would not have dared or wished to pen the last line.* In order to get an accurate rendering of the Bodleian MS. one must have recourse to Heron-Allen's translation, the notes to which give cross-references to the corresponding stanzas of FitzGerald, Nicolas, Whinfield, and others.

The Bodleian MS. contains, as has been said, 158 strophes. Each strophe consists of four lines, of which lines 1, 2, and 4 rhyme with each other. As, in Arabian poetry, all the lines of a poem end in the same rhyme, and as the first half-line rhymes with the second half, it follows that the first two lines of every poem form a quatrain, that is, *half*-lines 1, 2, and 4 rhyme. In the Persian quatrain, however, there is also a fixed metre, and the rhyming portion may extend to nearly half the line, which means generally that the same phrase is repeated after the consonant which is the rhyme proper. The following stanzas have been made for the writer so as to show both the metre and the rhyme of the original:

'Life's wonderful caravan from sight hasteth away.

'Ware then how this moment's full delight hasteth away.

Boy! Care not a doit for ills that bend over us all.

Bring hither a cup of wine, for night hasteth away.' (60)

'Realms never so fair for wine I'd fain barter away.

Yea! Would'st thou do well? For wine all gain barter away.

Yond land of Feridún and the crown Cyrus doth wear,
Sweet tile of the jar! for thee I'd e'en barter away.' (139)

The quatrains are arranged in alphabetical order according to the *final* letter of lines 1, 2, and 4, from Alif to Ya, the first and last letters of the Persian alphabet. There are, however, three exceptions. The series opens with two strophes of which the final letter is Z. The first of these is an apology for the author's having written the quatrains:

* 'Fraser's Magazine,' New Series, vol. XIX, p. 658.

'Had I not threaded the pearl of obedience to Thee at any time,
Nor swept the dust of sin from my face at any time,
Yet were I not hopeless of Thy generosity,
Inasmuch as I have never called the One "two" at any time.'

That is to say, whatever offence the verses which follow may give, no one can say that the author is a Zoroastrian, or anything but a strict monotheist, although his theism may not amount to very much. But, although this stanza is an evident apology for those which follow, that is not to say that the apologist was not the author himself; just as Herrick apologises in his *Prayer for Absolution*,

'For those my unbaptised Rhimes,
Writ in my wild unhallowed Times.'

Or as Tennyson opens '*In Memoriam*' with a prayer for forgiveness for 'these wild and wandering cries.'

The second stanza is also an apology, or rather an attempt at justification :

'With Thee in the winehouse that I talk in secret
Is better than that in the prayer-niche I say, without Thee,
a prayer.
O Thou First and Last of all creatures !
If Thou wilt, burn : if Thou wilt, caress !'

This stanza also may well have been penned by Omar himself.

How the closing stanza came to be where it is would be hard to say. Its final letter is D. It depicts the delight with which the close of the month of Fasting is hailed.

The remaining 155 quatrains of the Bodleian MS. are arranged, as has been said, in alphabetical order. There is no other connexion between them except that, as in the Hebrew Psalms, an expression which occurs nowhere else may be found in two consecutive stanzas. As in the 119th Psalm, the author speaks now as if he were young and at another time as if he were old. He probably wrote down the quatrains as they came into his head at different times. Hence they show him in all sorts of moods and phases : optimist, pessimist, fatalist, agnostic,

ascetic, pietist, humorist. In this he often reminds us of the author of Ecclesiastes, or of the speakers in the Book of Job. One might say he even borrows their language. And it would be as useless to attempt to nail him down to any one mood as it would them. At the same time it cannot be denied that Omar leans to one side more than to the other. He is more inclined to despair than to hope: to worldliness than to piety: to scepticism than to faith. But he has no cut-and-dried philosophy of life to offer. The *enigma vitæ* remains unsolved and the Sphinx's riddle unread. Moreover, as each quatrain forms a complete poem by itself, and usually contains more than one idea, it is difficult to illustrate one side of Omar's thoughts from his own verses, without bringing in other sides at the same time, or cutting up the stanzas into single lines—always a dangerous proceeding. His faith and works must, therefore, generally be taken together.

Perhaps the thought which takes up most room in the quatrains, and which was most constantly in the mind of the writer, was that of the shortness and seeming meaninglessness of human life, and the failure of all religious and philosophical systems to account for it.

'From my coming there has been to the World no profit,
And at my going its beauty and glory will not increase,
And from no man have my ears ever heard,
As to this coming and going, for the sake of what it is.' (51)

'Had my coming been through me, I had not come.
Were my going through me too, where should I go?
Better than that it were that in this world of dust
I had not come, nor gone, nor been.' (157)

'Since the issue for man in this salt-marsh
Is naught save choking with grief or rooting up the life,
Happy that heart that from this world quickly goes:
At peace is he who into this world never came.' (124)

A curious fancy which takes hold of Omar's mind is the idea of a sort of transmigration of the body, or, to use an Irishism, a metempsychosis of matter. The red of the rose has at one time coloured the blood of a king. The cup from which he drinks is made from clay which was once a human body. This conceit is not uncommon,

but with Omar it is an article of his creed. When Herrick speaks of the tints of the flowers being caused by Cupid spilling the nectar of the gods, he uses a poetic fancy, and does not mean his words to be taken literally. With Omar it is otherwise.

'Every place where the rose and tulip bed have been,
From the red of the blood of a prince it has been.

Every violet which grows upon the ground
A mole in the cheek of beauty has been.' (43)

'This whirling Sphere, to destroy thee and me,
Takes aim against the soul of thee and me.

Sit on the grass, O Idol! for erelong
The grass will spring from the dust of thee and me.' (129)

'Into the workplace of the potter went I last night:
I saw two thousand pots, talking and mute.

In no time one pot sent up a scream,—
"Who is the pot-maker, pot-buyer, pot-seller?"' (103)

'This water-jug, like me, a groaning lover has been.
In search of the face of a fair it has been.

This handle which upon its neck you see
Is an arm, which upon the neck of a friend has been.' (9)

'Yesterday a potter I saw within the bazaar,
On the moist clay much thumping dealing.

At last that clay with mute tongue to him was saying:
"I have been as thou: with me gently be thou dealing."'
(89)

'Upon the stones I cast last night the glazed bowl.
Head-merry was I that I should do this boorishness.

To me with mute tongue that bowl was saying:
"I was as thou: thou too as I shalt be."'
(146)

Men speak of heaven and hell, and of future bliss and retribution. Omar's ever-ready reply is that no one living has ever been to either heaven or hell. No justice governs the life of man even in this world. Nature seems to take a savage delight in destroying the works of her own hands. The problem of hedonism is a problem still.

'This intellect that wanders after the path of happiness,
Every day one hundred times to thee is saying:

"Reckon thou well this moment of thy time, for thou art not
That herb which they mow, and again it grows."'
(49)

'In the way of love to be effaced it ever behoves.
 In the talon of Fate to perish it ever behoves.
 O Cupbearer, fair to meet, sit not thou idle!
 Bring us water, for dust to become it ever behoves.' (52)

'In cell and school, monastery and church
 Are fearers of hell and seekers after heaven.
 But that man who has information of the secrets of God
 Of this seed within his heart sows none.' (24)

'How long shall I lay bricks upon the ocean's face?
 No desire have I for the idol of the temple worshippers.
 Of Khayyám who says, "A denizen of hell he shall be"?
 Who has gone into hell, and who has come from heaven?' (11)

'The composition of the cup which he has mingled into wine
 Gives not to the drunkard a right to the breaking thereof.
 These how many delicate hands and feet, coming from
 His hand,
 From what love did He form, and from what hate did He
 break?' (19)

One naturally asks, 'What can any one who holds
 such dismal and gloomy views of the world make of
 life? What is he to do?' Omar's answer to this question
 is short and unmistakable. It is contained in two words
 which occur in stanza after stanza. These two words
 are 'Drink wine.'

'As no man can go surety for a to-morrow,
 To-day make thou happy this distracted heart.
 Drink wine by the light of the moon, O Moon, for the
 moon
 Often enough shall seek us and shall not find.' (5)

'Into a sleep I fell. To me quoth learnedness:
 "From sleep to none did the rose of happiness unfold.
 Why do a thing which is the mate of death?
 Drink wine, for many a lifetime will it be thine to sleep.'" (27)

'Since life is ever passing, what is Baghdad, and what Balkh?
 So the cup be full, what is sweet and what bitter?
 Drink wine, for after you and I are gone, this moon oft
 enough
 From the last to the first of the month shall come, from the
 first to the last.' (47)

'They say: "The Heavenly Garden with Houris is pleasant."

I say: "The water of the grape is pleasant."

This cash seize thou, and thy hand from that credit hold.
For the noise of the drum, O brother, from afar is pleasant.'

(34)

'Drink wine, for from thee many an ailment will it carry
away.

Anxious thought of the two and seventy sects will it carry
away.

Make not avoidance of the Alchemist, for from him
One draught shalt thou drink.—A thousand ills will it carry
away.'

(37)

'Lip upon lip of the cup I laid from stress of desire,
That from it I might seek the means of living long.

Lip upon lip of mine it laid, and was saying as a secret,
"Drink wine, for to this world thou comest not again."

(100)

'Drink wine, for underneath the clay long enough shalt thou
sleep,

Without familiar, without workfellow, equal or mate.

Have a care! To none say thou this hidden secret:

"No tulip frost-dead will again unfold."

(35)

'Give wine, for to my wounded heart it is a balm.

To the melancholy of love it is an equal.

Before my heart the dust of one draught is better
Than the (heavenly) Vault, which is naught but the skull of
the world.'

(37)

This point of the place which wine holds in Omar's philosophy is one on which a quite erroneous impression might be obtained from such a translation as that of Mr Whinfield. Whinfield's rule is: 'to give what seem the best specimens of each class of quatrains, and to exclude the rest. In accordance with this rule, I exclude, in particular, a large number of quatrains in praise of wine, and exhortations to live for the day, which recur in the MSS. with most wearisome frequency.' This is much as if one were to issue an edition of Burns, omitting the love-songs on the ground that there are too many of them, which, no doubt, there are; but an edition without them would not be Burns, and the quatrains without the wine and *carpe diem* stanzas are not Omar.

It is sometimes supposed that, when Omar speaks of wine, he is using the word in a mystic sense, as is the habit of the Sufis or Muslim mystics. But this is one of those cases in which the wish is father to the thought. J. B. Nicolas, coached by his Persian Munshi, would interpret every stanza in a mystical sense, but he scarcely seems to be a believer in his own method. Omar, no doubt, uses many of the mannerisms of the Sufis, but no one can read very far without seeing that there is no mysticism here, any more than in Burns. On the other hand, the inner meaning of one of the mystical poets, such as Omar's younger contemporary, Saná'i,^{*} lies on the surface from the very first line. Not that Omar is to be put down as a mere Sydney Carton, to whom wine was the one satisfying thing in life. His nearest equivalent in English is the Herrick of the 'Hesperides,' but without his coarseness. A work composed just one hundred years after Omar's death speaks of him as the most talented of the philosophers, atheists, and materialists. The oldest mention of him, however,—that by his friend and disciple, Samarkandi—is very far from regarding him as outside the pale, and refers only to the 'convivial gatherings' of his friends.

As to the difficulty of a Muslim drinking wine, Prof. E. G. Browne in his delightful 'Year amongst the Persians' (1893, p. 375), says:

'Wine-drinking plays a great part in the daily life of the guebre, but, though I suppose not one total abstainer could be found amongst them, I never but once saw a Zoroastrian the worse for drink. With the Musalmans the contrary holds good; when they drink it is too often with the deliberate intention of getting drunk. . . . To a Zoroastrian it is lawful to drink wine and spirits, but not to exceed: to a Mohammadan the use and abuse of alcohol are equally unlawful. The Zoroastrian drinks because he likes the taste of wine and the glow of good fellowship which it engenders: the Mohammadan, on the contrary, commonly detests the taste of wine and spirits, and will after each draught, make a grimace expressive of disgust, rinse out his mouth, and eat a lump of sugar; what he enjoys is not *drinking*, but *being drunk*. . . .'

* The first book of his Diwan has been edited and translated by J. Stephenson in 'Bibliotheca Indica,' Calcutta, 1911.

If we are to judge Omar by most of his verses, he was of the Zoroastrians rather than of the Muslims in this matter. One of the commonest pleasures of a Persian's life is that of picnicking. Many of Omar's quatrains describe a picnic by the side of a stream, or on the meeting-place of the desert and the sown, sometimes with a book of verse or a youthful companion, who acts as cup-bearer, but always with a jar of wine.

'On the face of the rose is a veil from the cloud still:
In my nature and heart an inclining to wine still.

Go not to sleep. What place for sleep is there yet?

My life! Give wine, for there is sunlight still.' (95)

'Drink wine, for thy body in the dust atoms shall become.
Thy dust after that a cup and pitcher shall become.

Of hell and of heaven neglectful do thou be.

The intelligent, why at such tales misled does he become?' (79)

'Rise, and the remedy for this straitened heart do thou bring.

That wine musk-scented, rose-coloured do thou bring.

Ingredients for an antidote for grief wouldest thou have?

Ruby wine and the silk of the lute do thou bring.' (18)

'Of that wine which the only life eternal is, do thou drink.
Sum capital of the pleasure of youth it is: do thou drink.

Burning like fire it is, but upon grief

Acting like water of life it is. Do thou drink.' (90)

'One cup of wine an hundred hearts and faiths is worth.
One draught of wine the kingdom of China is worth.

Save ruby wine there is not on the face of the earth

Bitterness, which a thousand sweet souls is worth.' (85)

'When in all eternity, past and to come,

Is there a substitute for the merry hour of wine?

Passed from my ken are both theory and practice.

To every hard question a solution is found in wine.' (107)

'One draught of old wine than a kingdom new is better.

Get thee from the way of all that is not wine. That were better

One cup of it is better than the kingdom of Ferídún, an hundred times.

The tile that is the wine-jar's lid than the crown of Kay-Khusraw is better.' (139)

'Yond ruby in a glass of crystal do thou bring.
 That comrade and mate of all good fellows do thou bring.
 Since thou knowest that the space of this earthly world
 Is a breeze that quickly passes by, wine do thou bring.'

(87)

'Season of rose, bank of a stream, marge of the sown,
 One, two or three folk, and a butt for jest, fair of form,—
 Bring forth the bowl, for they who drain the morning
 draught of wine
 Are free from the mosque and clear of the synagogue.'

(32)

'One flagon of wine, the lip of a friend, the edge of the sown,—
 All these have left to me no cash: to thee no credit.
 Mankind are in pawn to Heaven and Hell:—
 Who has been into Hell, and who has come forth of Heaven?'

(45)

It would, of course, be quite erroneous to imagine that in stanzas such as these Omar is drawing a life-portrait of himself. In one quatrain he declares that when the crack of doom resounds, he will be found unconscious on the tavern floor (132). In another he commends the life of a Robin Hood, who plays the highwayman and gives of his plunder to the poor (123). In another he boasts of stealing prayer-mats from the mosque:

'Into the mosque, though with petition I be coming,
 Yet, by Allah, not for the sake of prayer am I coming.
 One day here a prayer-carpet I filched away.
 That is now outworn, and again and again am I coming.'

(115)

'I the external of being and not-being do know.
 I the internal of high and low do know.
 For all this, of my knowledge let me be ashamed,
 If a rank beyond inebriation I do know.'

(120)

Of stanzas in the more strictly *carpe diem* strain, which counsel living for to-day and letting yesterday and to-morrow go, the following may be given:

'To-day, which is the hour of my youth,
 Wine I would have, for that it is my joy.
 Blame me not. Though it be bitter it is sweet.
 It is bitter because the life of me it is.'

(11)

'On the face of the rose the breeze of Spring is good.
Aneath the orchard trees the enchanter's face is good.
Of Yesterday, which is past, naught that thou sayest is
good.

Be merry. Of Yesterday speak not, for To-day is good.'

(17)

'Drink wine, for this is the only "everlasting life."

Thine (only) profit from thine hour of Youth is this:—

The season of the rose and wine and of friends full
drunk.

Be merry for the moment, for such (a moment) is Life.' (36)

'Coming from this revolving Arch evil actions see!

And from the going away of friends the world empty see!

Whilst thou canst, do thou, for one breath, be for thyself.

To-morrow consider not: Yesterday seek not: the Present
see!'

(126)

'How long must I grieve for that which I have, or have not?

And whether I pass this life in joy of heart or not?

Take up the cup of wine, for to me is unknown

If this breath, which I draw in, I shall bring up or not.'

(136)

There are, to be sure, some stanzas, which, if they
alone were extant, would compel us to set Omar down
as merely one of the many mystic poets of Persia:

'To him for whom the shoot of Certainty has not grown up,—
It is because he is not upon the right Path.

Ho! every one who has laid a hand upon the tender
bough!

To-day as yesterday know, and to-morrow as at the first.*

(14)

'Him would'st thou have?—From wife and child begone!

Manfully away from kith and kin begone!

All that is hindrance on the Path for thee—

With hindrance, how shalt thou walk the Path? Hindrance
begone!'

(86)

In these strophes there is no hint of a literal inter-
pretation, and if such alone were found among the
quatrains, we should undoubtedly be compelled to reckon
Omar also among the Sufis. Moreover, Omar certainly

*. That is, Creation is an eternal process.

uses many of the stock phrases of these people. He speaks in defence of 'drunkards' (3, 123, 127), mentions the four elements (7) and the lock of the fair, and refers to the length of his own moustaches * (132). But, if Omar did give way for a moment to that frame of mind, it was for no more than a moment; and there are no lines which are not capable of a literal interpretation. All he seems to have done was to draw on the vocabulary of those with whom he did not agree, to express his own ideas. The Sufis may have spoken of spiritual ecstasy under the figure of wine or love. But when Omar uses similar terms apparently in a similar way, the third or fourth line too often shatters the impression created by the first and second. Before the end of the stanza is reached he shows only too plainly that he is speaking in no metaphorical sense (24, 113, etc.). Many of his verses read like a parody upon those of the Sufis.

This is not to say that Omar was merely an Oriental Falstaff, ready for any adventure and full of braggadocio and sack. Poets, both East and West, write verses for their own sake, merely for the pleasure of making them, and to construct their lives out of their verses would be like using his famous Limericks for a life of Edward Lear. At the same time no strict Muslim would have dared to pen verses such as Omar's, and we are justified in drawing from them the conclusion that their author belonged to no religious faith or philosophic school. Omar, as he appears in the oldest MS., was not interested in any sort of metaphysical or theological speculation. His chief delight lay in natural scenery, in what Lucretius calls *species verna diei* and the opening rose, and in the companionship of his fellow-men, always accompanied, however, by what Mr Dick Swiveller was wont to speak of as 'the ruby,' as, indeed, does Omar himself.

The 'Spring' verses remind us of the 'Song of Songs,' but it has to be remembered that in warm countries Spring often means Autumn, when the land baked and burnt by the Summer's drought and heat, with the first fall of rain becomes alive and green once more.

* Quite recently a visitor to Kerbala aroused the wrath of the students, who took him for a Sufi, on account of his long moustaches. T. Lyell, 'The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia,' London, 1923.

'Now that the world has the means of attaining joy,
In every living heart is a longing for the wilderness.
On every bough is the appearing of the Moses-hand : *
In every soul is the sighing of the Jesus-breath.' † (13)

'See the skirt of the rose cleft by the spring-breeze !
The Bulbul at the beauty of the rose is full of joy.
Sit in the shade of the rose, for many a rose by the
wind
Into the dust is swept, and dust becomes.' (135)

'The day is pleasant and the air nor cold nor hot.
The cloud is washing the dust from the cheek of the rose.
The nightingale to the saffron rose in the Pehlevi
tongue
Makes complaint : " It ever behoves to drink (wine)." ' (67)

'Each morning that the face of the tulip receives the night
dew,
The tops of the violets in the orchard downward bend.
Truly to me from the rosebud sweetness ever comes,
Which holds together its own skirts.' (82)

'This is the time when they adorn the world with spring
breezes,
And open the eyes (*chashm*) with hope (*chashm*).
The Moses-hand shows like foam on the bough :
The Jesus-breath from the dust comes forth.' (80)

In stanza 98 Omar wakes up to find the world all
white with snow :

'Make full the bowl, for snow-coloured comes the day.
From that wine which is ruby—from it (alone mayest thou)
learn colour.

Take up two logs, and enkindle the gathering :
One make a lute, and that other burn.' ‡ (98)

One side of Omar Khayyám's poetry which we miss
almost altogether in FitzGerald's version is its humour.
Sometimes this takes humour's lowest form—that of the
pun :

* The white blossom like the leprous hand of Moses.

† The revivifying breath which raised the dead.

‡ The point is that the one word '*id*' means both 'log' and 'lute.' The
one is to be used to warm the assembly physically, the other spiritually.

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F

'They who lay the foundation of their business upon
detraction

Come and place a parting between soul and body.

Upon *my* parting I will place flagons of wine, even if
after that

They place a saw upon my neck, as though I were a cock.'

(57)

In this stanza there are no less than three puns. The word *fark* is used first for the separating of soul and body, then for the parting of the hair. The word for 'flagons' is *khurús* and for a 'cock' *kharús*. And the word *arraah* means both a 'saw' and a 'cock's comb.'

Instances of humour in the ordinary sense are :

'O Khayyám, this mourning for sin, what means it?

And to grieving what good, great or small, is there?

For that man who does no sin, there is no forgiveness.
Forgiveness comes from sin. Whence then this grief?' (23)

'I drink wine and my opponents from left and right

Say: "Drink not wine, for it is the first foe to the Faith."

Now that I know that wine is foe to the Faith,
By Allah, I will drink the blood of the foe, for that is
lawful!'

(38)

'Notwithstanding that wine has rent my veil,

So long as I have life, I will not be cut off from wine.

I am in a wondering at the sellers of wine, for they,—
Better than that which they sell, what *can* they buy?' (62)

'Take heed that thou nourish me from the cup of wine,
And this face of amber do thou of ruby make.

When once I have passed within (the veil), wash me with
wine,

And from wood of vine the boards of my coffin make.' (69)

'Since I have fallen under the foot of Destiny with downcast
head,

And have been dug up by the root from the hope of life,

Take heed that from my clay you make naught save a
wine-jar:

Haply, when it is filled with wine, I shall revive.' (116)

'Wine I ever drink, and each one who like me is worthy.
My wine-drinking in the eyes of God is light.

My wine-drinking He Who is the Truth was foreknowing.
If wine I drink not, God's foreknowledge were ignorance.'

(75)

'From this spirit, which "pure wine" they call,
The antidote for a heart in ruins they call.

Cups two or three, heavily full, bring ye quickly.
Why good water "bad water" do they call?'* (104)

'Like the water of a great river, and like a wind in the
desert.

Another day from my turn of life has gone.

There are two days for which I will never awake care,
The day which has not come, and the day which has gone.
(20)

That Omar wrote verses, partly for his own amusement and partly to give way to whatever mood he happened to be in at the time, and how changeable these moods were, is shown by the strange juxtaposition of incongruous verses. Stanza 101 might have been written by the most pious of mystics :

'Council will I give thee, if thou wilt give me ear ;

For God's sake, put not on the garments of falsehood.

The issue is for all time, and this world but for a moment.
For the sake of a moment sell not the kingdom of eternity.'
(101)

But the stanza preceding this pious utterance ends with the line,

'Drink wine, for into this world thou comest not again ;'

and the stanza which follows begins,

'O Khayyám, if with wine thou be drunk, be merry !'

To say that the same pen which wrote stanza 101 could not have written much of the rest of the quatrains, would be like saying that the 'Cottar's Saturday Night' could not have been written by Robert Burns, or that the author of the 'Hesperides,' who is a pagan of the pagans with scarce a trace of Christianity, and the author of the 'Noble Numbers,' evidently an orthodox clergyman of the Church of England, could not have been one and the same person.

Frequently, though not often, a verse reminds us of sayings in the Gospels, but, as the Sufis draw largely from the Gospels, these verses have also a Sufi ring.

* 'Wine' is *sharáb* ; 'bad water,' *shar áb*.

'Far beyond the Sphere my thought at first
Did seek Tablet and Pen, Heaven and Hell.

At last a teacher of sound opinion said to me:

"Tablet and Pen, Heaven and Hell are within thee." (15)

'The heavenly Vault is a girdle from our worn-out bodies:
Jayhún is a trace from our pellucid tears.

Hell is sparks from our profitless vexation.

Heaven is a moment from our tranquil time.' (33)

'So far as thou canst, turn not fretting upon any man.
Upon the fire of thine own wrath make no man sit.

If everlasting rest thou covet,

Ever fret thyself, and fret none other.' (4)

Not the smallest value of the quatrains of Omar Khayyám is to show how many-sided is the human mind. It is everything by turn and nothing long. It can be compared only to the fabled Ghúl. Hence we are not surprised to find Omar soaring to heights which remind us of Wordsworth's Ode on 'Intimations of Immortality,' or of Avicenna's 'Hymn to the Soul,' if, indeed, Omar is not here inspired by his great forerunner.

'O Heart, from the dust of the body wert thou free,
Then wert thou a naked spirit in the skies.

The Throne of God is thy seat; thy shame let it be
That thou comest and in this abode of dust dost dwell.'

(145)

In a number of stanzas Omar seems to refer to some misfortune which had overtaken him and reduced him to poverty. Perhaps it was the death of his friend and patron Nizám al-Mulk.

'Khayyám, who the tents of wisdom was stitching,
Into the furnace of affliction fell and in no time was burnt.

The shears of Fate the tent-ropes of his life did cut.

The broker of hope for nothing him did sell.' (22)

And again, in quatrains 53 and 153 he laments that the only old friend he has left is new wine; whilst in 121 he has come to regard the lectures to which in youth he listened, as well as those which he himself delivered, as mere wind.* It may be that this unhappy ending to his

* It is hoped that these and the remaining quatrains not cited above will appear in a volume of the 'Wisdom of the East' Series.

career is responsible for the veins of pessimism and recklessness which run through so many of the quatrains. Otherwise he seems to have gained the respect and affection of those who knew him. His younger contemporary, Samarkandi, mentions having met him at Balkh in the year 1112 or 1113, on which occasion he predicted that his grave would be in a spot where the trees would shed their blossom on it twice in the year. Being in Nishapor some twenty years later he visited Omar's tomb and found it at the foot of a wall over which pear trees and peach trees hung their branches. He adds: 'Then I remembered that saying which I had heard from him in the city of Balkh, and I fell to weeping, because on the face of the earth and in all the regions of the habitable globe, I nowhere saw one like unto him.'*

T. H. WEIR.

* 'Chahár Maqála,' translated by E. G. Browne, London, 1921, p. 71.

Art. 6.—WHERE EMPIRE SETTLEMENT FAILS.

IT is an increasing faith that a thorough-going re-settlement of population within the British Commonwealth of Nations is a condition precedent to the health of the Empire, and especially of Great Britain, its most crowded unit. Fear of over-population, however, in some of our industrial centres is at the moment, and incidentally, promoting a form of migration that has no medicinal virtue whatever, that is, indeed, actively inimical to our well-being. The opportunities for settlement overseas do not diminish. Speed and ease of transport, as well as scientific methods of exploitation, have increased them. At the same time, the stress at home is continually emphasised. The number of young men who never have worked and seem unlikely to find work in this country is larger than it ever has been, and the total figures of unemployment do not diminish. The new and the old should be complementary ; but are not. The rich and empty countries fail to compensate for the old and overcrowded country. More than this : a part of the migration that is taking place is wholly regrettable. A number of our skilled men are slowly filtering away ; and while they are too few appreciably to reduce the population, they are numerous enough to reduce the national efficiency. One of the inherent difficulties of settlement is, and always will be, that the crowded country wishes to keep its better and to dismiss its worse citizens ; while the emptier country tends to reject the worse and to lure the better, or the richer. Yet, after all, if men are not so equal as Rousseau suggested, they are in the bulk tolerably equal in fitness and morality. This overcrowded island of ours has millions who would make good citizens, and beget good citizens wherever they lived. No one suggests dumping undesirables. The men we can ill spare are not the physically and mentally fit, but skilled workers in the trades that earn our national income.

Our export trade has flourished in the past chiefly because the exported stuff has been sterling. Let an example or two suffice. In a recent tour of the Empire I was looking over a condensed-milk factory in the North Island of New Zealand, and was shown an engine that,

for a generation, had been used continuously and was still effective. The manager said with conviction: 'We should not dream of getting our machinery from anywhere but Britain.' Again, on a vast Queensland sheep station, at least a hundred miles from a railway, a shearing was in progress. The king of the team was the sorter. He could classify the quality of the wool by a touch and a glance. Give him five seconds for every fleece, and he would grade the thousand and more presented to him into six several qualities and make no mistake. When I asked how he attained to such unerring skill he—working in a lonely spot 12,000 miles from Yorkshire—said that he regarded himself as a baby compared with the experts in Bradford to whom his wool would go. He spoke of them as Kipling wrote of his master, Tennyson. It is acknowledged that we possess in this country, in all sorts of trades, men whose skill is unapproachable, largely because it is inherited. It is irreplaceable. A great many of these men, especially among the engineers, are leaving their ancestral homes, some for the United States, some even for France, but very few for the Dominions. Scarcely any single trade is exempt from this drain; and the smaller works have suffered as well as the bigger.

There is a glass and clock-making factory in Essex, where the plant increased during the war, and much new skill was acquired. Incidentally, it was claimed by the proprietor that no workers excel the inhabitants of the London suburbs in trustworthiness and the progressive acquirement of technical skill. When the war was over, and the factitious prosperity of the next year or two had waned, a crisis arrived. Taxation at home and inflated currencies abroad prevented the application of necessary capital for the mass production of clocks and for the maintenance of skilled workers in optical glass. The experts began to fail in touch and skill merely from want of practice; and a number of them, unable to endure this progressive diminution of capacity, were forced into emigration.* It is not possible to collect figures of loss

* Since this was written a remarkable letter on the emigration of skilled workers in optical glass has appeared in 'The Times,' from Chance Brothers, who did much in the war to recover British superiority in this branch of scientific work.

of expert workers to Britain, and the corresponding gain to foreign countries; but alarming instances may be gathered in Birmingham and Newcastle or from elsewhere. The comparative gain and loss may be compared with the results of the suicidal exile of the Huguenots, who transported their inherited skill from France to England from 1666 onwards. We shall never know how much of the 100,000,000*l.* by which the export trade of the United States has increased within twelve months, is due to transferred British brains. Canada suffers in this respect, more than England, at least in certain branches of activity. Her best men, notably in agricultural science, are drawn over the border, one after the other, by the attraction of money. Canadian and British losses in this respect are due to different causes, are not accurately comparable; except that in both cases this empire of ours is being deprived of its best without any compensation whatever. Great Britain is, therefore, in this doubly unpleasant plight—she is diminishing her tale of the workers who are best able to promote the reputation of her products, and she is discovering no cure for her plethora of population. It is the opinion of those best able to judge that the unemployment of a round million of would-be workers is permanent, so long as the population keeps its present level; whereas, of course, it is increasing rapidly. The loss of the skilled and the increase of the unskilled workman are aspects of the same problem.

The situation is not the result of incidental circumstances. It belongs to the march of our history. We are reaching, if not the last, at any rate a new stage of the industrial revolution. We decided at a particular date to accept the opportunity offered by our coal, our command of water transport and our James Watts. We determined to rely mainly on manufacture. We put most of our eggs in one basket; and we have continued with a logical consistency quite foreign to our character—or perhaps with an obstinacy that is less foreign—to pursue that original choice. Steadily for the last two generations and more we have multiplied our industrial population, enlarged the towns, emptied the villages, and diminished the product of our farms. Statistics of the facts at home, as well as the present condition of

Denmark, Belgium, and Holland, and many larger countries, prove that if we chose we could increase produce and multiply rural workers by at least 100 per cent. Not fewer than ten thousand labourers have vanished from the fields within the memory of our old-age pensioners. We led at the start in this 'fierce race for wealth,' and maintained the lead without trouble; but it is certain now, to say no more, that whatever genius and energy we develop, we cannot hope to increase that lead. To-day, with a million and a half of unemployed—if we include the whole of those who vainly seek for work—we are employing as many persons as we employed before the war, in spite of competition, the loss of certain markets, the disorganisation of Europe, and improvements in labour-saving machinery, which almost amount to a revolution in themselves. In many trades, if we compare 1925 with 1914, one man can do five men's work, even ten men's work, and do it without the former strain. That is one of the direct results of the war, not enough heeded by social philosophers. It follows that we cannot hope to do more than maintain our lead and our number of workers, and the strongest of the reasons is that many new competitors have entered the race and are trained for it. The factories on the Continent, especially in France, have been improved out of recognition. Oil and water-power have given to almost every country the opportunity of the cheap power that created the prosperity of our Black Country. In Australia, which has neither water-power nor oil, immense deposits of first-rate coal are found close to the ironstone; and the Australian opportunity for industrial development is much the same as the British, bating the geographical position. The industrial power and wealth of the United States are tremendous—'A thing imagination boggles at.' Natural resources, technical equipment, energy, all are there in abundance. That we can hold our own, we hope and believe. We certainly can do so if we are not handicapped by too heavy a weight, but the burden of unemployment is immense and the growth of population continuous. This can only mean that our handicap will be progressive. The unlikelihood of our obtaining a much greater trade is accompanied by the certainty of our having more mouths

to feed, more hands to employ. In short, we are faced by the prospect of a growing mass of unemployed, whatever may be the oscillations of trade. This means national poverty and misery. The country will become too full of people; and the result will be what it is in those other spheres of lesser biology, from which Malthus first drew his argument, accepting the lesson learnt from insects for the advantage of men.

The nature of the remedies is as plain as the malady is obvious. There are two methods of treatment which may be used simultaneously with the best effect. One is to redress within our own country one disastrous result of the concentration on the product of factories for export. We cannot go back on the industrial revolution; and we do not wish to. We must continue to stress our industries, but there is no sort of reason why that development should be associated with neglect of the land. Intensive agriculture on a co-operative basis should be the natural corollary to the great co-operative purchasing organisations of the northern towns. The countryman should sell the primary products that the townsman needs. That is the remedy. The other is the better distribution of the population.

Five years ago in New South Wales a scheme was outlined and much bruited abroad under the name of the Million Farms. In regard to some of its details, the less said of the plan the better; but at worst it suggested a definite progressive policy, which if feasible would be of general benefit, to Australia, to the Empire, and to the rest of the world, by increasing the output of primary products. Great Britain might wisely borrow this round figure from Sir John Carruthers, the begetter of the New South Wales cry. A million farms added to the farms of the whole Empire, on each of which one inhabitant of Great Britain was placed, would solve most of our troubles at home and greatly add to the wealth and prosperity of the dominions. All of us who have lived in rural England, and cultivated any intimacy of acquaintance with its social and economic changes, know that a good farming year is at once reflected in the increased prosperity of the county towns. Correspondingly, every new man who extracts a living from the land, in almost any part of the Empire, adds

momentum to the trade of the Empire. A million farms in New South Wales, if they were established, would produce an almost instantaneous effect on the export trade, say, of Birmingham.

Let that aspect of the resettlement of population be set aside for the moment. The first intention, from our narrower, more insular point of view, is to provide homes and work for the workless, for that part of our population which may strictly be called superfluous, though objections have been raised to the adjective. It is not in the stream of our life. It does harm, not good. It swamps the country without fertilising it. It becomes stagnant, a centre of distress and a cause of it. For the sake of the British Isles it would not much matter where the farms were situated. They would serve the same vital purpose whether they were in Wiltshire or Huntingdonshire, where villages are now vanishing and the land is going out of cultivation, or in British Columbia, where untold square miles of country are covered with timber of which no economic use is made, or in Queensland, where some of the finest pastoral land in the world lies over an ideal artesian system, or on small fruit areas, such as those irrigated and provided with homesteads along the borders of Victoria and New South Wales—holdings not at all unlike the much-advertised citron orchards of South Africa. A steadily progressive policy of cotton-growing—which is an ideal small-holder's business—is being promoted in several parts of the Empire, especially in the Sudan and Queensland, and in due course, if it survive another fifty years, the Empire should be self-sufficient. There is room, doubtless, for another fifty million of inhabitants in Canada and Australia alone; and whatever local objections may be raised, it remains that every Agent-General or High Commissioner is a zealot in the cause of Empire settlement. They are often, doubtless, at cross purposes with the labour leaders, and yet more with the extreme wing of Australian Labour, but even the Premier of Queensland has recently confessed publicly that if Australia cannot populate her island-continent, she does not deserve to own it.

Is the aim of a million farms or holdings within the Empire a fantastic idea? Mr James A. Williamson,

in his 'Europe Overseas,' makes the following suggestion:

'In the last generation these food-producing and raw material producing countries have begun to create a local balance between agriculture and industry which will render them less dependent upon trade with distant regions of the world. . . . When this comes about what will be the position of the people of countries like Great Britain, unable to live by their own food-stuffs and raw material? Will not they be driven to a colonisation, much more rapid and intensified than ever before, of their home soil and of the great thinly peopled dominions? . . . The question then resolves itself into these terms: Are we at the opening of a period in which the concentrated population of Europe will seek to distribute itself more uniformly over all the habitable parts of the world, moving out over the oceans in masses such as have never moved before? And in considering it, we should remember that transport facilities are, and will be, greater than they have ever been before.'

It may be that this 'Great Trek' is beginning. Four years ago a large number of the states of the Dominions were busy organising schemes of immigration, and many observers expected to see a flow of emigration large enough to keep within bounds the population resident in this country. For various reasons, mostly political, the flow was suddenly arrested. There was delay in completing arrangements between our Government and the Governments of the Dominions. The Committee of Overseas Settlement, established to carry through the Empire Settlement Act, failed in some of the virtues essential to an executive and administrative branch. It was big and composed of several minds and tempers. At the same time some factious opposition overseas coincided with thoroughly sound and genuine objections raised by financial economists who were under obligation to balance the local budgets.

Some of the inhibitions have now been withdrawn. In the Prairie Provinces of Canada three thousand new farms are being equipped for British settlers; and with Australia the vital principle has been established that the Home Government is ready, under certain conditions, to spend money in what may be called establishment charges, in preparing the homestead for its emigrant. We may expect to see the resurgence of Sir James

Mitchell's Community Settlement scheme in Western Australia. It is the parent idea; and will remain the type of settlement most desirable both for the emigrant and immigrant nation. Fortunately it has not a few imitators. Though it affects fewer persons, and those a class who have enough money to support existence, the community settlement plan originated by Sir Roland Bourne, who has a special knowledge of South Africa, would mean the opening of a Colonial career to a number of the rising generation. It concerns the children of the settler no less than the settler.

Our problem is how to accelerate this flow, till its momentum crucially alters the balance of our population. At the moment the Empire has a list that may mean shipwreck. Over-population is to our social and economic well-being at home, very much what under-population is to the strategic safety of Australia. Canada, of course, where we may leave aside any strategic consideration, is capitalised, at least in respect of the outlay on national railways, for at least five million more folk than the Dominion to-day contains. Of this the finances of the Grand Trunk Railway are evidence enough. One of the difficulties is professional. What every part of the Empire needs—Wiltshire as well as Mildura—is expert countrymen. A good and young agricultural labourer can emigrate at any moment at the smallest cost, however poor he is, to that gem of the Empire, New Zealand. We are, in fact, losing this year a considerable number of good countrymen, especially from south-west England, and indeed from South Wales. We cannot afford to lose them, unless we draft townsmen into their place; and this we are not doing, partly because the house accommodation is insufficient. Rural housing, from Albany in West Australia to Lincolnshire in England, is intermingled with the problem of settlement, wherever we probe it. The Englishman does more than regard his home as his castle. He has a fancy for a mansion as his house, even when he goes to a country where all the world sleeps out of doors. It is of no use to create a farm near Auckland, if we leave derelict a farm near London. The situation demands the multiplication of rural labourers by the conversion of the urban or semi-urban resident. The unemployed townsmen, or his

children, must become the employed countrymen ; and without good rural housing the ideal is unattainable.

We may presume that this metamorphosis is possible. At least 100,000 unemployed men are ready to-day to emigrate from Great Britain. The time is past when persuasion is necessary. Already over-population and under-employment have wrought that change. But nowhere within this vast and empty Empire are there homes or homesteads to receive anything approaching so great a number. It follows that if migration, at all on the scale suggested by the historian and adequate to meet our situation at home, is our ambition, then the energy of the Empire must be directed to the preparation of homes and homesteads, along with the organisation of the sale of the homesteaders' produce. We may put the solution almost in one word—Reclamation. If we wish to make 'the new world redress the balance of the old,' in a new sense of the phrase ; if we are to restore the equipoise of an Empire in which one part has two persons to the square mile and the other three hundred, then we are under compulsion to combine our energies and our financial resources here and overseas to the creation of homesteads. Reclamation offers very different problems and entails very different processes. In England it would mean draining first, and then the actual reclamation of land from the sea. A group of Dutch engineers lately travelled about England, and in company with British colleagues made a rough catalogue of the places now derelict owing to insufficient or inefficient drainage. Very many thousand acres in many counties are on the list. In Queensland reclamation may mean many things, but the most important is the boring of artesian wells. In New South Wales, both near the Murray and Murrumbidgee, reclamation has meant irrigation ; and this has been done on the most expensive scale. In Victoria reclamation often means the rolling and burning of the Mallee scrub. In Western Australia, as over large areas of Canada, reclamation means the clearing of tolerably heavy timber at a price varying between some 60*l.* to 9*l.* an acre. Everywhere reclamation in this sense means the building of houses and the making of roads or railways or both. In mid-Africa it may mean putting oil on the water and burning the breeding-places of the

tsetse-fly. The estates of the Empire must be developed very nearly in the sense of the word as used by the speculative builder. It is clear that the work is usually quite beyond the capacity of the local government, partly because some local governments have already expended more millions than they can well afford at the moment, however good the investment may ultimately prove. In many parts of the Empire—as in the heavy timber land of British Columbia—and, indeed, of Ontario and New Brunswick—the work can only be carried out with real efficiency and in an economic fashion, if it is done on a big scale and with equipment proper to a ‘major operation.’ An Empire such as ours (self-sufficing if well organised, but as things are altogether haphazard in organisation) needs above all else a constant programme of settlement to be carried out between the locality that sends and the locality that receives the settler. Or, if the settler move from one crowded part of the same unit to a less crowded part, as from London to Somerset, co-operation between the local and central government.

No one who has watched reclamation and the results of it can help being heartened by the spectacle. The most inspiring picture that remains in my memory has Western Australia as a background. Gangs of English folk of about a dozen worked under an Australian overseer; and the villages or townships they were creating lay along a belt of light forest land between a new road and a new railway, both extending simultaneously with the reclamation. You saw every stage of the operation. Some gangs were busy with horses, pulleys, and winches, heaving up the timber and subsequently burning it. Some were ploughing. Some were tending stock and going about household duties on farms already in being—the oldest of them dating from three years back. Some were building their own village school-house, some fencing their garden plots, some making furniture. You saw many centuries of history enacted within two or three years. It occupies no longer than that to tame the wild, to convert a primeval forest into a modern township. The process was yet quicker and more complete on the elevated marsh-lands. The digging of a ditch and the cutting of the reeds was all the preliminary necessary for the free course of the plough, the harrow,

and the seed drill. Every attribute necessary to productive fertility was present—a rich black soil, a good rainfall, a frostless climate, and an adjacent market. It is true, but scarcely credible, that this State, which is eight times the size of Britain and has a total population of about 350,000 persons, in spite of its size, its fertility, and its few inhabitants, still produces much less than it consumes in many sorts of provender: it exports wheat and fruit, but it imports dairy and pig produce.

A cheering spectacle is not necessarily good business; nor is ingenious finance always sound. The progressive plan of these community settlements has been temporarily arrested because the bill looks too alarming. The principle was to pay the settlers wages during the pioneering period, build them houses and schools, and construct roads and railways parallel to the line of reclamation. The price of his house and farm to the settler was the sum of the advanced wages, plus the price of his wooden house. All this money could be repaid over a long period of years. It was reckoned by Sir James Mitchell, from whose 'slow wise brain' the idea sprang, that whatever happened the State would not lose. If the settler could not pay his sinking fund and had to leave, there was still the farm, seventy acres of arable land, once useless, now productive. But roads, railways, and houses are expensive to build. It cost at least a thousand pounds to establish a homestead; and the expenditure became so alarming that a halt was called. Yet the scheme was in no sense a failure. In essentials it was a great success. Many families from our most crowded centres are to-day tilling recently barren soil, giving the urban population the food they require, and, what is more, leading good, healthy, happy lives in a land where every vigorous child can find an opening. The settlers were of a strong British type, carefully selected; but they were not in any regard skilled workmen. No industrial demand in this part of the Empire made it wasteful to transfer these residents from the Old Kent Road by the Thames to the Peel Estates within hail of the Swan River.

It is a journey of over 10,000 miles from Perth (W.A.) to London; and the returning traveller has abundant leisure for comparing the disparate part of that un-

organised area which we call the British Empire. He has just seen men without work, women without work, and children without opportunity provided with what they missed at home—getting good and giving good. Both countries benefited; and yet, when he reached home he realised that the exchange was not quite equal. It was merely regrettable that such fertile acres as those in Western Australia should be unproductive, that such a climate should be unenjoyed. It is a perilous inhumanity that men, women, and children should be workless and hopeless in this overcrowded island. As the returning traveller meditates on this precise and particular contrast between his starting-point and his destination, he must wonder both at the poverty of statescraft and the lack of individual enterprise which permit such extremes; and if he has ‘stumped the Empire,’ in Sir George Parkin’s favourite phrase, he knows that all the Dominions have their Peel Estates, where land and climate are good and the earth is rich. The most thickly crowded of the Dominions is New Zealand; and there the population is not more than eleven to the square mile as contrasted with the hundreds in this country. It is not one to the square mile in Western Australia, of which vast areas are capable of carrying as large a population as half the rural counties of England.

Our statesmen, then, have to decide how far they may go in helping the localities of the Empire to finance such settlement. We are a long way off the era of wholesale migration, suggested by the historian. Indeed, if we attempted it, we should resemble those mad migrants, the lemmings, which, in their zeal to change their country, drive themselves into the sea and are drowned by thousands for their pains. We cannot rush into insolvency or encourage any man, woman, or child to migrate to any spot where his well-being is not tolerably assured. But we can, it is to be hoped, steadily increase the volume of migration within the Empire by co-operation between the Governments which have jurisdiction over the old and the new home. The principle at least has been adopted and is bearing fruit this season. By the ‘Immigration Agreement’ concluded with Australia on April 18 last, the various states are free to spend

34,000,000%. on the development of estates agreed upon by all the Governments concerned, Imperial, Federal, and State. The chief part played by the Imperial Government consists in helping the Federal Government to acquire the money at a low rate of interest. The money may be spent on clearing land, or on the equipment of the settler. Each State undertakes to settle 10,000 immigrants within ten years. It may be taken as certain that the mother scheme of Western Australia will be restarted in the coming winter under the stimulus of this imperial co-operation. We are a long way off an equipoise of population, a period when migration of the unemployed excess in Britain will make the National Railways of Canada an economic undertaking, will give Australia strategical security, will preserve the power of the white races from Kenya to the Cape, will enlarge the prisoned wealth of these Dominions that are half-continents or continental islands. Heroic measures, indeed, are not possible. All we can hope for is progressively to accelerate a natural movement. To do that should amount almost to an instinct of self-preservation. It means more trade and fewer workless.

The French, who are masters of the logical phrase, classified colonies as 'colonies d'exploitation,' and 'colonies de peuplement.' In English the word 'colony' is so thoroughly out of favour that even the phrase Colonial Secretary gives some of us a gentle shock. But the French classification may serve at least to illustrate a point in our present history. Those parts of the British Empire affected by migration are both sorts of colonies. The more they are peopled from these islands the more certainly will they provide a good market for the industrial product of these islands. They are all developing their own industries, and in this are encouraged by some of the migrants from Britain; but there is no reason why the *peuplement* should not proceed at a greater rate than the local industries; and thus the well-being of all of us within the Empire be simultaneously increased. Settlement, rightly organised, is twice blest. Emigration that sends the best to foreign countries is twice curst. We must see to it that in the sequel the blessing shall be the cure of the curse.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

Art. 7.—THE CLASSICS IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

1. *The Classical Investigation, conducted by the Advisory Committee of the American Classical League. Part I. General Report, a Summary of Results with Recommendations for the Organisation of the Course in Secondary Latin and for Improvement in Methods of Teaching.* Princeton University Press, 1924.
2. *The Classical Association, Proceedings.* Vol. XXI. John Murray, 1924.
3. *The Year's Work in Classical Studies, 1923-4; edited for the Classical Association.* Bristol: Arrowsmith, 1924.
4. *The Testimony of the Nations to the Value of Classical Studies; edited for the Classical Association.* John Murray, 1925.

TWENTY years ago, or even less, an article on the position of classical studies would almost inevitably have taken the form of a comparison, controversial in character, of the rival claims of classics, science, and modern subjects to a place in the curriculum of schools and universities. It is a significant and most satisfactory feature of recent developments that such a controversial treatment of the subject is no longer necessary. The contest between science and the classics is, it may be hoped, as dead as the contest between science and theology. No reasonable person in either camp doubts that both are essential elements in our civilisation, that room must be found for both, and that boys and girls who have an aptitude for either must be given opportunities to develop in accordance with their abilities. Some of the warmest advocates of a classical education are themselves distinguished men of science; and classical scholars have been among the foremost to advocate an ample provision for science in the intellectual programme of all students.

Few will doubt that the change is salutary, though some of the protagonists in the struggle of the past generation may regret that there is no longer occasion for their swashing blow. Gibes at 'unlettered scientists' and 'gerund-grinding pedants' may lie down together in an unhonoured grave. Education is too serious a matter

to allow of the waste of energy involved in such a controversy. Each has come to perceive that its own cause is at stake in the fortunes of the other, and that the real danger is lest all education should be degraded into a vocational materialism. The humanist murmurs, 'Jam proximus ardet Ucalegon'; the scientist diagnoses danger in the increase of temperature among the combustible materials of his neighbour's house; and both combine to form a volunteer fire-brigade.

One cause is to be found in the war. The most hardened classicist could not deny that the country would have been lost without the application of science; the most devoted scientist could not deny that the teachings of history and literature had much to do with the maintenance of that *moral* which was the most vital element in the whole struggle. Both are agreed that education must be alike scientific and humane, that we want more science and more humanity.

Another cause is the disappearance of the privileged position formerly held by Latin and Greek. When science had to fight for its place in the sun, there was a natural tendency to hit every head that it could see; and pathetic pictures (often based on a state of things which had long passed away) were drawn of the hard fate of bright youths, unblessed with linguistic aptitudes, compelled to waste their powers in the study of the exceptions of Wordsworth's Greek Grammar, and in learning 'cribs' by heart (a remarkable feat of memory, as it has always seemed to the present writer) in order to meet the requirements of Smalls. The abolition of 'compulsory Greek' at Oxford and Cambridge has altered all this. The boot is now on the other leg. It is science now that is often compulsory, never Greek; but in the main it may be said that all that is compulsory is an elementary acquaintance with both science and the humanities, and that each boy and girl is far more free than heretofore to develop along the lines for which he or she has the greatest aptitude.

That, at any rate, is the end towards which all educational theorists are driving, and with reference to which all educational developments must be judged. Not all the implications of this change have, however, yet been generally grasped. So long as Latin and

Greek were protected by their wall of privilege at Oxford and Cambridge, educational authorities were naturally preoccupied for the most part with securing the position of science and modern subjects. They have not yet fully realised that with the disappearance of that wall it is now their duty to see that the classics have their fair chance. If it is admitted—and it is admitted, most fully and unreservedly, by the foremost representatives of science—that the classics are a most valuable and vital element in the civilisation of our country, it becomes the duty of those who are responsible for our national education to see that such assistance and encouragement are given to them as will secure them, not merely a bare existence, but such a share in the entire scheme of things as their importance for our national well-being demands.

It is therefore relevant, and not merely relevant but necessary, to take stock of the present position of the classics in education, to see how they stand in our schools and universities to-day, and what, if any, are the principal dangers that threaten them. Here is a valuable possession which it behoves us to safeguard—not to the detriment of other valuable elements, but lest we should unawares suffer a loss which would leave the whole of our civilisation poorer, and lower us in the scale of cultivated humanity.

An opportune contribution to this examination comes to us from America. For some years past a strong Committee in the United States has been engaged in an inquiry, by the most objective methods available, into the present position of the classics of that country—their educational value, their present standing in schools and universities, and the methods by which they are actually taught or should be taught. On our own side of the Atlantic we have recently had the exhaustive report of the Prime Minister's Committee on 'The Classics in Education,' besides much non-official literature. The materials are therefore available, and the object of the present article is to summarise their results, and to bring them to the notice of the non-professional reader.

And first let us pay the tribute that is due to our American friends. The Committee engaged on the investigation referred to was appointed by the American

Classical League, and has been financed since 1921 by the General Education Board; but the moving spirit at the back of the whole enterprise has been Dr Andrew F. West, Dean (and founder) of the Graduate College of Princeton University. All lovers of the classics owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dean West. After a lifetime of strenuous service and scholarship, which has its fitting monument in the really beautiful buildings of the Graduate College, he has devoted the last ten years to an intensive campaign of propaganda (in the best sense of the term) on behalf of the classics. He has travelled all over the United States, has interviewed leading men in every walk of life with a view to enlisting their interest and support, has organised addresses, lectures, conferences, and societies, and has gathered round him a band of helpers who are carrying on, in all parts of the States, the work which he set on foot. He has many friends in this country (where he holds the Honorary D.Litt. of Oxford), and there is no more zealous and enlightened advocate of co-operation between England and America.

The first-fruits of his campaign appeared in a volume entitled 'The Value of the Classics,' which was published in 1917. This contained eighteen addresses and about 280 statements from individuals and societies, mainly American, though with a few additions from England and France, covering all the principal branches of life. Not only schools and universities are represented there, but public life, the Churches, Law, Medicine, Engineering, Natural Science, Journalism, Literature, the Humane Sciences, Fine Arts, and Oriental Studies. Among the writers appear the names of Presidents Wilson, Taft, Roosevelt, and Cleveland (President Coolidge has since contributed to the cause an admirable address, which has been printed separately), Senator Lodge, Mr Elihu Root, Mr Hoover, Mr Lansing, Presidents Nicholas Murray Butler, Hadley, Hibben, and Lowell, Mr Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, Prof. Haskins, Mr G. E. Hale, Mr S. S. McClure, Mr J. F. Rhodes, Mr Edward Robinson, Prof. W. M. Sloane, Prof. H. van Dyke, Mr Mortimer L. Schiff, Mr James Loeb, Mr G. H. Putnam, Mr R. A. Cram, and many others, too numerous to mention. And the volume concludes with some pages of statistics,

indicating not only the number of students of classics in educational establishments, but also their comparative records of progress as tested by various standards; these latter tending to show that in non-classical subjects candidates with a classical training show a marked superiority over those who lack it.

It is from this point that the inquiry was taken up in the investigation of which the first report is now before us. Under the guidance of an Advisory Committee (of which Dean West was chairman) a Special Investigatory Committee (under the same chairmanship) and eight Regional Committees were set up, with a total membership of fifty-nine persons, and with the assistance of forty-eight Professors of education and psychology. The following quotations from the Report indicate the exhaustive nature of the inquiry:

'It has been our great good fortune to secure the voluntary unremunerated help of 8595 teachers . . . who have given much time to marking, checking, and accounting for the experimental work in all parts of the country. Such a free-will offering is unmatched in the history of any educational inquiry thus far conducted in our land. The investigation has been carried on throughout the two academic years 1921-22 and 1922-23 in every State in the Union. . . . The total number of secondary schools enlisted in the investigation in 1913, and the total number of pupils tested is approximately 150,000. The total number of individual tests given is approximately 750,000. . . .

'The plan of procedure has been adhered to rigorously; namely, first to find the facts, then to make an analysis and impartial criticism of the facts, and finally to prepare a progressive constructive programme for the teaching of the classics in our secondary schools. It is clear to us that there are human values involved in learning the classics which are not measurable in mechanical terms, and that there are also certain processes and results which can be so measured with fairly close accuracy. We have endeavoured to test these processes and results by definite scientific experiment. The many tests and controlled experiments employed for this purpose have been devised with the utmost care on the basis of the most recent improved methods of measurement. The statistical and historical studies and the collections of expert opinion have been made with equal care.

Statistical investigation as applied to educational

processes has, no doubt, a much greater place in America than in our own country. English teachers are inclined to look askance at mechanical tests of intellectual achievement, and to be guided rather by general impressions than by tables of figures. It may be admitted also that such tests when confined to a limited area, such as a single school, are not very reliable. But it does not follow that they are not reliable when the field of investigation is widened. The strength of the American investigation lies in the width of the field which it covers. Averages and results derived from over a thousand schools, covering all the area between the Atlantic and the Pacific, cannot be ignored; and this inquiry demands the respectful consideration of all impartial students of education.

The first conclusions, as to which no controversy can arise, are those which give the actual statistics with regard to classical education in America.

'The total enrolment in Latin in the secondary schools of the country for the year 1923-24 is estimated by the United States Bureau of Education at 940,000, slightly in excess of the combined enrolment in all other foreign languages. It is approximately 27½ per cent. of the total enrolment of pupils in all secondary schools, including the seventh and eighth grades of junior high schools, or 30 per cent. if these grades are not included. The enrolment in Greek is only about 11,000, but shows some signs of increase. . . . About 83 per cent. of the 20,500 secondary schools of the country offer instruction in one or more foreign languages. Of this number, 94 per cent. offer Latin, a slightly larger percentage than in the case of all other foreign languages combined. . . .

'The Latin enrolment in the colleges in the country in 1923-24 was approximately 40,000, and the Greek enrolment about 16,000. . . . Of the 609 colleges in the United States . . . 234 offer courses in beginning Latin, 470 in beginning Greek. . . . Thirty-nine of the forty-eight State superintendents of public instruction state that their attitude towards Latin is sympathetic or distinctly friendly. Seven express themselves as neutral, and two as unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly. As regards Greek, eight are sympathetic or distinctly friendly, twenty-four are neutral, and sixteen are unsympathetic or distinctly unfriendly.'

So much with regard to the actual numbers of

students of the classics in the schools and colleges of America. It may be added that of every hundred pupils studying Latin in the first year of their four-year course at a secondary school, 69 study it for two years, 31 for three years, and 14 for four years; and of these 14 scarcely 5 may be expected to continue it at college. The next section of the report undertakes an examination of the aims or 'objectives' in the teaching of Latin at the secondary stage. The objectives are classified as 'ultimate,' including the qualities which are expected to become part of the permanent intellectual equipment of the pupil, and 'temporary,' which mark stages in the process of acquisition of the ultimate aims, necessary as stages but not necessarily to be retained as permanent possessions (e.g. the power to translate a Latin passage). The relative importance of these 'objectives,' and the extent to which they are attained by pupils, were made the subject of a number of scientific tests and of a questionnaire addressed to teachers. The results are too long to summarise, but it is interesting to note the answers given by the graduates who were asked to indicate the results from the study of Latin which they believed to have been most valuable in their own experience. The seven values receiving the highest number of votes were: (1) the understanding and use of English words derived from Latin; (2) the understanding of English grammar and language-structure in general; (3) the understanding of Latin words, quotations, etc., occurring in English; (4) the development of a historical perspective and a general cultural background; (5) assistance in learning other foreign languages; (6) general discipline resulting from the cultivation of habits of accuracy, thoroughness, orderly procedure, perseverance, and achievement; (7) the understanding and use of Latin technical terms, and terms derived from Latin, employed in the professions and vocations. Of these it may be observed that only Nos. 4 and 6 can be regarded as ultimate aims, valuable in themselves, the others being subsidiary and ancillary to further objects.

A long section follows on the content of the Latin course at secondary schools. The existing curricula are analysed, criticisms are invited from teachers, and a syllabus is drawn up which is recommended for adoption.

The defects found in the existing system are summarised as follows: 'Congestion arising from introduction into the course of too many formal elements, especially during the first year; too early introduction of the first classical author to be read; failure to include in the course abundant easy reading material for the purpose of developing early the pupil's ability to read Latin as Latin; prescription of too large an amount of classical Latin to be read intensively; lack of sufficient variety in the choice of reading material; and failure to give adequate emphasis to attainment of the ultimate objectives.'

It is observable that the supply of easy reading material (composed of 'made' or adapted Latin), which is particularly desiderated, is said to be much better met by English publishers, and much more extensively used in English schools, than is at present the case in America. In this connexion it is instructive to notice (perhaps as an example of the tendency of the human mind to criticise whatever it has got) that at the recent meeting of the Classical Association at Bangor more than one speaker criticised adversely the use of what was described as 'predigested' food, which pupils were said to regard as fraudulent and unreal; but the Prime Minister's Committee recommended the postponement of the first classical author to the third year, and the use of 'made' material in the earlier stages.

The general recommendations for the reorganisation of the course are stated as follows:

'1. That the formal study of the elements of language during the first year be reduced by the postponement of many forms and principles until later in the course. . . .

'2. That the vocabulary, forms, and principles of syntax to be learned in each successive year of the course be selected in such a way as to provide conditions most favourable for developing progressive power to read and understand Latin, and for attaining the ultimate objectives which teachers regard as valid for their pupils.

'3. That not less than 80 pages of easy, well-graduated and attractive Latin reading material be introduced into the course, beginning at the earliest possible point and continuing at least through the third semester.

'4. That this material should be such as to contribute to the aims stated in recommendation No. 2.

'5. That practice in writing Latin be continued throughout the first, second, and third years. It may well be omitted from the work of the fourth year in order to allow full time for the reading.

'6. That the amount of classical Latin authors to be read in the standard four-year course shall be not less than 35 pages of Teubner text in the second year, 66 pages in the third year, and 100 pages in the fourth year.' (N.B. the existing course includes in all 80 pages of *Cæsar*, 82 of *Cicero*, and 128 of *Virgil*, which is regarded as excessive.)

7. (Advocates more freedom of choice of authors, which is said to prevail in England.)

'8. That such additional material of instruction be introduced into the course as will provide for fuller attainment of various ultimate objectives of the study of Latin.'

Specific recommendations as to books to be read, and as to the method of studying grammar, are added at considerable length; and it is interesting to note the statement that 'the results secured in the four-year English schools' (from 36 of which statistics appear to have been obtained) 'show that a grade of scholarship much higher than is commonly attained in the schools of our country can be secured on the basis of a considerably smaller amount of intensive reading of the classical authors.'

Recommendations follow with regard to methods of teaching, which are of more interest to the professional teacher than to the general reader. With reference to these, as to so much else in educational theory, one is at times tempted to murmur to oneself:

'For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best.'

The teacher matters so much more than his theory. Nevertheless, the teacher may pick up useful hints for his own application from the experience of others, so long as he does not regard the method as a fetish.

The final chapter reverts to and extends that comparison of the records of classical and non-classical pupils which was noted as a feature of Dean West's earlier book. We give the conclusions of the American investigation without prejudice.

'Over a ten-year period, including all candidates for College entrance from 1914 to 1923 inclusive, Latin leads all subjects except Greek and French in the records made in the examinations of the College Entrance Examination Board. Greek easily ranks first, and Latin, with a much larger number of candidates examined, is behind French only by a fraction of one per cent. Next highest in rank come physics, chemistry, and mathematics, close together, and lowest in rank come German, English, and history.'

'Latin students not only do better than the non-Latin students in all subjects outside of Latin and Greek, but also, with a single exception, the records in all these non-classical subjects go higher as the amount of Latin studied is greater. The margin of superiority of the Latin group of students as a whole is about 13 per cent. Several methods of attempting to ascertain the difference in initial ability between Latin and non-Latin college preparatory pupils also seem to show that *only about one-tenth of the 13 per cent. superiority of the Latin students at the end of the secondary course is to be attributed to this factor, and that nine-tenths of the superiority is due to something gained from the study of Latin itself.*

The italics are ours. Tables and statistics are given in support of these conclusions.

We should like to emphasise the sober and objective tone which characterises the whole of this investigation. Defects are not blinked or minimised. Faults are admitted to exist, which call for strong and prompt remedies. Of these the chief are the congestion of the course and the inadequacy of the training of teachers. The demand for better-trained Latin teachers is said to be increasing rapidly, and the supply is said to be so inadequate as to warrant deep anxiety. In particular, emphasis is laid on the importance of a knowledge of Greek on the part of teachers of Latin, and it is urged that full provision to secure this result should be made as soon as possible. The present position of Greek in America is far less satisfactory than that of Latin; yet the results in Greek are demonstrably and notably better than in any other subject in the secondary school course. At present Greek is not given a fair chance. A claim is made which has often been made in this country, and which cannot be too often or too emphatically repeated. 'We are not asking that pupils in our schools be compelled to study Greek, but we do ask that all who are

fit for the study shall have the unhindered and really encouraging chance to take it.' And this claim is not urged with any derogation from the importance of English and other modern languages. On the contrary, the importance of the combination of English, Latin, and Greek is strongly emphasised, as well as the combined teaching of classical and modern foreign languages. 'The more the spirit of co-operation spreads among the teachers of all these languages, the more surely may we expect richer results in each language taught.' And so say all of us.

When we turn to our own country, we cannot at this moment produce comparable statistics. No doubt the Board of Education could give figures of the number of students taking Latin or Greek in the schools that receive their grants; but such figures would not cover the whole field of secondary education. In estimating the present position of classical studies in this country we are therefore dependent in the main on general impressions, and on the evidence of those who are concerned in them. In these impressions there are both good features and bad. On the good side is certainly to be reckoned a very marked revival of general interest in the classics. The abolition of compulsion at Oxford and Cambridge has removed one great ground of offence, and has at the same time roused the activities of the advocates of the humanities. The number of these is by no means restricted to the professional students of Latin and Greek. Statesmen, lawyers, men of science, leaders of commerce and industry, in this country as in America, have testified to the value of the classics, both as an element in intellectual and spiritual culture, and as a foundation for every kind of career. At the same time a great effort has been made to bring home to the mind of all thinking persons the living value of these studies as an element in modern life, and the irreparable loss to our civilisation which would follow if they ceased to hold an important place in our educational system.

This effort has taken the form, either of directly propagandist literature, such as the papers and addresses issued by the Classical Association, or of books intended to explain the part played, in the present as well as

in the past, by classical literature in our own civilisation, or, thirdly, of translations and interpretations of classical works, which may make their content known to those who have little or no mastery of the ancient languages. Books such as 'The Legacy of Greece' and 'The Legacy of Rome' are really admirable statements, by some of the foremost scholars of the day, of the character and living value of the two great literatures on which our own civilisation is so largely founded; and with them may be coupled such works as 'Our Hellenic Heritage,' by H. R. James; 'The Greek Commonwealth,' by A. E. Zimmern; 'The Greek Genius,' by R. W. Livingstone; 'Latin Literature,' by J. W. Mackail; and the volumes contained in such series as 'The World's Manuals,' published in this country, and 'Our Debt to Greece and Rome,' published in America. Among translations one is bound especially to mention Prof. Gilbert Murray's versions of Euripides, which have made him once again a living poet with an appeal to modern readers, and the volumes of the 'Loeb Library,' which, with their parallel pages of original and translation, both assist the moderately well-equipped scholar to keep up his classics, and enable those who retain little or nothing of their Greek and Latin to read the great works of classical literature in translations, with just so much reference to the originals as comes within their powers.

Together with all this literary activity has gone a marked revival in the teaching of the classics. Any one who has been brought into contact with our universities and the leading secondary schools is bound to testify to the extraordinary zeal and enthusiasm which seem to inspire the great body of classical teachers. In particular, a tribute is due (it would be invidious to mention names, but several occur to one) to the classical teachers in many of our girls' schools. Not only Latin, but Greek also, is in a healthier condition now than it has been for a long time past. Teachers have set themselves to reform their methods, and have realised that their aim must be to convince their pupils that Greek and Latin are living literatures, valuable not merely historically, not merely because they are essential for the full appreciation of our own literature, but also

because on many subjects and in many respects they embody the best thought, expressed in the best form, that the human mind has yet achieved.

As the result of all this effort, there is now a very general recognition of the intellectual value of classical studies, not merely for the specialist, but as an indispensable element in our general civilisation. Moreover, this conviction is not confined to the classes which once held the knowledge of the classics to be their social hallmark. There is no more encouraging feature in the intellectual development of our country than the growing recognition on the part of the working classes that Greek and Latin hold treasures by which they can profit, and into the possession of which they claim the right of entry. There is good reason to believe that in a little while there will be an effective demand from these classes that ignorance of Greek shall not be compulsory.

It is here that we touch on the less satisfactory side of the present position of classical studies in this country. If the Greek and Latin languages and literatures contain qualities which need to be generally diffused in our civilisation, they ought to be placed within the reach of all those who are capable of profiting by them. It is not so at present. They labour under a handicap which impedes their development, and which (especially in the case of Greek) in many places threatens them with extinction. It must be recognised that they are difficult subjects. A small amount of study of natural science or of modern languages yields more obvious fruits than a small amount of study of Greek or Latin. Further, their practical utility is less apparent. A moderate knowledge of science may enable a boy to mend a motor-car, put the electric bells in order, or set up a wireless apparatus; a moderate knowledge of French or German may make a tour on the Continent agreeable. Both also have quite real and evident applications to trade and commerce. Both have, in short, more definite vocational utility. Hence they make a more immediate appeal both to the average parent and to the average pupil; and this although the true man of science and the true modern language scholar fully realise that these are not the grounds on which their subjects can claim a place with the classics in the cultural equipment of a nation.

These are, however, forces which militate against the selection of classics when the field of choice is left open; and it is to be feared that not all headmasters are able or willing to stand up against the ill-informed wishes of parents. There are also more difficulties arising from more legitimate causes. It is wholly to be desired that the demand for trained scientific experts in industry, which was greatly stimulated by the war, should continue, and that the requisite supply should be forthcoming from our schools and universities. It is also entirely desirable that history and political science should be studied, both extensively and intensively, in the interests of the political development of the nation, and that the full cultural value should be extracted from modern languages and literatures; while a better knowledge of our own language and literature should be demanded from *all* students. Consequently the demands on the hours available in the school curriculum are very great; boys and girls with a bent for these other subjects are rightly encouraged to pursue them; and there is great difficulty in finding time for giving the average student a useful knowledge of the classical languages, and the number of those who will make them their principal subject is much reduced. It follows that in small schools there may not be enough students of the classics, and especially of Greek, to justify the engagement of the necessary staff to teach them; and the headmaster is tempted to concentrate his forces by eliminating these subjects (and again especially Greek), and by diverting able boys who might profitably have studied them into other lines.

Recently, moreover, the regulations of the Board of Education with regard to Advanced Courses tended in the same direction. Special grants were made for such courses, provided that a certain minimum of pupils were qualified to pursue them. In very many schools the total number of such advanced pupils did not suffice to provide recruits for more than one such course. Hence the headmaster was under a strong temptation to combine them all in a single course, and as there were generally more who desired to take science or modern subjects, classics were apt to go the wall, and the able classical boys were pressed in to make up the numbers

for a scientific or a modern course. The Board showed the utmost consideration for classics and often stretched their regulations in their favour; but the pressure in this direction was unavoidable. The regulations have lately been altered in a way which gives greater opportunities for classics, and especially for Latin; but it is too early to judge how the new regulations will work, and meanwhile the casualties in the classical sphere have been serious.

The fact must therefore be faced that in many parts of the country there is no provision for teaching Greek even to boys with a real aptitude for it, and that Latin is often taught by masters and mistresses who, having no knowledge of Greek, are quite incompetent to teach Latin properly. Quite recently the Welsh Department of the Board of Education, in their Report on Education in Wales for 1924, called attention emphatically to the shortcomings of Wales in this respect. Although the figures for 1924 show some improvement on those for 1920, it is still true, in the opinion of the Department, to say that 'in the grant-earning schools, with one or two notable exceptions, Greek survives rather than flourishes.' In 86 out of 121 grant-earning secondary schools no Greek is taught; in the remaining 35 only 246 pupils in all are studying it. In many schools no member of the staff is qualified to teach Greek.

The causes of this decline are stated in the Report, and in the main they are those which have been noticed above. A special cause is, however, adduced in the fact that the University of Wales allows Honours to be taken in Latin with only a pass knowledge of Greek. This is a state of things which is not to the credit of the University. The Department also lay their finger on the blot of the admission of teachers of Latin who are ignorant of Greek. In Scotland there is an admirable provision that the principal teacher of classics must have studied Greek as well as Latin at the University, and thus without a knowledge of both languages no teacher can rise to the headship of his department. 'It cannot be too strongly urged upon the Governors of Intermediate Schools that in appointing teachers of Latin preference should be given to those who are also able to teach Greek.'

The Report, which deserves to be studied and circulated, not only in Wales but in England, fully recognises the difficulties of which we have already spoken, but it does not believe them to be insuperable. It notes, most pertinently, that much of the responsibility lies upon the headmasters. 'There is evidence that where a headmaster is personally enthusiastic it is by no means impossible to create a demand for Greek.' One school is instanced where, three years ago, one pupil was taking Greek informally, in free periods. Now, owing to the enthusiasm of the classical master, supported by the headmaster, seventeen pupils are taking it, and the subject has a place in the time-table. The appeal must therefore be, first to the University to set the standard for its honours sufficiently high, and secondly to the governing bodies of schools and the headmasters. If they are themselves convinced of the spiritual or cultural value of Greek (and surely no competent headmaster at least, whatever his own subject, can doubt it), there is no reason to suppose that the opposition of parents (who are generally quite willing to be guided by a teacher who has the courage of his opinions) will be insuperable. 'Parents can scarcely be expected to ask for Greek unless some attempt is made to supply it, but, if parents can be led to ask for it' (or, let us rather say, to accept it when offered to them), 'there is no final reason why their demand should not be met.'

The evidence of this Report is particularly valuable, as coming from an official and impartial source. There is no reason to despair of Wales. The Welsh value education; and the highest standard of education is simply not attainable without Greek. They have a deep interest in religion; and the fullest study and comprehension of Christianity is not attainable without Greek. Enthusiasm is not lacking; of that the Classical Association recently had good evidence at Bangor. If those in high authority will give Greek its fair chance, it will flourish; and the inspiration which flows from Greek will fertilise all other branches of intellectual and spiritual culture.

Much of what has been said of Wales may be said equally of England. The general principle of the demand to be made is the same. Education authorities

(including all kinds of governing bodies) have not always realised the change of responsibilities that has come on them since the classics were deprived of the protection of compulsion. Formerly it was their business to secure for natural science and for modern studies their fair chance and place in the sun. Now they are in the sun, and the classics are in the shade. Science is often compulsory, Greek nowhere; and education authorities are now responsible for seeing that the great element of national culture represented by the classics is maintained in adequate proportion. Compulsion is not asked for; encouragement is. A fair share (in value and number) of State scholarships; opportunity for all who can profit by the classics to have access to them; an adequate standard of University degrees; a sufficient supply of competent teachers; an attempt to make the classics known to those who have not the time or the aptitude for direct acquaintance with them; these are among the demands which education authorities can rightly be called upon to satisfy.

It cannot be too often repeated that this advocacy of the classics involves no indifference to the claims of other subjects. The civilisation of the country requires a full admixture of all the great activities of the human mind, among which pure literature, science, history, philosophy, mathematics, fine art, and music rank the highest. For the full development of most of these, a knowledge of Greek and Latin,—not merely confined to specialists, but diffused among a sufficient portion of the population to leaven the whole lump—is essential, partly because they are the root of all these branches of intellectual activity, partly because they are so closely intertwined with our literary, artistic, and spiritual development that our literature, art, and philosophy cannot be fully understood without them, and partly because they actually enshrine much of the highest products of the human mind. It is no valid objection to say that only a small minority of students attain to a full appreciation and command of these literatures. It is equally true to say that only a small minority of the students of science attain to a full appreciation and command of their subject. A Rutherford or a Bragg is as rare as a Jebb or a Henry Butcher. There are very many who

can attain to lower standards of appreciation, some of whom can interpret and pass on to others the lessons and the inspiration which they have received from the leaders, others who can receive what is thus passed on and can incorporate it in their own lives, and so make it part of the general life of the nation. If only the chance is given, there are quite enough boys and girls who can learn the lessons that Greek and Latin literature have to teach them, and can thus enrich our English culture with the peculiar qualities which are nowhere found more abundantly than in them.

The value of any element in education lies in its richness in ideas by which it strengthens and enlarges the mind. Science has such ideas in plenty, and history, and modern languages; but none of these subjects has them more richly than the classics. Their strength lies just in this width of range. They include much of the greatest poetry, philosophy, history, criticism that the world has produced, and Greek in particular is the supreme embodiment of the true spirit of science, the resolve to question all things and see them as they really are. Hence it is no wonder that leaders of thought and action in every department of life have testified to their debt to the classics, that thousands of those who make no contribution to classical journals owe to them some of their keenest spiritual joys, and that millions benefit unconsciously by the influence which flows from this source.

Here, then, there is a cause in which those who care for the intellectual achievement of the English-speaking race on either side of the Atlantic can join in serving their generation. It is a pleasure to testify to the whole-hearted friendliness with which American scholars have been co-operating with their English colleagues in various fields of work. The British Museum and the University Museum of Philadelphia have been working together on one site in Mesopotamia, the Field Museum of Chicago and Oxford University on another. English and American archæologists have been in close and frequent communication on the different questions which have recently arisen in Egypt. The University of Michigan and other universities in America have combined with the British Museum in purchases of papyri

to their mutual satisfaction. American students of English literature paid a peculiarly graceful compliment to their English colleagues during the war by subscribing to purchase a manuscript of mediæval English literature, which they presented to the British Museum. In all these matters, and in others, our American brothers (we note that the new American Ambassador uses this word, not cousins) have shown themselves generous in giving and in sharing, loyal and unselfish as partners in research and acquisition, and hospitable in welcoming English visitors to address their audiences and work in their universities.

Similarly we on our side have done what we can to respond to this display of friendliness. In the sphere of the classics, arrangements have been made to invite English scholars to become members of American societies, and American of English, so that both are strengthened and both are more fully aware of what is being done or thought on either side of the Atlantic. It is to be hoped that English scholars will not be more backward than American to respond to this invitation. Further, much has been done to promote closer intercourse between English and American universities. The example of Cecil Rhodes has been followed by other benefactors, American and English; and here it is extremely desirable that English universities, especially Oxford and Cambridge, should actively promote such interchange of students. It may not be easy, or even desirable, to send English undergraduates to American universities; but for the young graduates the opportunity should be cordially welcomed. On this point it is necessary to take a wide view. It may be that a young graduate could pursue the study of his subject, in a limited sense, better by working in France or Germany, Italy or Greece, than by going to America. But he can work on his subject too in America, where there are excellent libraries and well-equipped museums; and the other experiences which he will gain, and the influence which he will both undergo and exert, are incomparably valuable.

But if this movement is to flourish, it is essential that the home universities should see that those who leave them for a time shall not suffer for it. They

should be able to come back and resume their positions at home without loss of prospects. By so doing the universities themselves will be enriched. They will have among their residents men with a wider outlook, who have seen life under different conditions, who are better fitted to play their parts both as scholars and as citizens. Above all, they will be taking their share in a movement which is wider and greater than the progress of scholarship and the life of universities. They will be promoting, more perhaps than they will themselves realise, that co-operation between the English-speaking peoples on which depends so much of good for our common humanity. The fuller the intercourse, alike in work and in sport and in all social and intellectual relations, between old and new universities, the better it will be for all of them. From the small but rapidly growing movements of to-day, if only we will embrace our opportunities, generations to come will benefit, and both England and America will be better equipped to do their share in leading the destinies of the world.

FREDERIC G. KENYON.

Art. 8.—RICHARD WAGNER AND THE MUSIC DRAMA.

1. *Richard Wagner, a Critical Biography.* By George Ainslie Hight. Two vols. Arrowsmith, 1925.
2. *Richard Wagner.* By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. Translated (from the German) by George Ainslie Hight. Dent, 1900.
3. *Richard Wagner, as Man and Artist.* By Ernest Newman. Dent, 1914.

THE name of Richard Wagner like that of Napoleon has become a legend: no other writer of music has managed to absorb so completely the attention of the world before and after his death. And it is not simply the devotees of music that are held by the romantic spell of Wagnerism: the painters, the men of letters, the dramatists have all bowed down before him. The innermost recesses of his complex life have been revealed pitilessly to a cruel, sensation-loving world; and yet to-day the battle over his body rages just as fiercely as thirty years ago. The moment a writer produces a new interpretation of the master's complex personality, the critics, like the cat Rodilardus, pounce readily on their prey and rend it. The latest life of Wagner, written by Mr Ainslie Hight, must be welcomed because it affords an opportunity of making our examination of conscience with regard to Wagnerism. Though countless books have been written, though libraries have been ransacked, there is yet no final Wagner tradition. The reason of this must be ascribed to the fact that the writers on Wagner have inherited their master's polemical activities and are rarely able to write without the most extreme partisanship, whether of hatred or love. In later years, the struggle between the musicians has died down in order to give place to the battle between those who consider Wagner in his life the glorious symbol of his music, and those who are only too ready to stress his many faults as a member of society. To the former class of critics, Mr Hight, with certain reservations, belongs; to the second Mr Ernest Newman, to whom the world owes a deep debt of gratitude for his critical writings on Wagner's life work, is inclined.

The real Wagner is very difficult to disentangle from

the complications and contradictions which have revealed themselves in his life and music. No musician has ever left such a mass of autobiographical documents, and these documents have been interpreted in every way possible by the hosts of admirers or enemies that surround the master's legendary figure. Mr Hight, in the introduction to his book, attacks the writers who have reproduced scurrilous gossip in order to besmirch Wagner's character. Mr Newman, on the other hand, has fewer illusions about Wagner the man: he makes full use of the testimonies of friends and their letters in order to construct the many-sided personality of the master. 'The well-meaning thurifers,' he says, 'who try to impose him upon us in a single formula as one of the greatest and best of mankind, do but raise him to their own moral and reduce him to their own intellectual level, making their god in their own image, as is the way of primitive religious folk.'

It is best, from the outset, to separate Wagner's artistic from his personal conscience. No artist ever kept his artistic conscience more free from stain, and throughout his life he trod the narrower path of duty and self-sacrifice whenever his art was at stake. But this belief in his star, in his own genius, made him intensely egotistical in the life of the world. He always resembled one of those semi-divine poets that Plato speaks of, who utter the celestial truths by intuition without knowing that they are the mouthpiece of the gods. Nature, anticipating the slings and arrows he would have to face in the world, gave him a thick epidermis. He had such vitality, such imperviousness, that he was for ever wishing to override the opinions of others and mould them to his will. Nothing could be more characteristic than his attitude towards friends, even towards his nearest companion Franz Liszt. He exacted from them entire submission and never missed an opportunity of playing the tyrant. He was also so convinced of his own purity of purpose that he never scrupled to distort facts to his advantage. Mr Newman has proved conclusively with what caution his autobiography must be accepted by students, for his chief idea in writing it seems to have been to whiten his own character at the expense of others. We must not look on him as a profoundly

wicked or vicious man: nothing could be farther from the case. Living in a period of mutability and stress, when the old world was finally disappearing, he mirrored in his character and art the tendencies of the times. He could be charming at one moment and disdainful at another. He was generous with his money, but yet no shopkeeper was paid if he could help it. In religion and politics he vacillated continually between extremes. All those tendencies give that peculiarly cosmopolitan, many-sided aspect to his music. His character was not only changeable and inconsistent to the highest degree: he had the temperament of a strolling actor and lost no opportunity of making histrionic gestures, and this habit communicated itself to his music. How often the flow of inspiration is checked by passages full of rhetoric! There was much in his character that was morbid and abnormal. He could never work in later life unless he was surrounded by soft lines and colours and perfumes. He was so fond of the scent of attar of roses that he used to get his barber to order it specially from Paris. His tastes in dress were fastidious, his rooms were furnished with the taste of an effeminate. He could not endure to see books in his room, and the windows had to be curtained to prevent his looking out at the garden, for it distracted him. At Munich, which in those days had the reputation of being a sober and austere city, Wagner displayed a profusion that must have shocked the townsfolk. He had his Grail room hung in the richest yellow satin, and in that sanctum he composed. Abnormally sensitive to colour and smell, he recalls nobody so much as Gabriele D'Annunzio by his histrionic attitude and his desire for luxurious splendour. Like so many great artists he was able to create for himself an outer personality which had nothing to do with the inner man. When we study his operas and read his letters to Liszt and his autobiography, we imagine him as the apostle of that characteristic doctrine of the 19th century, renunciation. The word 'renunciation' is ever on his lips, and Wolfram hovers in the background. But there was not one tittle of renunciation in his egotistical character. He was the most intolerant of men; and it was perhaps this intolerance which enabled him to carry out his reforms in the face

of harsh opposition. We must, therefore, agree with Mr Ernest Newman's statement when he says that Wagner the man is an incomprehensible paradox, a paradox that will not diminish as the mists of legend envelop him. Nowadays, when there is a reaction against his mighty influence, we may leave Wagner the man with his vices and virtues alone, and attempt to take a general view of his work for music and the drama.

In recent years, when dramatic art has made great progress in technical perfection, it behoves us to look back at the development and evolution of Opera which culminated in the master of Bayreuth. It took over two centuries for the art of opera to perfect itself, and during that time the conflicts which raged round the conventions of the art were ceaseless. As critics have pointed out, the Music Drama, when it revived in Europe after the dark ages, passed through the same development as in the time of the Greeks: it became the hand-maiden of religion. But there were two types—the 'Maggi' or May play of the Folk, and the religious drama which produced the 'Sacre Rappresentazioni.' The 'Sacre Rappresentazioni' at Florence, which were sung, are directly antecedent to our modern opera. In those old operas, the play was the thing; the music merely helped the people to concentrate on the poem. In the 'Orfeo' of Monteverde, however, we find a genuine attempt made to write music and drama in the Greek manner, but, unfortunately, this attempt failed, and dramatists tended more and more, in 17th-century Italy, to produce pageant shows. As M. Romain Rolland shows, in his 'Musiciens d'Autrefois,' the scene of Music Drama changed from Italy to France when Lully, a Florentine, created the national school. Lully stands out as one of the landmarks in the evolution of Music Drama, for he did not limit his attention to the music, but paid close attention to the libretto. His method of trying to give music the rhythm of the spoken word, has influenced French opera even down to our days. His ideas were followed by Gluck, who consecrated them, making music intertwine with the libretto. Music drama did not, however, develop unilaterally in accordance with the French theories. Italy never lost its deep

influence over the art to which it had given birth. The 'Opera Buffa' of Naples, the 'Intermezzo,' became the ancestors to our more degenerate musical comedy. The Arcadian Metastasio, called after his death the Italian Sophocles, was the last to sing the beauties of the shepherds and the shepherdesses of the old literature. Mozart, however, followed the sprightly 'intermezzi,' and it was only later in his short life that he produced a German national opera in 'Zauberflöte.' Weber took up the theme of German nationalism and tried to mould an operatic school; but the ridiculous nature of his libretti took away from the character of his operas. He stands, however, at the threshold of our modern music drama, for Wagner took from him the torch.

When Wagner appeared on the scene he had, it is true, Beethoven and Weber to lead him, the one towards music, the other towards opera; but on all sides there was nought but discouragement. The Italian tradition persisted and continued its evil example. Only the poorest type of literature was set to music, and the musicians in consequence considered their melodies of supreme importance. The libretto writer was a mere scenario writer, whilst the singers resembled the famous Harlequins or Pantaloons of old, ready to interrupt the action with their musical 'lazzi.' The singers, in fact, inherited all the arrogance and a great deal more from the old improvisers, and opera afforded an opportunity for their acrobatic feats of voice. It needed a giant to clear away these grotesque excrescences of the baroque, and that giant was Wagner. Though Wagner's early writings were, as he calls them, a cry of indignation against modern conditions of art, his early opera, 'Rienzi,' is in the old style of Meyerbeer or Rossini. If he had continued in that vein he would have made a fortune and, probably, have become a prosperous civic composer. But Wagner's thoughts in those years were not set on a life of ease. His mind was full of thoughts of regeneration, of the art of drama. His next opera, 'The Flying Dutchman,' with its folk legend and its idea of renunciation, is the first step in his evolution towards 'Tristan and Isolde.'

Mr Ernest Newman says that it took Wagner a long time to be conscious of his true goal in art, that he

fumbled and groped his way to it in a fashion that has no parallel in the history of music. In Wagner of those early years the swelling forces of all Europe seemed to find their expression. Music did not satisfy him in his passionate quests, and so we find him writing article after article, book after book, in impetuous haste. His case resembles slightly that of Victor Hugo, also a Titan, who, after laying aside the poet's wand, stepped on to the political platform. Wagner, like so many of the writers of the 1848 period, had all the catchwords on his lips. But it is interesting to note that he has no praise for the 'chaos of modern civilisation,' no belief in 'progress.' In spite of his fiery words and energetic temperament, he had none of the optimism of the author of 'Plein Ciel.' 'I was able to tell this world,' he says, 'with all its sanctimonious concern for art and culture, that I despised it from the bottom of my heart, that in its veins there flowed not one drop of true artistic blood, that it was incapable of giving out one breath of human excellence, one breath of human beauty.' Throughout his life Wagner expressed this feeling of disdain for modern civilisation; but we must ascribe this disdain partly to his histrionic temperament. Throughout his life he regarded himself as a Byronic hero on whose brow God had branded the words: 'Genius and Misfortune.'

'Vous aviez lu Lara, Manfred et le Corsaire,
et vous aviez écrit sans essayer vos pleurs;
le souffle de Byron vous soulevait de terre,
et vous alliez à lui, porté par ses douleurs.'

Filled with these thoughts that were agitating the world, it is no wonder that Wagner, by an incomprehensible paradox, laid almost least store by his greatest talent, music, and only looked on it as one of the means towards his mighty scheme of regeneration for the human race. Romain Rolland, in 'Jean Christophe,' has described minutely the life of such a man whose brain is 'an impassioned tangle of ideas.' Wagner in the 1848 period resembles 'Jean Christophe' in Germany when he revolted against his own people and their insincerity: 'He saw German art stripped naked: every man, great and foolish alike, displaying his soul with attentive complacency. Emotion flowing over, moral nobility

gushing forth, hearts melting in frenzied effusions, the sluices open to appalling German super-sensibility: the strength of the strongest diluted with it, the weaker drowned by its drab floods, it was a deluge.' Jean Christophe resembles Wagner by this sentiment of revolt, but Wagner had many of those faults of histrionism and sentimentality which were anathema to Rolland's rugged hero who was inspired by Beethoven. He had all that fondness and foolish propensity of good Germans for noisily unbosoming themselves in public.

As a result of his participation in the Revolution of 1848, Wagner had to fly from Dresden, and went to live at Zurich, where the Swiss people were in favour of a German Revolution. It was in Switzerland that he penned his two famous treatises—'Art and Revolution' and 'Art-Work of the Future.' He was at that time under the influence of Feuerbach and acknowledged him as master. Then, for the first time, he advocates that the drama should unite together all the arts and become a full expression of the people as it had been in the time of the Greeks. New art, said the impassioned composer, requires that man should return to nature. The strong man must give his strength and beauty to creating new art. Greek tragedy was witnessed by the whole population of a city with the greatest reverence. Nowadays it is only the rich who can enjoy art, and art is placed in the same category as 'artistic handicraft.' Drama in the days of the Greeks or in Shakespeare's day flourished because it appealed to the conscience of every situation. Nowadays drama does not make great appeal, and this is because it does not express the conscience of the State or that of private individuals. Wagner thus looked on all ancient drama as conservative, because it was the mouthpiece of this public conscience. But in the days of the Romantic Movement the artist had to be the misunderstood genius whose brow was furrowed by hidden sorrows—'l'homme fatal'—in a word, true art must always be revolutionary. Wagner's views are those of Victor Hugo in 1848; but he was even more voluble than the great French poet. The essay 'Art and Revolution' is written in a mood of passionate exaltation, and, long after the Revolution and his flight, he remembered it and made it a basis for his maturer

views. As Mr Newman says, he clung desperately to dreams of a social revolution which would bring the artistic revolution. Many of the passages in 'Art and Revolution' and 'Art-Work of the Future' are spoiled by his habit of mixing up politics with his æsthetic theories. Besides, Wagner's style is so diffuse, so cumbersome, the digressions are so frequent, that the reader becomes intensely weary. But these prose works were necessary to the development of his genius. 'His intellect needed a purgation so that his emotion might function freely.' The most striking example of this is 'Opera and Drama,' which was written in the winter of 1850-51. He had been brooding in his mind over 'Siegfried's Death,' the great theme which was to occupy him for the next twenty years of his life; and yet he cast it aside in order to produce a theoretical book. We can dismiss the idea that it was despair at the futility of bringing so vast an opera before the public: Wagner rarely suffered from fits of despair when he had any works to produce. The best explanation is that he wanted to make the examination of his artistic conscience and reach bedrock principles. His idea in writing it must have been the same as that of Victor Hugo in writing the preface to 'Cromwell.'

In 'Opera and Drama' Wagner starts off by showing that the error of opera lay in the fact that music which was a means of expression was made an end, and drama which was the end was made a means. By drama Wagner did not mean any particular branch of literature, or even the union of various kinds of art; but the complete art which springs from a poet who is 'inventor and fashioner.' Wagner looked on the drama as the source of all art because it fashions life with the aid of all the senses and every means of expression. Drama must, therefore, be as Wagner says 'purely human,' and if it is to achieve this humanity, it must be freed from convention and historic formality.

Wagner was not the first to evolve the doctrine that the arts should combine in harmony so as to produce drama. Schiller also considered that his own poetic ideas proceeded from a certain musical mood and felt a faith in opera, hoping that tragedy might spring nobler from such a source. Goethe, who, as Emerson said,

'sees at every pore,' tried to unite together poetry, music, painting, song, acting. Lessing also went even further when he said that poetry and music rather than combining together should be one and the same art. All these German writers had so saturated their thoughts, their emotions, with the beauties of the Mediterranean art that they had caused a conflict to spring up within themselves—the conflict between reason and the senses. As a Spanish writer, José Ortega y Gasset, has said in his 'Meditaciones,' the Mediterranean art is a perpetual justification for the appearance, the surface of a thing, the fugitive impressions that things cause on our sensitive nerves. It is Italy that has taught clear-thinking men from the misty north to see clearly.

In the relation between music and drama Wagner has many interesting points for us. He considers that music stands apart from the other arts, because its action is contrary to logical understanding, acting as it does like 'a power of Nature which men perceive but do not understand.' Houston Stewart Chamberlain considers that only a musician could have recognised the law of the most perfect drama, because music alone of all arts is purely human, for it can only express what is common to all, the purely human. It does not express the passion, the love, the longing of an individual in this or that situation, but passion, love, longing in themselves. This knowledge of the supreme nature of music is not confined to Wagner, for we find it in the majority of the German poets and philosophers at that time. Heinrich Von Kleist regarded it as the root of all the other arts, and E. T. A. Hoffmann says that 'Music opens to men an unknown realm, a world which has nothing in common with the outer world of the senses.' Wagner symbolises the great effort made by the Germans to give music its place as the 'root of the arts.' He continued the thought of Goethe that 'music is all form and substance,' and he dealt a blow against those aestheticians who limit the functions of music to the rules of single and double counterpoint and refuse to allow it any higher significance. It is for this reason that the romantic school of thought in Germany was called a musical school by French critics, who remarked how many works possessed titles borrowed from the

terms of music. But music, according to Wagner, must not stand alone: it can only reach its full value when it unites with other arts in the drama. Drama is in itself originally 'a picture silent within ourselves,' and all resources of art, such as words, gestures, pantomime, must co-operate to make this picture visible. These are the exterior attributes of drama, but the deepest meaning, the 'purely human,' can only be expressed by music. Music, however, cannot ever become drama by itself, because it will never be able to paint for the eye or the imagination. This remark of Wagner is astonishing when we reflect that the main current of modern music since his day has followed the idea of the programme. Wagner will never grant that programme music can be successful. 'A programme,' he says, 'provokes rather than silences the disturbing question "why?" It can never express the meaning of the symphony; this can only be done by the scenic representation of the dramatic action itself.'

It is for this reason that he accuses Beethoven of 'vigorous error,' but he considers that by this vigorous error the inexhaustible power of music was made manifest to the world. It is easy to see that though Wagner tried to balance his judgments so as to include all the arts, his enthusiasm always carried him in favour of music. His whole object in writing the treatise, 'Opera and Drama,' was to show that with the aid of modern music the drama would attain a meaning undreamed of hitherto. In the third part of 'Opera and Drama,' he devotes much space to the discussion of elementary principles which must be observed when verse is united to music. The two ways that emotional expression may be intensified are by metre and melody, and Wagner shows how we have lost the expressive metres of the early language and introduced the borrowed iambic verse of the Greeks. The Greek metres were caused by the choric dance which they accompanied, but they have lost their power because poetry has been separated from the dance. In Wagner's scheme the poet and the musician meet together to part no more, and together they make up the perfect artistic man.

Mr. Ainslie Hight deserves a meed of gratitude for his clear exposition of Wagner's dramatic theories—a

task of great difficulty when we remember Wagner's bewildering terminology. In his prose writings he appears like Hercules in the presence of Omphale: he writhes and tortures himself, trying to squeeze sense out of refractory words, borrowed from German metaphysicians. But the blatant extravagance is only on the surface; all he says is logically reasoned from the premises, and Mr Hight's book on Wagner will do well if it stimulates people to study more closely the theoretical works of Wagner in their endeavour to comprehend his full significance in the history of music and drama. We must not put him down any more as an idealist who tried to launch into the empyrean. Wagner was a practical man who had studied music and the drama with a thoroughness that nobody has surpassed. In our days, when the art of drama is advancing towards new methods of expression through the agency of men like Reinhardt and Mr Gordon Craig, his ideas will not seem so vague or unpractical. His nobler idea that art is no recreation fit for boudoir or drawing-room but must be undertaken seriously and men's lives given for it, is sadly needed now when commercial drama rules the stage.

We have considered Wagner's theories on Music Drama, and it now remains to speak of his influence over the Opera during the past forty years. If we look at the question superficially we shall be inclined to hold that the master's influence was not very great. The general mass of the public has remained callous to the passionate arguments of 'Opera and Drama.' The old popular opera still holds the stage, as if defying the silver-armoured Lohengrins and Parsifals. We can assign a reason to this. Opera appeals to the public in a variety of ways. It satisfies some people by its sweet Italian melody, easy to be sung by the prima-donna; others it charms by the opportunities it offers to the great virtuoso, for the age of Farinelli and his baroque 'floriture' of vocalism is not yet dead; others again in fewer numbers go to opera with minds ready to enjoy the orchestra, as if the whole performance were a symphonic poem. The real point in the matter is that in opera, music is the principal factor, and here we arrive at the first contradiction of Wagner's theories.

Wagner, as we saw, argued that music must not interfere with the drama; but his arguments have never told forcibly because he himself was the first to break them. As Mr Newman proves in his excellent final chapter on 'Wagner and Super-Wagner,' the master's work was really the greatest glorification of music the theatre had ever seen. He increased the scope of music, and cut out of drama many elements that give the word 'drama' meaning apart from music. His wonderful development of the powers of the orchestra has revolutionised the whole art of opera. If we go to hear the characteristically Italian works of Puccini or Mascagni with their sugary melodies, we are struck by the influence of Wagner on their orchestral scores. It is as if they had digested all the master's tricks of orchestration and popularised them. In operas like 'La Tosca' or 'The Girl of the Golden West,' while commonplace dialogue is bandied about between the characters, the orchestra discourses in the pseudo-Wagner idiom. This idiom sugared over by the popular composers like Puccini has bewitched the sensibility of the modern public. No more will people remain satisfied with the melodious aria and duet of Verdi or Massenet; they want that morbid orchestral accompaniment which extracts the last ounce of sentiment from the trivial. Wagner during the course of his evolution tried to refine away from music-drama all the non-musical matter, and at last he produced 'Tristan' when, as he said himself, he 'immersed himself in the depth of soul-events pure and simple. Life and death, the whole significance and existence of the external world, here turn on nothing but inner movements of the soul.' It is now, forty-two years after Wagner's death, that we can examine our consciences and state truly our impressions towards the Wagnerian drama. Many of the scenes that used to charm us as young enthusiasts have faded; their paste-board properties lie dust-ridden in the lumber-room of our minds. It is difficult to avoid a yawn during many scenes of the 'Ring,' when the Wanderer in blue cloak and slouch hat repeats 'ab ovo' the tiresome history we had heard in full on the previous night in 'The Valkyrie.' The dragon with its bulbous, electric-lit eye has ceased even to appear grotesque, the burning hall of the Gibi-

chungen, with the pyre ready for Brünnhilde's self-sacrifice, no longer produces the Aristotelian 'terror.' The truth is that the Wagnerian stage has ceased to attract our gaze, so occupied are we in creating our inner stage to the accompaniment of the majestic sweep of the orchestra. The Wagner orchestra resembles one of those magic forests where every trembling branch whispers its harmony. The rustling leaves hypnotise us by their sound; we wander deeper and deeper into the maze; the music of the forest swells more and more like an eddying flood. Brief fragments of melody, slight rhythmic patterns, take human semblance before our inner eye as we create the drama. Siegfried blowing his horn as he goes down the Rhine, Hagen's sinister conversation with Alberich, the Rhine maidens crying out for their gold—or else we hear the spells of Klingsor's garden, and in the distance watch the approach of the 'pure fool.' How misguided of poor Nietzsche to call Wagner the great miniaturist in art, and to forget that the countless miniature 'leading motives' fit into a huge, glorious Byzantine mosaic of harmony! Wagner makes his deepest appeal in the concert hall where there is no stage to distract our thoughts and nothing to hinder the free working of the imagination guided by the emotions. If Tolstoy had not seen 'Siegfried' performed on the stage he would never have rushed from the theatre and penned that sarcastic criticism in his book, 'What is Art?' To appreciate Wagner as the great musician descended from Bach and Beethoven, we must forget all the prose that Wagner ever wrote and all that others have written about him. In his theories, at any rate, he was remarkably deficient in imagination. He had all the German student's love for preciseness and definition, and this led him to adopt coarse, realistic methods and repetitions, and to leave as little as possible to suggestion. But there was also the other Wagner, the lord of noble thoughts, the inspired musician, spinning his web of sound. This Wagner, according to Mr Newman, made opera evolve towards the symphonic poem. There is no doubt that this is true, in spite of Wagner's claim that the symphonic poem was a less perfect art form than music drama, as it left the imagination to supply characters and events upon which the

music is founded. Wagner's music ceaselessly evokes images in the mind which are destroyed by the real stage. He is always flying in the face of his own theories by means of the 'leit Motif'; he asks us to see more in our imagination than is on the stage. If we look at Wagner's greatest works as supreme symphonic poems we shall see the force of the statement that the ideal symphonic poem is the unalloyed quintessence of opera, and that the average opera is merely a symphonic poem puffed out to three acts. Thus 'Ein Heldenleben' of Strauss has two characters, and in forty minutes the symphonic poem gives us everything. If it were transformed into an opera, minor characters would have to be brought in to make it long enough. In his operas Strauss has left the problem where he found it. Whereas Wagner made a valiant attempt to choose exactly the right libretto for his music, Strauss has set real plays to music such as the 'Salomé' of Wilde, and the 'Electra' of Hoffmansthal. He has, however, derived one essential quality from the Bayreuth master, the faculty of realising that the orchestra has an existence independently of the play, and that its functions in fact resemble those of an ideal Greek chorus, which comments from the composer's point of view on the drama.

In our criticism on Wagner we noticed how realistic he was, in spite of his frequent lapses into the histrionic. Opera has always been incurably romantic and has tended to look at the world through rose-coloured spectacles. Wagner dealt a heavy blow at this romantic unreality, and the same course has been followed by the Russian opera composers, Rimsky-Korsakov and Moussorgsky. Moussorgsky, who considered that the whole problem of art was to feed upon humanity as a healthy diet which has been neglected, produced in 'Boris Godounov' the worthiest successor to the Wagner music-drama. In that great work the composer has used the orchestra to express all that cannot be actually expressed by the singers on the stage. Like Wagner, Moussorgsky realised that a special kind of drama was required for music. How different is his method as a musical realist from that of Puccini! It was as if he had taken as his inheritance some of the best qualities of the Bayreuth

master, while Puccini had assimilated the tinsel and the stagy pasteboard.

In 'Pelléas et Mélisande' we have a departure from the Wagner tradition. Its great success marked a definite reaction against Wagnerism, but also a step forward in the development of music drama. To the dynamic drama there succeeds the static: instead of exaggeration, restraint. More than any of the resounding theories of 'Opera and Drama,' the Debussy generation remember the calm words of Maeterlinck, 'Must we, indeed, roar like the Atrides before the Eternal God will reveal himself in our life? And is he never by our side at times when the air is calm and the lamp burns on, unflickering?' Debussy's realism is very different to the sensational realism of 'Electra.' This method is impressionistic and his great power lies in suggestion, in holding his public in suspense. The composer has succeeded in creating atmosphere and intensifying the emotional appeal of the play. Instead of working as Wagner had done towards the gradual exclusion of all but music, Debussy often creates his climax by silencing his orchestra and allowing the spoken word to exercise its spell over the audience. When we analyse carefully 'Pelléas et Mélisande,' we find that it is in reality a symphonic poem composed by Debussy round the emotional drama of Maeterlinck, but he has succeeded in some of the very theories that Wagner enunciated but did not follow—he has preserved a balance between poetry, music, and painting. Since the production of Debussy's work, music drama has no further conquests to relate; an age of miniaturists in music has arisen, and composers fear the air of the mountain-tops. The world of music awaits the coming of another Siegfried, before whose victorious advance the flames will dissolve into mist.

WALTER STARKIE.

Art. 9.—SOME TRUTHS ABOUT 'JOHN INGLESANT'.*

'JOSEPH HENRY SHORTHOUSE added a possible classic to our literature by his "John Inglesant."' Thus Sir Edmund Gosse in his pleasant 'Short History of English Literature,' of which a new edition has recently appeared. It is to emphasise both the praise and the caution of this verdict that the present article is written. And first the praise. For 'John Inglesant' survives, alone of all its author's books, and still exercises an undeniable fascination. Indeed, it has a veritable coterie of admirers, though mostly now of an elder generation, who find it worth reading and re-reading. Quite often, too, one sees it quoted, for there are many sentences of unforgettable music that linger in the mind, as well as scenes that impress themselves, in some odd manner, as almost historical. Those whose memories carry them so far back as the 'eighties recall the extraordinary furore excited by the Romance on its first appearance. Its actual writing had been the work of about ten years, but the idea of it had come to Mr Shorthouse far earlier. Yet there had been obstacles to its production, as so often happens to work destined to a long and happy after-life, and for four years the manuscript suffered eclipse in a drawer at Lansdowne, Edgbaston, till a private and limited edition, now of a considerable value, was brought out. A copy was shown to Mr Alexander Macmillan, who yielded at once to the charm of the book, and offered to publish it at his own expense. Thenceforth, its career reads like a fairy-tale. Mr Gladstone happened to be photographed with the volume in his hands, and, with the opinion of Hawarden, Oxford, and London to guide it, the literary world was taken by storm. The quiet Edgbaston manufacturer of vitriol found himself welcomed at the Warden's Lodge of Keble College, lionised at Downing Street itself. 'John Inglesant' became the universal theme of discussion, so much so that it is said that dinner-invitations were at last obliged to indicate that the subject must be 'barred' as matter for conversation. Mr Shorthouse was deluged

* The quotations from 'John Inglesant' are taken from the one vol. Edition, 1883.

with correspondence, and became a sort of minor prophet in things of mystical taste.

The only really discordant note in the pæan of praise was the great voice of Lord Acton, who, after taking the book in his daily stride—he was accustomed to read an octavo volume a day, and the habit was not invariably wise—wrote several pages of adverse comment to his correspondent, Mrs Drew.* It was not one of Acton's most successful pieces of criticism. Shorthouse, punctilious in his English dates, had, in his eagerness to afford his hero as many spiritual experiences as possible, played ducks and drakes with Italian history, sweeping together the events of six Papacies into two. Of this lapse Acton took full advantage, but Shorthouse must, nevertheless, have breathed again. For his critic accidentally revealed by what he wrote that the authorities on Little Gidding were little known to him, and that somehow the pages of Burton, Hobbes, Evelyn, More, and even Ranke, to say nothing of a group of lesser 17th-century diaries and records, had left, at any rate, no very clear verbal impression on the great historian's mind. For almost impatiently he queries, amid many valid objections, whether the Ferrars ever read Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs,' whether Rosierucianism was talked about in England only twenty years after the Fama had appeared, whether the steps of the Trinità were built in Inglesant's day; in fact, he notes that Shorthouse has never been in Rome, which 'accounts for many topographical inaccuracies.' Most people since have marvelled at the strange accuracy of the Italian atmosphere. To explain this, Shorthouse was wont to murmur something gently about his father's travels and reminiscences; we can but conjecture whether he called Acton's attention to his Gidding authorities, which would have enlightened him as to the Ferrars' constant study of Foxe, to Burton's Rosierucian allusions—and 'The Anatomy' appeared in 1617—to Ranke's very definite statement, backed by a reference to Gualterius, as to 1590 for the date of the Trinità steps. Perhaps he did no more than smile his somewhat baffling smile at Acton's oracular verdict that 'Hobbes is much better

* 'Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone,' pp. 134-148.

drawn than More,' since he had found out that books of even world-wide fame are not always familiar household memories to men of letters, and that a certain strange habit of his, which had grown upon him through the years of writing his well-loved book, was to pass uncriticised by the experts. And a load must have been lifted from his mind.

For the book is really so very good. In what we are going to say we are not prepared to deny its power and its attractiveness for one moment. A vast amount is the exquisitely moulded individual work of years of patient toil and finished artistry. Only this does not exhaust the whole secret of the power and attraction of 'John Inglesant.' We enlarge the question that so many asked and still ask: How did its author come to know Florence, Siena, Rome, so well? We add: How did he reproduce the atmosphere of the 17th century so vividly? And the answer is a little peculiar, to lovers of 'John Inglesant' it may be even unwelcome. It is this: in many parts the book is a miracle of ingenious dove-tailing into its text of a quantity of unacknowledged verbatim quotations from 17th-century writers. Why Shorthouse should have drenched himself in literature contemporary to his tale, and not have rested content to paraphrase all the portions that he required must remain a mystery. Probably he looked for some years on his book as a private labour of love which would never see light; and the trick of taking here a sentence, there a paragraph, there a page or two from an old writer, and cleverly fitting it in with his own beautiful 19th-century English, engaged more and more of his skill and pains until at length, when the hour of publication arrived through the enthusiasm of a few friends, less versed than himself in his originals, he found it impossible to tear out his borrowings from his work without fatally disfiguring the effect of the whole.

To begin at the beginning. Several years ago the present writer, who owns himself a devotee of Shorthouse's book, was reading the Diary of Thomas Ellwood, the Quaker friend of Milton. Ellwood describes his courtship of Mary Ellis thus: 'Crying to (the Lord) for Direction, before I addressed myself to her, at length, as I was sitting all alone, . . . I felt a Word sweetly arise

in me, as if I had heard a Voice which said, Go and Prevail. And Faith springing in my Heart with the Word, I immediately rose and went, nothing doubting.' The sentences seemed oddly familiar; and the reader has only to turn to Mr Thorne's account of his courtship of Mary Collet ('J. L.' p. 82) to find that Mr Thorne and Thomas Ellwood, by a curious coincidence, paid their addresses word for word alike.

This chance discovery led, from time to time, to fresh search, and the search reaped a rich reward. For, although it has been quite impossible, and, of course, not very important, to trace all Mr Shorthouse's copyings, enough came to light to make 'John Inglesant' a literary curiosity. It is singular that, among the thousands of its readers, no one seemingly has hitherto noticed these verbatim 'liftings,' extending sometimes to paragraphs and pages. It is true that Shorthouse usually avoided the more obvious sources, such as Clarendon, 'The Compleat Angler,' the 'Religio Medici,' the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and even Fox's Journal. We may, however, conveniently name here the sources from which he did draw, laying stress on the fact that what is indicated is word for word copying, varying, it is true, very much in extent, and interrupted in places by little alterations of names or facts or the substitution of a modern for an antique word, but copyings nevertheless. It is a sufficiently imposing list—for the account of Little Gidding, we have the Life of Nicholas Ferrar by his brother, John, and the 'Lives' by Peckard and by Jebb; then there are Turbervile's 'Booke of Hunting'; John Aubrey's 'Brief Lives, chiefly of Contemporaries'; Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy'; Antony à Wood's 'Athenæ Oxonienses,' and his 'Life'; Thomas Wright's 'Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries,' in the Camden Series; 'England's Black Tribunal'; Ward's 18th-century 'Life of Henry More'; Hobbes' 'Leviathan'; Ranke's 'History of the Popes,' and the Diaries of Evelyn, of Lady Fanshawe, of Reresby, and of Ellwood. There are, besides, some lesser sources.

The late Monsignor Hugh Benson, a warm admirer of 'John Inglesant,' caused the very beautiful inscription on the latter's imaginary tomb to be placed on his own; and we have heard of another instance of the same kind.

Yet, after all, was the tomb quite imaginary? 'There he lay' (we read) 'carved from head to foot in alabaster, in his gown of bachelor of civil law, and his tonsured head.' Yes; and the curious may find Antony à Wood describing the tomb of a certain John Noble, also 'from head to foot carved from alabaster, with the habit of a Batch. of Civ. Law, and the head tonsured.' Scattered up and down à Wood are other hints for the Introductory Chapter; there is the name Lydiard, for instance, and another John founds a chapel, and a hospital for lunatics. But the peculiar license which Shorthouse allowed his pen is first fully shown in the description of the spoliation of Westacre Priory, otherwise known as the 'Priory in the Wood,' by Richard Inglesant, ancestor to John, and one of Thomas Cromwell's agents (ch. i). A very pretty conflation of names and places is made from Wright's 'Letters relating to the Suppression of the Monasteries.' The description of the Priory in 'John Inglesant' is taken partly from the suppression of Woolstrobe, near Grantham, partly from that of Caversham near Reading, partly from that of Hayles in Gloucestershire. But there was a Westport, half a mile to the south of Malmesbury, and in Letter LXXXVII, Wright, just after mentioning the true Westacre, in Norfolk, says that the Carthusian Priory of Eppeworth in Lincolnshire was styled 'The Priory in the Wood'; and both names evidently caught Shorthouse's eye and fancy.

There was no reason against this; but what follows is something far different:

'They say the house is without any slander or evil fame; that it stands in a waste ground, very solitary, keeping such hospitality, that except with singular good management it could not be maintained though it had half as much land again as it has, such a number of the poor inhabitants nigh thereunto are daily relieved. The Prior is a right honest man, and well beloved of all the inhabi-

'The howse without any scandre or evyll fame, and stonds in a wast grownde verely solitarie, kepyng suche hospitalite that except by synguler good provision itt cowlde natt be meyntheyned with half so much landes more as they may spend, suche a nombre of the poure inhabitantes nye thereunto dayly relyved... the governor wherof . . . wellbeloved of all the inhabitantes thereunto

tants therewith adjoining, having with him in the house eight religious persons, being priests of right good conversation, and living religiously. They spend their time in writing books with a very fair hand, in making garments . . . in printing or graving.'

'This house has a proper lodging, where the Prior lay, with a fair garden and orchard, very meet to be bestowed on some friend of mine, and some faithful servant of the King's Grace.'

'There is no small number of acres ready sown with wheat, the tilth ordered for barley; the house and grounds are well furnished with plate, stuff, corn, cattle; the woods well saved . . . as though the Prior had looked for no alteration of his house.'

'If the Prior will surrender the house in a discreet and frank manner . . . the house shall be continued as a college . . . that they may pray God Almighty to preserve the King's Grace with His blessed pleasure' ('J. I.,' pp. 8, 9).

The incidents of the occult practices and subsequent madness of the Prior are taken from the 'Athenæ Oxonienses.'*

It may be interesting now to turn to the description of Inglesant's boyhood, which is a tangled web of allusiveness to passages in Aubrey's 'Brief Lives' and Burton's 'Anatomy.' Aubrey and Hobbes, to whom Aubrey devotes much space, were both brought up at Malmesbury, so that the mention of the glovers of the

adjoynyng, a right honest man, havynge viii religious persons, beyng prestes of a right good conversacion and livyng religiously, wrytyng bookes, with verey ffayre haund, makyng the owne garentes, payntyng or graffynge' (Wright, p. 137).

'At Caversham ys a propre lodgynge wher the chanon lay, with a fayer garden and an orchard, mete to be bestowyd upon som frynde of your lordeschips. . . .'

' . . . no small nombre of acres redy sown with whete, and the tylthe seasonablie orderyd for barlye; . . . the father had hys howse so well furnyssched with . . . plate, stuff, corne, catell, and the wodes so well savyd, as thoo he had lokyde forre no alteration of hys howse' (p. 237).

'and dydde surrendre hys howse with suche discrete and franke maner' (p. 218); ' . . . and they wolde assuredly pray unto almightie Godde long to preserve the kinges grace . . . to hys most blessyd pleasure' (p. 237).

* 2nd Edition, vol. 1, Fasti. col. 7.

town, of the falconers and huntsmen who lingered about the place, and of the legends of a countryside that 'was full of the scattered spoil of the monasteries,' are true to life. John's first schoolmaster, to whom he went 'when it was fine enough to make a pleasant walk attractive to —, taught some boys their grammar and Latin Terence in the Church itself.' His second master 'was a delicate and little person, and had an easy and attractive way of teaching (and) was a Greek scholar' ('J. I.,' p. 22). Now both these men are one and the same in Aubrey, for thus we read in 'Brief Lives,'* '(Hobbes) was entred in his Latin grammar by Mr Latimer, rector of Leigh-de-la-Mere, a mile's fine walk, who had an easie way of teaching. . . . I was then in Terence.' 'I was then at schoole in the church, newly entred into my grammar. Mr Latimer was a goode Graecian. He was a delicate and little person.' The result of this early education was remarkably alike in Inglesant and in Aubrey. 'Inglesant was an apt pupil, an apprehensive and inquisitive boy, mild of spirit and very susceptible of fascination . . . of an inventive imagination, though not a retentive memory, given to . . . metaphysical speculation . . . with a mind and spirit so susceptible, that the least breath affected them' ('J. I.,' pp. 22, 28). Aubrey says of himself, 'I had apprehension enough, but my memory not tenacious . . . of an inventive and philosophical head. I was exceeding mild of spirit, mightily susceptible of fascination . . . like water which the least wind does disorder' ('Brief Lives,' i. 36, 37). We may add that both boys, the real and the imaginative, were fond of inquiring of their grandfather 'of the old time, rood-loft, ceremonies of the Priory.'

To the Priory, in due time, comes Father Sancta Clara, otherwise the Jesuit Father Hall, bringing with him John's twin brother, Eustace. Lord Acton was perfectly right, and Shorthouse certainly made a mistake in choosing the name of a well-known Franciscan of the period, alias Christopher Davenport. But Shorthouse makes at times very strange mistakes, even in matters of taste and style. What Lord Acton did not seem to know was that there really was a Jesuit Father Hall, of

* Ed. Clark, vol. i, pp. 35, 36, 50, 323.

whose existence Shorthouse had become aware as he read the 'Brief Lives.' This Father Hall knew Sir Kenelm Digby, so it is not without significance that in chapter xx of the novel he is found inquiring about Digby's doings from Inglesant.

Eustace tells John of the pleasures of the City and Court life, and the eleven lines of his description are pieced together, here a phrase and there a sentence, from Burton's 'Anatomy.'* John is discreetly silent on his own

'pleasant walks by the brook side, pleasant shade by the sweet silver streams, good air, and sweet smell of fine, fresh meadow flowers, his walks among orchards, gardens, green thickets and such-like places, in some solitary groves between wood and water, meditating on some delightful and pleasant subject' (p. 27),

all of which is Burton verbatim.* The odd thing is that the moment one isolates the passage from its context, one sees how purely 17th century the diction is. Follows an otter-hunt, in which John carries a spear; we turn up our Walton expectantly, but no, it is not from 'The Compleat Angler' but from Turberville's 'Booke of Hunting' that Shorthouse borrows his account. Thus:

'The hounds came trailing and chanting along by the river-side, venting every tree-root, every osier-bed and tuft of bulrushes, and sometimes taking to the water, and beating it like spaniels' ('J. I.,' p. 27). 'The houndes . . . will come chaunting and trayling alongst by the river-side, and will beat every tree-roote, every holme, every Osier-bedde and tuffe of bulrushes; yea, sometimes also they will take the ryver, and beate it like a water-spaniel' (Turberville, pp. 201, 202, Tudor and Stuart Library, Clarendon Press, 1908).

Here, as elsewhere, we have omitted several scattered phrases which Shorthouse also gleaned.

The episode of Little Gidding is one of the most charming passages in 'John Inglesant.' It may fairly be said to have revived interest in the beautiful if somewhat exotic life of devotion and good works practised by the Ferrar family; indeed, after the publication of Shorthouse's book, pilgrimages to Little Gidding became

* Cf. Burton, 16th Ed., pp. 3, 26, 344, 345, 350, 27, 162, 343,

frequent. Shorthouse told inquirers that he had relied solely on Peckard's 'Life,' and that it had come as a revelation to him that one of Nicholas Ferrar's nieces was really named Mary. But Mary Collet is mentioned by Peckard, and one sentence in 'John Inglesant'—as regards the sisters taking vows—comes almost verbally from a Note in the Life by John Ferrar, and this Note also contains the name of Mary Collet. Yet, as Jebb copies Peckard, and Peckard closely follows the Life by John Ferrar, Shorthouse may very well have made a slip in memory. But now, what is to be done with the use of his material? For he has practically lifted Peckard, with some exceptions of detail, entire into his Romance, but the excerpts are so lengthy and so carefully shifted as to order that it would weary the reader, and quite overpass the limits of an article, were any consecutive attempt made to reproduce them. Two alterations, however, which Shorthouse made in his transcription are of some interest. The first reveals a little tendency in the author's mind which makes a reappearance more than once as the novel proceeds. It is to improve on his sources, in the cause of beauty. Thus, the word 'geniculation' becomes the more graceful 'genuflexion,' and that this is no mere modernising is shown by the substitution of 'The Charitable' for 'The Chiefe' among the names assumed by the young ladies of Gidding. The archaic 'Submiss' is, however, retained, as well as the order of the rest of the names as given by Peckard. But, as will appear later, no uncouth name is tolerated in 'John Inglesant.' And this trait well accords with what we are told of Mr Shorthouse's delicate susceptibility to beautiful sounds. The other voluntary departure from accuracy is made in the interests of the Romance itself. Inglesant, kneeling at Communion, is struck by the stained glass of the east window of the church. The grace of a figure of the Saviour, 'of an early and severe type,' enters into his soul. It seems a pity to break in upon an exquisite description of a peculiarly sacred occasion; but the extraordinarily close following of his sources in other respects—we repeat that it is often word for word—compels us to remark that Shorthouse must have known perfectly well that there was no stained glass in the

east window at all. The only stained glass consisted in the Royal Arms in the west window. This came out when King Charles paid his visit to the place, in 1642, and, having heard much scandal as to stained glass and crosses, asked to see them and found none; a lively exchange of witty remarks at the expense of the scandal-mongers ensued among the Royal party.

However, this is not copying, but the reverse. We will compare a short portion of Lenton's letter, quoted by both Peckard and Jebb, and grievously misused, by the way, by Carlyle, and put it side by side with the text of 'John Inglesant.' Lenton was a fair-minded Puritan lawyer, who visited the place to see things for himself.

'Inglesant told the ladies what fame reported of the nuns of Gidding, of two watching and praying all night, of their canonical hours, of their crosses on the outside and the inside of their Chapel, of an altar there richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers, of their adorations and genuflexions at their entering' ('J. I.,' pp. 53, 54),

'I first told them, what I had heard of the nuns of Gidding. Of two, watching and praying all night. Of their canonical hours. Of their crosses on the outside and inside of their chapel. Of an altar there, richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers. Of their adorations and geniculations at their entering therein' (Lenton, quoted by Peckard).

Lenton also mentions that all the women were in black, 'save one of the daughter's daughters, who was in a friar's grey gown.' This is but one of the numberless touches from life, reproduced in 'John Inglesant'; the whole account should be compared with the 'Lives' by Peckard, Jebb, and by John Ferrar.

'Hobbes is better drawn than More.' Such, as we noticed, was the verdict of Lord Acton, as he reviewed the supposed conversations of Inglesant with both philosophers. The great critic's judgment was right in just this one particular, that Shorthouse reveals, here and there, a curious dislike of Henry More, which he does not extend to Hobbes. In other respects the verdict is strangely at fault. For although the description of Hobbes' person is taken in detail from Aubrey, and none is given of More's, yet Hobbes, while hinting a good

deal of the doctrines of 'The Leviathan,' gives Inglesant, after all, only eleven lines verbatim from that work, which, as yet unwritten, he apparently knew by heart, whereas nearly the whole of More's talk, extending to two pages of the Romance, is taken word for word from Ward's 'Life.'

We will quote Aubrey and 'The Leviathan,' and allow the reader to make his own comparisons with pp. 64-68 of 'John Inglesant.' In 'Brief Lives' (I, 341 and passim) we read :

'Mr Hobbes' person etc ;—hazel, quick eie . . . he was a tall man . . . his head was of a mallet-forme . . . ample forehead, whiskers yellowish reddish, which natually turned up. Below, he was shaved close, except a little tip under his lip. He had a good eie, and that of a hazell colour, which was full of life and spirit. . . . When he was earnest in discourse, there shone (as it were) a bright live coal within it. . . . When he laught, was witty, and in a merry humour, one could scarce see his eies; by and by, when he was serious and positive, he opened his eies round. . . . He went very erect. . . . In cold weather, he commonly wore a black velvet coat, lined with fur, but all the year round, he wore a kind of bootes of Spanish leather, laced or tyed along the sides with black ribbons.'

And Hobbes talks thus with Inglesant, but what he says can be easily found in ch. xliii of the 'Leviathan':

'Christian sovereigns are therefore the supreme pastors and the only persons whom Christians now hear speak from God'; and again, 'Faith is the gift of God . . . and, because He giveth it by the means of teachers, the immediate cause of faith is hearing. In a school, where many are taught, and some profit, others profit not, the cause of learning in them that profit is the master; yet it cannot be thence inferred that learning is not the gift of God. All good things proceed from God; yet cannot all that have them say they are inspired, for that implies a gift supernatural, and the immediate hand of God, which he that pretends to, pretends to be a prophet.'

Three or four lines are taken also from a previous paragraph in the same chapter, and it is wonderful how all this is slipped into the talk with Inglesant.

Of the conversation with Henry More, his unflattering opinions of Van Helmont and George Fox, space forbids to say more than that nearly all of pp. 188-190 of 'John Inglesant' is taken, word for word, from Ward's account of the doctor's own sayings or of the circumstances of his life. But, inasmuch as these circumstances have a connexion with Inglesant's doings at Oxford during the Civil War, they possess an interest of their own. For they illustrate Shorthouse's methods in very vivid fashion.

The description of the last happy days of the University City while Charles held his Court there is prefaced by eleven lines bearing something more than a resemblance to a paragraph of Burton's. We will place the passages side by side.

'It was really no inapt hyperbole of the classic wits which compared this motley scene to the marriage of Jupiter and Juno of old, when all the gods were invited to the feast, and many noble personages besides, but to which also came a motley company of mummers, maskers, fantastic phantoms, whiffiers . . . gulls, wizards, and monsters, and among the rest Chrysalus, a Persian Prince, bravely attended, clad in rich and gay attire, and of majestic presence, but otherwise an ass; whom the Gods at first, seeing him enter in such pomp, rose and saluted . . . and whom Jupiter, perceiving what he was, turned with his retinue into butterflies, who continued in pied coats roving about . . . among the wiser sort of men' ('John Inglesant,' p. 96).

'... a new company of . . . vizards, whiffiers, . . . maskers, mummers, phantastic shadows, guls, monsters . . . for, when Jupiter and Juno's wedding was solemnized of old, the gods were all invited to the feast and many noble men besides; amongst the rest came Chrysalus, a Persian prince, bravely attended, rich in golden attires and gay robes, with a majestic presence, but otherwise an asse. The gods, seeing him come in such pomp . . . rose up to give him place; but Jupiter, perceiving what he was . . . turned him and his . . . followers into butterflies; and so they continue still . . . roving about in pied coats, and are called Chrysalides by the wiser sort of men' (Burton, 16th ed., pp. 25, 26).

And now for some very ingenious playing with facts and names. Aubrey and the Diary of Lady Fanshawe
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shall be our authorities. For that Lady 'Fentham' and Lady Fanshawe are one and the same person there can be as little doubt as that Lady 'Cardiff' and Lady Conway are identical. In each case Shorthouse does an injustice. Lady Conway's life and character are fully described by Ward; she was distinguished alike by her piety, her intellectual attainments, and her physical sufferings. She was not, however, 'a peeress in her own right,' but the wife of Viscount Conway. Nor did she marry twice. Her large house at Ragley, in Warwickshire—not at Oulton, in Dorsetshire, there being no such place—did afford its hospitality to More, Van Helmont, and many physicians and scientists of the day, as Shorthouse relates. Some of these were summoned to try to effect a cure of Lady Conway's ailments; some, like the Quakers, she wished to have about her because of their quietude of manner. Van Helmont used to 'frequent' the Quaker meetings, and More's very caustic comments both on him and on Fox are quite authentic, though Shorthouse makes one of his unaccountable slips in transcribing More's report to Inglesant of his interview with Fox. As given ('J. I.', p. 189) the sentence is nonsensical, the word 'mine' taking the place of 'the mind.' In the Oxford period, in spite of all this close identification, poor Lady 'Cardiff' suffers badly. She was the last person in the world to have played so base a trick on Lady 'Fentham' at the inn at Nuneham as Shorthouse, throwing prudence to the winds, describes. Nor would Anne 'Fentham' have fallen into the snare. For 'Anne Fentham,' wife of Sir Richard Fentham, Secretary of the Prince's Council, can be none other, from the open quotations from her own Diary, and confirmation from Aubrey, than Lady Fanshawe. The latest editor of Lady Fanshawe's Diary, a descendant of hers, is fully cognisant of the fact, and taxes Shorthouse with taking an unpardonable liberty, though he pursued his inquiries no further. Though there is a blank or a change in a name here and there, other historical details are given without any reserve. We cannot mistake them. The Queen did reside at Merton College; the wits named the Grove at Trinity 'Daphne'; the Lady Isabella Thynne was a real person, whose praises the poet Waller sang; she was 'beautiful and charitable,' and 'affected the garb and manner of an

angel,' attending College chapel in this inadequate guise with her friend, Anne Fentham ('Brief Lives,' ii, 24). But here Shorthouse slips; this Anne 'Fentham,' or rather Fanshawe, was not the wife of Sir Richard, but a relative. Shorthouse intends them to be the same, however; for in Lady Fanshawe's Diary we read how her father, Sir John Harrison (not 'Harris'), commanded them to come to him at Oxford, where they lived in penury but high spirits in a garret over a baker's shop, how she was married to Fanshawe in Wolvercot church, in the presence of Mr Hyde, and Geoffrey Palmer, the King's Attorney, how her husband became Secretary of the Prince's Council, and how efforts were made, eventually unsuccessful, by other ladies to obtain State secrets from her. The accuracy of these details in 'Inglesant' makes the scene at Nuneham, however necessary to the story, rather a reckless piece of work.

When Inglesant is brought to the scaffold at Charing Cross, there occurs one of the most sustained pieces of transcription (pp. 160-1) in the book. The source is 'England's Black Tribunal,' a contemporary record of the sufferings of the King and of his chief followers. Here all Shorthouse's skill is brought into play, but whether to put the reader off the scent one really cannot tell. Anyhow, there actually were three Royalist Colonels, Poyer, Powell (whose name is given), and Langhorne, condemned to execution by the Parliament. Lots were drawn, and one of them, Poyer—not Powell—was cast for death. He was shot, not beheaded, at Covent Garden, not Charing Cross. In the story Powell precedes Inglesant's own appearance on the scaffold, and is attended by a certain 'Dr S——,' who puts him through a long interrogatory as to his faith. Now the interesting fact is this. Another Colonel, Eusebius Andrewes, was beheaded on Tower Hill, and was attended by a Dr Swadling, whose questions and exhortations, and the Colonel's answers, are all to be found word for word in 'John Inglesant.' The occasion and the sufferer were different; maybe 'Swadling' and 'Eusebius' displeased Shorthouse's taste as names; yet why retain the 'Dr S——'?

Most of the English incidents are now, though the reader is assured very inadequately, disposed of. And

Inglesant passes over to France. The life of the Royalist exiles in Paris is very accurately described, with the help of Evelyn's Diary and the 'Athenæ.' Sometimes, as when the King and the Duke of York communicate in the Ambassador's chapel, with Lords Biron and Wilmot holding a white cloth before them ('a long towel' in Evelyn) or when we read of Dr Cosin 'comforting and supporting' (Evelyn: 'establishing and comforting') the Maids of Honour who had been dismissed for their Anglicanism, the description follows very closely on the original. Then there really was a Monsieur Saumeurs, a brilliant tennis player, and a Monsieur Febur (not 'Febus,' as Shorthouse names him) who gave courses of chemistry. Inglesant goes to consult de Cressy, whose antecedents are quoted from Antony à Wood and Aubrey, as to spiritual things, and a beautiful chapter results. It is not a little curious that Cressy and Sancta Clara, in actual history, both became Chaplains in after life to Queen Catherine in Somerset House, and à Wood visited them there. In the Romance they are in opposition over Inglesant's soul; he accepts Sancta Clara's proposals, and goes to Italy.

And then, indeed, the hunt is up. For Shorthouse has his hero well in hand now, and is resolved to allow him to forgo no experience that would test or mould mind, flesh, or spirit. Hitherto, spite of little lapses, and mistakes not always accidental, Shorthouse has been meticulously accurate, in facts and dates, after a fashion not at all, we think, appreciated by his readers. But there was a growing tendency with him to exercise his skill in the peculiar way we have indicated, that is, to borrow from the very text of his authorities, contemporary and otherwise, and then to mix the real with the unreal in a skein most difficult to unravel. Once he leaves England—and Inglesant resides in Italy about eight years—the events of six Papacies and of nearly sixty years are crowded into the reigns of two Popes, Innocent X and Alexander VII. Yet the Cession of Urbino (Umbria) was made by the last of the House of Rovere (not 'Revere') to Urban VIII about 1630, and the Quietist controversy and condemnation of Molinos took place during Innocent XI's Papacy in 1681. No wonder that Acton waxed indignant, and suspected everything

he read. Yet his suspicions carried him somewhat out of the way. We have already mentioned his concern as to the date of the Trinità steps. But he does not notice Shorthouse's carelessness in writing Count Vespriani' every time, when the well-known Count Vespini is meant. Again: 'the name of the Pope's sister-in-law,' he declares, 'was Olimpia Maidalchini.' But 'Olympia Maldachini' is found in Ranke, as are also the variations 'Maidalchina' and 'Maidalchini.' Ranke, in fact, is neglected by Acton, but he is Shorthouse's authority for a good deal of life-like detail. If the reader, for example, were to turn to 'The History of the Popes,' vol. II, pp. 350-1, he would find nearly all the opening speech of the Rector of the English College to Inglesant (p. 262) reproduced or paraphrased from Spon's 'Voyage d'Italie,' which Ranke quotes. 'Who sat for the profane and sceptical Cardinal? There is some likeness to Retz,' writes Acton. But Retz is ruled out, for he appears elsewhere in the Romance, and the truth is that 'the Cardinal' is just, to Shorthouse's mind, representative of the late Renaissance in general, as is the architecture of the supposed Palace of 'Umbria.'

Nevertheless, the first rencontre of the Cardinal with Inglesant and Agostino Chigi—a real personage, by the way—is lifted from the pages of Evelyn's Diary (Nov. 2, 1644). A certain Cardinal Donghi arrives at the diarist's osteria 'in great state, with his own bedstead and all the furniture, yet would by no means suffer us to resign the room we had taken up in the lodging before his arrival' (cf. 'J. I.,' p. 215). But Donghi would never do as a name in the graceful pages of 'John Inglesant,' and so a duplicate 'Rinuccini' has to take his place. The Cardinal's Villa is a conflation of several Villas seen by Evelyn in Rome, but it must have taken all Shorthouse's audacity to make his Cardinal speak of his bas-reliefs as 'antique incrustations of history' ('J. I.,' p. 288) when the phrase is Evelyn's very own, used of the Villa Borghese (Nov. 17, 1644). Indeed, a great part of the description of the Villa comes from that of the Villa Borghese, in the Diary. But then so much of Rome is Evelyn's Rome, a sentence here, an adjective there, and the same may be said of Genoa, Siena, and Florence, with occasional assistance from Reresby. As

to the interiors of St Peter's and the Lateran, it is a curiosity to compare pp. 267 and 357-8 of 'John Inglesant' with Evelyn's Diary, Nov. 19 and Nov. 20, 1644. Little touches of everyday life, such as the sale of wine on the ground-floors of noblemen's houses, the performance of comedies during the Carnival on country carts, arched with boughs, in imitation of the oldest kind of itinerant theatres, the equipages in the streets of Rome 'with their metal work of massy (massive) silver,' the love of the Fathers of the Oratory for music, also derive from the Diary.

A friend once wrote to Mr Shorthouse in admiration of the life likeness of the scene near Siena (ch. xxi), when Inglesant climbs to the hill-top, and sees the clouds rolling beneath him, and the landscape breaking through. Well, Evelyn undertook the selfsame climb, and saw the selfsame prospect (Nov. 2, 1644). As for Guardino's account of the vendettas among Italian families, and of the gentleman in Lucca who was for years confined to his house for fear of assassination if he went out, that is to be discovered, in part verbatim, in Reresby's Diary, only the town was Padua, not Lucca. And, talking of Padua, the physician there who is so versed in Boccacini, gets his advice and part of his narcotic prescription word for word from Burton's 'Anatomy' (p. 460).

Space compels us to leave on one side the episode of the condemnation of Molinos, several exact sentences and phrases in the last chapter culled from à Wood's 'Athenæ' and his Diary, and, indeed, many other sudden transcriptions from this author and that which make their appearance in the setting of the story. We may conclude by a reference to two that are stranger in their incidence than any others.

There is no more exquisite experiment in a very difficult métier than the blind Malvolti's tale to Inglesant in the darkening Church of the Santa Chiara at Naples of the Vision of the Christ to him on the steps of the Ara Coeli in Rome. So powerful and so persuasive is it that it reads to some as if it were a real recorded appearance of the Lord. Spiritual exaltation and consummate mastery of style surely reach their height here. And yet, in the midst of his mystical outpouring of soul, the fatal

habit of the writer dogs him still, the other side of his craftsmanship is fully awake, and—his 'Evelyn' lies close at his elbow. It was Christmas Eve, says Malvolti, and the new Pope went in procession to S. Giovanni in Laterano. Suddenly the account of that procession is derived from the inaugural procession of Innocent X, as Evelyn witnessed it in his Diary (Nov. 22, 1644). Nearer and nearer the two descriptions draw in details, until at last Malvolti and Evelyn unite. Both processions pass along with 'all excess of joy and triumph,' and as midnight drew on, 'the streets were as light as day.' But the climax is reached when, the wondrous story told, Inglesant asks, 'Heard you nothing else?' and Malvolti answers 'in a quieter voice' 'No; by this time it was morning. The artillery of St Angelo went off. His Holiness sang Mass, and all day long was exposed the cradle of the Lord.' Cut out the 'No,' and put 'our' for 'the,' and that quieter voice is not Malvolti's at all, but a transcription verbatim with a little shifting out of Evelyn (Christmas Eve, 1644). But we have said enough, and, when it has once more been recalled that we have not quoted the lengthier borrowings at all, it is clearly time to draw conclusions. For what are we to make of all this?

In the first place, that 'John Inglesant' still remains, from the literary point of view, a very remarkable book. This article has laid stress on a curious series of discoveries never, we believe, brought to light before, and the impression must inevitably have been given that the Romance is packed tight with literal 'borrowings.' The borrowings, and many more than we have had space to indicate or disentangle, are there, and they constitute a serious solecism. Perhaps, indeed, they do rob 'John Inglesant' of its claim to be reckoned 'an English classic.' The habit of mind that indulged in their use is simply baffling. But enough remains of original and careful work—work of amazing delicacy and power—to give the book a very high place indeed in literature. Yet it is also a literary curiosity of the first magnitude. What it cries out for is appreciative and critical editing. By such a process it would, we are confident, gain very considerably. Making all allowance for little slips in places, and deliberate confusion of dates and names in others,

the solecism which, in no invidious mood, we have exposed adds greatly to the worth of the book as a representation of the atmosphere of thought and the play of events in the 17th century. What was believed to be brilliant imagination is often prosaic and even pedestrian fact. Acton is sometimes wrong where Shorthouse is right. Did the exact sense of the solecism he was committing pass away from Shorthouse's mind during the long and exciting toil of writing his book, and the fitting in of his excerpts become an engrossing sort of literary adventure? There is a good deal of evidence, at any rate, from his published Correspondence that in after days he had in part forgotten the extent and preciseness of his copyings. Half a century has now elapsed since 'John Inglesant' was written, and, after that lapse of time, we trust that we wound no susceptibilities by drawing attention to a circumstance in its composition which, while it transgresses the laws of ordinary literary production, lends piquancy to what was already delightful in artistry and suggestive in thought, and in one sense adds value to what has been regarded as merely an imaginative excursion into a bygone age. For the conflicting ideals of religion and politics with which it deals still find a place in contemporary Faith and Life.

W. K. FLEMING.

Art. 10.—THE TRADES UNION REPORT ON RUSSIA.

Russia: The Official Report of the British Trades Union Delegation to Russia in November–December 1924.

Published by the Trades Union Congress 1925.

THE bulky volume before us is entitled 'Russia,' and, being published by the Trades Union Congress, has presumably been supplied to all the principal British Trade Unions. It is too large a book for the layman to absorb, and will be read straight through by very few. Admirably printed—in a careful examination, we have only come upon three trifling printer's errors—it is equally well divided into sections and provided with a fairly full index. It can hardly fail to be used as a mine of quotations for public speeches. What the size and scope of the volume suggest, is that it should be used as a sort of Bible on Russia, which purpose is plainly indicated in the text of the book more than once. The Trade Unions Delegation, which, if it did not write the book, fathers and issues it, claims that the Government has failed to make any proper investigation of conditions in Russia. Can the Delegation be ignorant of the very detailed report of the Commission of Experts which worked for months under the chairmanship of Lord Emmott? Be this as it may, the Trades Delegation has conducted such an 'objective' review with the 'earnest' desire of remaining impartial throughout. In a subsequent pronouncement from the same authority—the report on the Zinoviev letter—it has even been demanded that an inquiry should be conducted into the materials on the subject in the British Foreign Office, with the co-operation of its officials, by experts selected by the Labour Party; presumably those who, according to the statement in its preface, are responsible for the present Report on Russia.

Such a claim makes it necessary to examine closely the qualifications of those who have drafted the Report. In this case they are not merely given individuals; they are those whom the General Trades Union Council, by the publication of this work, has commissioned to speak authoritatively in its name. The Report claims to be an accurate and historical account of Russia, and the ques-

tion of its value can only be decided by those who, apart from any political predilections, have seriously studied the subject. The present review is written from the standpoint of one who has given most of his life to the study of contemporary Russia, and, on the other hand (as he conceives the relations between the two peoples as something which should never be subordinated to party considerations), has kept himself independent of every party, whether British or Russian, and has never even taken part or voted in any political election. Being acquainted for the purposes of his work as a Professor of Russian History with practically all who have written with authority on the matter, he has to state that of the first sixty names of living British authorities on the subject, not one is cited as an authority for this report.

It is necessary to examine the genesis of the Report. Mr A. A. Purcell and Mr R. Williams in 1920 attended a Communist Congress in Russia at which it was decided to permeate the British Trades Unions with Communist cells. About the same time, a British Committee was formed, not at all under the Communist flag, but on a comparatively non-party basis under the title of 'Hands off Russia,' a title which in the light of the Moscow decision might have been more accurately described as 'Hands on England.' This Committee offered to conduct twenty debates with me, two in each of the largest towns in England and Scotland, beginning with Glasgow, and to defray all expenses, which was evidence of the existence of considerable funds; but only on condition that I should belie all that I had said and written, by taking the side of the Russian autocracy as the alternative to the Bolsheviks. The Communist successes in Great Britain, where indeed a system of Communist cells was established—for instance, in Port Glasgow, Dundee, Cardiff, Camberwell, and Battersea—may be judged from the recent General Election, when the one and only representative of what Moscow calls the 'toiling masses of Great Britain,' proved to be Dr Saklatvala. Indeed, the Moscow estimate of the present number of Communists in Great Britain puts them at five thousand.

The British Communist Party—in execution of the policy of permeation—has repeatedly appealed for

admission to the British Labour Party, which at the same time it is always energetically attacking, and so far the Party has always emphatically refused the request. Moscow has been frank about the failure of Communist propaganda in this country. Meanwhile, a curious political stalemate brought into power here the first Labour Government, which based its policy on the attainable and must surely be admitted to have been at first eminently successful. A sharp turn in policy, apparently adopted very hastily, and still unexplained, brought the last General Election and the striking failure of that Government. This sharp turn of policy had to do with nothing else but our relations with Russia. Thus Russia, very undesirably, became the determining factor in our domestic policy. The decision of the country on this issue was sufficiently convincing. The three main questions of the Election were: (1) The acceding of a loan to the Soviet Government; (2) the non-prosecution of Communist agitators; (3) the famous Zinoviev letter. The attitude of the Labour Premier towards this last matter is least of all likely to find applause in Communist circles; but the retiring Cabinet took the unusual step of remaining in power to examine the authenticity of this letter, on which it was only able to issue a dubious and negative report.

Assuming, as is obvious, that there are sharp dissensions on the subject of Russia and Communism within the ranks of the discomfited Labour Party, one is not surprised if the extremists thought it essential to make good their position in the matter, the more so as the Labour International of Western Europe—which has its seat at Amsterdam—had, like the British Labour Party, refused admission to the Communists. A decision of the British General Council to re-examine the question of conditions in Russia, and its dispatch of a Delegation to Moscow for this purpose, has resulted not only in this Report, but also in an altogether unexpected swing of the Council towards Moscow, taking the form of detailed agreements. These have yet to receive—in September—the sanction of the Trades Union Congress, which is thus again invited to reverse its previous decision. Meanwhile, in the most vigorous and convincing language, Moscow declares that it is its purpose to disrupt

and destroy the Amsterdam International: the recent delegate to England, Mr Tomskey, describes it as 'a bayonet attack.' These antecedents are sufficiently well known; they have only been summarised here because they cannot be left out in the examination of a document which claims to be so authoritative as this Report of the Delegation which is, to all intents and purposes, the case of Moscow drawn up with the help of the Soviet Government for submission to the Congress of British Trades Unions.

First a word as to the composition of the Delegation. Throughout, in the Report, a contrast is instituted between the conditions of 1920 and those of 1924. One may, then, reasonably ask, why only two of the Delegation of 1920, the chairman, Mr Purcell, and the advisory delegate, Mr George Young, accompanied that of 1924. Why was there no Mrs Snowden, or counterpart of Mrs Snowden, whose presence would have been a guarantee of candid criticism? It need hardly be said that the seven ordinary members of the Delegation—who are attested in the official list (p. 9) almost solely as representatives of workers of various important trades, and of whom only two (Mr Purcell and Mr Turner) seem to have had any previous contact with things Russian, while none of them are stated to have any knowledge of the Russian language—could not possibly make an examination worth the name of so complex and distant a subject as the events of recent Russian history. Nor, in spite of the earnestness with which they plead the impartiality of their investigations, do they make any attempt to claim such authority. On the contrary, though the list of their signatures is appended at different points to the various 'Conclusions'—carrying, one may say without disrespect, no more weight in this matter than would the refrain 'Uncle Tom Cobbleigh and all'—the preface states in the frankest way who has drafted each portion of the Report; that is to say, the evidence on which the 'Conclusions' claim to be based. We have, then, hardly to do with the ordinary members of the Delegation, but almost entirely with the three gentlemen described as 'advisory delegates,' and credited with the drafting of the Report. Under the circumstances in which it is issued, the examination of

their credentials ceases altogether to be a personal matter.

The number of British subjects possessing a first-hand acquaintance with Russia was much larger than had been realised, until practically all of them under the effects of Communist rule found themselves compelled to leave the country, generally with the loss of everything they had; several philanthropic agencies in England since their arrival have been busy in dealing with their immediate needs; in some cases systematic arrangements had even to be made with local authorities to teach them English! Leaving aside these semi-Russianised British, there was still a considerable business colony which remained very British. Some of its origins go back to the time of Queen Elizabeth and the foundation of the Russia Company, which up to the Revolution possessed its own parish church in Moscow and its own charitable institutions. These business men and their families had an intimate understanding of Russia and the Russians, to whom they were sincerely attached, and in particular possessed a first-hand knowledge of the business conditions. Nearly all of them are now in London; many of them could have given great service to an independent investigation. Apart from these settled inhabitants, there were scholars—some of them distinguished—making a detailed study of various aspects of Russian life; as well as British newspaper correspondents, some of whom were practically settled in Russia, and the diplomatic, military, and commercial representatives of our country, greatly multiplied in number by the service of the War and the Alliance. Nothing has been more striking than the practical unanimity (with hardly an exception, save among a few of the latest comers) with which the position was judged at the moment when the Liberal Government that had replaced the Tsar was itself overthrown by the Communist coup d'état—a chapter of history of which the Report betrays an astonishing ignorance. Nothing is more striking than the difficulty of finding Englishmen who have a substantial knowledge of Russia and have made common cause with the Bolsheviks. Two of the more recent students of Russia, Mr Matthew Phillips Price and Mr Arthur Ransome, both of whom have done valued

work, the former on Siberia and the latter on folklore, have written favourably of the Soviets, though Mr Ransome has not been uncritical. But these two names are not among the advisory delegates of the Trades Union Delegation.

Three names are enumerated in order: Commander Harold Grenfell, Mr A. R. McDonell, and Mr George Young. Commander Grenfell is our old friend and comrade of the Great War; he was British Naval Attaché in Petrograd. All who know him respect him, and remember especially his courage during the first Bolshevik murders at Kronstadt, when he made speeches on several warships recalling the sailors to discipline. It is, however, no disrespect to say of him that he would be far from claiming any special knowledge of Russia. His part in the Report—as announced in the preface—is very modest, eight pages out of 234; and though he writes on the most contentious subject of all, the Red Army, he says here nothing which could offend any fair-minded critic, as he also says nothing which gives particular support to the ‘Conclusions’ of the Report. The second advisory delegate, Mr McDonell, was British Vice-Consul in the Caucasus, which, however, racially is not Russia. He claims no special knowledge of Russian central politics and parties during recent years. In that section of which, according to the preface, he is the sole author (37 pages), he gives a fair-minded account of social conditions, and, like Commander Grenfell, he says nothing in particular to support the very definite theses of the ‘Conclusions.’

The rest of the Report, with the exception of accounts of visits of the delegates to various institutions, amounts to a total of 135 pages, and, as stated in the preface, is the work of the third advisory delegate, Mr George Young. Of this, far the most important part of all, the chapters on the Soviet Government and its organisation (92 pages), he writes as sole author; in the Report on labour conditions (25) and the Report on Trans-Caucasia (18), he writes ‘with the assistance of Mr McDonell,’ who alone in the Delegation appears to have had any previous knowledge of Trans-Caucasia. To judge of the character of this collaboration, when one passes from Mr McDonell alone to Mr Young assisted by Mr McDonell

(p. 136), one returns immediately to an atmosphere of the most virulent political controversy. The 'Conclusions' of the Report are based on that part of it of which Mr Young is the writer, and the question of its authority is the question of the authority of Mr Young on Russia.

Mr Young, who was educated at Eton, served in the British Legation in Portugal, and was later my colleague in the University of London, where he was Professor of Portuguese. He is, of course, a very able man. He knows the Russian language; but there must be at least ten thousand Russians who know English, and they would not for that reason alone be accepted as authorities on England. The Report does not make it clear that he has ever spent any considerable time in Russia. He accompanied Mr Purcell on the Delegation of 1920. The subject on which Mr Young is an authority is Portugal, and British workers are no more likely than any one else to suppose that a professor of one subject becomes by the fact of his appointment the best authority on every other.

It may be asked how, if these gentlemen do not know enough, it is possible, in the present state of communications, to know much more. Water cannot be stopped from flowing. After the departure or expulsion of political opponents of the Communists, there continues to be a stream of exiles, wholly unpolitical. But best of all is the evidence of the Soviet papers themselves, which are full of searchings of heart as to the course which things are taking. There is no sign of their study in the Report, which throughout is constructed on a definite plan. All destructively critical information on the present system in Russia, however first hand it may be, is discounted as 'lies' of the 'capitalist press.' In a public debate with the Scottish Communist, Mr William Gallagher (who proved a very chivalrous opponent), I read out several passages from the British Communist official translation of the works of Lenin, which were hailed throughout by the Communists in the audience with a prolonged cry of 'lies.' I hardly felt that it was for me to disagree; but it is a habit of Communist audiences, or rather Communist cells in audiences, to put this word on tap from the outset, as a kind of insurance. It is like the red-haired cabman who shouts

the word 'Ginger' at his fellows, in order to get it in first. Now, the Report at least makes it clear that the Communists are only a fraction of the population in Russia (their own official figures for 1924 are quoted on p. 14 as 350,000, in a population of about one hundred and thirty millions), and that in spite of the insignificance of their numbers they enjoy and utilise to the full an undivided control of the press there. No other political view may be printed. It would be laughable to suggest that conditions in the remotest degree similar prevail in England. Presumably the incessant references to the 'lies' of the 'capitalist press' are a manoeuvre which aims at producing the same effect in Trade Union circles here as has already been attained in Russia; namely, that no view should be heard except the Communist.

After disposing in this way of all information on the subject except its own, the Report proceeds to fix from the outset a certain propaganda perspective which is entirely contradictory to the main course, undisputed and indisputable, of recent Russian history. First: as in the proposed debates with Mr Purcell's Society mentioned above, the Tsarist régime is put up on one side, and the Soviet régime as its sole alternative on the other. It is left to be gathered that the Bolsheviks overthrew the Tsar who had already ruined the country, and that the Bolsheviks have already done a great deal towards its recovery; this is, in fact, the main thesis of the Report. Now, I was in Russia during most of the period under discussion; but evidently none of the delegates were there, and presumably the affairs of Portugal were engrossing Mr Young. When the Tsar fell, almost the whole staff of the Bolshevik group were in Switzerland engaged—as the publicity of their work made generally known—in writing defeatist literature, which by the good will of the German imperial authorities was widely circulated in the Russian Concentration Camps in Germany. Lenin, Kamenev, Zinoviev, Radek, Lunacharsky, Krylenko, and others only arrived in Russia on April 16, almost exactly one month after the Tsar had abdicated (March 15). This was as well known in Petrograd as any other of the main facts of the Revolution, and the speeches which they delivered on their arrival were printed in the newspapers. Trotsky

arrived from Canada some time later still. In a word, the Bolsheviki had nothing to do with the fall of the Tsar; they only overthrew the Provisional Government (a Coalition of exactly the same political elements as then governed in England), and the Constituent Assembly, in which they were in a hopeless minority, and which they, therefore, dispersed by force after a single sitting, on Jan. 19, 1918. The only contrast which the Bolsheviki can claim is with the Government which they overthrew. They extinguished the liberty of the press, which at that time was complete. They extinguished the only democracy which Russia has ever had, for the Constituent Assembly was elected on universal suffrage without distinction of race, religion, class, or sex. No historian can ever apply the name 'counter-revolutionary,' except to the Bolsheviki themselves; for theirs has been the only attempt since the fall of the Tsar to re-establish an autocracy.

Poor Russia! Thousands and thousands had been praying for the day of liberty, and had given their lives for it. I remember in those troubled months a letter to the press, signed by nearly all those who had the most famous revolutionary records in the past, protesting against the new autocracy which Lenin was seeking to impose. Those who took it hardest were precisely the fellow-Marxists, the Mensheviki, with exactly the views of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who foretold that the attempt to enforce Marxism by the machine-gun would put back its acceptance by free minds for one generation at least. For fifty odd years liberty had been becoming a fervent aspiration of the whole people. In 1905, two movements, constructive and destructive, had proceeded side by side. The destructive movement failed through the good sense of the population; the constructive more than half succeeded, and at least Russia obtained a National Assembly. When the time came for consummation, Russia was given her one period of liberty amid the horrors and exhaustion of a world war, and this time it was the destructive movement that finally triumphed. One recalls the words of Carnot to Napoleon, on the declaration of the first Empire, 'Was liberty only shown us to be withdrawn from our eyes?' Yet in France of to-day, it is not the

old régime or that of the Mountain that has remained; and so, sooner or later, it must prove in Russia.

Next the Report, like so many illiterate travellers to the new Russia, assumes a kind of savagery there up to the dawn of Bolshevik rule, and therefore it telescopes out—just as it telescoped out Russia's eight months of liberty—the whole of that interesting period of the Duma during which, in spite of a quite inadequate electoral franchise, the people were gradually taking possession of their own affairs, both in economics and politics, and the Duma was becoming more and more representative of the whole people. All the admirable work of the elected County and Town Councils—the former, founded in 1865, existed in Russia many years before they were established in England—especially in the cause of public health and education, their institutions and even their buildings are presumed to have sprung up at the touch of the Bolshevik wand at the very moment which was actually the time of their ruin.

Then we are spoon-fed with the regulation phrase that all revolutions are necessarily bloody. The actual Revolution, the fall of the Tsar, was practically bloodless, and that was because all the people were behind it. Nobody who was in Petrograd at the time could possibly have made any kind of mistake about this. The bloodshed began when liberty was attacked. I saw the first armed processions of the Bolsheviks in the spring of 1917, and they were generally regarded as sacrilege. Further, by the same reasoning, any one who fought for the liberty of the country against the Bolshevik autocracy becomes, according to the Report, a kind of bandit. Again, the red-haired cabman! A group of men dissolving the National Assembly by force appropriate all the resources of the nation. You resist? Then you are a 'bandit'! But the most substantial falsification that pervades the Report is that which follows. Any one who knew his political alphabet in Russia was aware from the first of the Bolsheviks and their programme. Beginning with their split with the Mensheviks (Liberal Socialists) in 1903, they had come into the open during the Revolution of 1905, and failed. They had few adherents; the active members of the Social Democratic Party in 1917, Bolsheviks and Mensheviks

together, only numbered forty thousand. The Trades Unions and Co-operators were against them. Their one strength was the sincerity, and even fanaticism, with which they preached their own application of Marxism. When they seized power in November 1917, there was no sense in their existence as a Party, unless they set to work to realise their principles, and this they did in the most whole-hearted way. The result was a complete smash of the economic life of the country, as must follow in any other country where the same attempt is made—with this difference, that in those communities which draw their life from industry, the collapse will be final. The one saving consideration in Russia was that, industry being relatively so unimportant, the country could drag on until the same principles, with even less forethought, were applied also to agriculture. Then came the final crash, with Lenin's frank and undisguised 'economic retreat,' which, as he himself plainly avowed, was forced upon him by the peasants, who constitute some 85 per cent. of the population.

Lenin was honest about it; the Report is the reverse. All through it, or rather through the part credited by the preface to Mr Young (one hardly meets the phrase elsewhere), the whole period of Bolshevik collapse, one of the most tragic and impressive breakdowns in history, is labelled with the phrase 'War Communism'! In other words, the reader is given to understand that the Communists—who were known for nothing else than their Communism—applied it only when attacked, and only because military conditions compelled them to do so. This is a gross misrepresentation, and here the professor's possible absence in Portugal is not an excuse. Meanwhile one only needs to read a single number of any Communist newspaper during the period of that so-called 'War Communism' to realise this monstrous perversion.

It is only in this way that the Report could arrive at its 'Conclusions.' Communism is not Communism but something else called 'War Communism,' reluctantly applied by the Communists. As soon as a wicked world has allowed them, the Communists have ceased to apply it, and Communism has come to be something different from War Communism, with this small reservation, that

power in the country is still restricted to that insignificant minority whose programme has been so catastrophically exploded; and the country 'accepts' the destroyers as the best possible of reconstructors, giving the sanction of silence to their autocratic control in return for 'other benefits than freedom,' among which the Bolsheviks appropriate practically everything that was done before them by the freely elected Zemstva. ✓

It is not only Mr Young who has to stand on his head in order to arrive at this explanation. The Communists themselves are in exactly the same predicament. 'We used to think,' said a good judge, himself an ardent revolutionist, three years ago (that is, soon after the inception of the retreat from Communism), 'that these men would die a violent death; now we see that their punishment is more ironical.' The Communists remain in power, in the void of public spirit which they have created, but without Communism. No doubt, it is by the best and sincerest of them that this punishment is most keenly felt. Much in their position resembles that of Robespierre, when, his programme shrunk to a sheer negation, he had little left except the weapons he had borrowed from the repertory of the old régime, and little use left to make of them except to secure as long as possible his continuance in power. A wholesale massacre has been carried out; the figures become more impressive, not less so, as one is able to get nearer to the facts, and indeed have often been announced, even exaggerated, by the Bolsheviks; Lenin himself declared that the destruction of the Bourgeois class (whatever that is) would not cost more lives than the world war. And at the end the men who have done all this, whose only possible justification of themselves was that they were absolutely in the right in their object, have to renounce the application of the theories which were, and apparently still are, the breath of their existence. Any honest mind was bound to seek some way out of this intolerable *impasse*. Communists have found one in the hope that after all their bankrupt ideas may get a new lease of life, if they can only use the power that remains to them to see that the new generation shall have none other. Hence the 'ideological front' (all Bolshevik terminology is militarist), the fight with ideas,

with the gods of heaven, accompanied by the logical persecution of religion, and the expulsion of even non-political professors. In the silence imposed by Party terrorism, it is the 'Non-Party' that is now the chief enemy, that is to say, the rest of the world outside the small Communistic brotherhood, which, in face of the contradictions forced upon it by hard facts, is now breaking asunder inside. This is the explanation of the latest adventures of the alert Trotsky, who has twice slightly opened the Communist door to have a look at the weather outside, and see if the time were ripe for something new. This last 'operation' of militant Communism, the war on ideas, is the most hopeless of all. Tradition, character, and training may, indeed, be broken down for a time, but no teaching that prescribes in advance the 'conclusions' to be reached by the student can produce anything in the realm of ideas but a negation. Communism is throughout infinitely more important than the individual Communists. Communism has failed. The Communists are terribly worn out with their tremendous attempt to impose the ideas of some ten people on so many recalcitrant millions, and will probably die earlier than other people, without having succeeded in creating any successors with the same convictions and the driving power that they at the outset possessed.

And what shall we say of Russia? The very name has been eliminated from the title of the State; yet Russia is the one permanent value that remains. Potential political opposition has been destroyed in advance, and the whole country is sick of politics and parties of every kind. Yet the one thing which centuries of Tsarism taught to perfection, was the art of silent but effective evasion. The picture which one of those who are best informed as to present-day Russia gives is this. It is as if there were a general and unorganised conspiracy not to challenge by outspoken protests the one weapon left to the defeated conquerors, terrorism; but to go one's way, and to follow one's instincts in the assurance that there will never be enough prohibitors to prohibit with effect. The actual life of the country drifts away from under the feet of the theorists. They remain in authority, with no hope of salvation left,

except the success of their theory in countries other than their own.

This is the stage at which enters the British Trades Union Delegation, with Mr Young and the Soviet Government for its guide. Let us say at once that when these industrial workers were shown, for instance, the plant of a factory or a mine, their comments prove clearly that they well understand what they are talking about; but there is a striking lack of inter-relation between their simple comments of a general kind, often full of the strange misunderstandings of the escorted visiting party, and the logic, the thorough-going tactics, of the main text of the Report and the 'Conclusions,' which they were invited to sign. There is something pathetic, too, in their impotent little essays at independence; as when a number of obvious foreigners, who can only speak through some interpreter, make a 'surprise' visit to the citadel of Tiflis and convince themselves by a talk with the sentries that nothing too unkind is being done to the ousted fellow-thinkers of Mr Ramsay MacDonald. Mr Purcell catechises—rather sharply, it would appear—the leaders of the Socialist Revolutionary Party in prison, and gets from some—as it was not difficult to arrange—something in the nature of a recantation; and the Delegation (p. 16) mildly suggests to its hosts the desirability of showing more 'clemency' to those who are guilty of not sharing their political opinions.

At one point in the Delegates' Report, we are assured 'that there appears to have been no actual persecution of the clergy, as such' (p. 105). Their hosts have themselves avowed in print that they have executed one hundred bishops and one thousand priests. It will hardly be suggested that this was an excess of zeal, that half the number might have been allowed. The matter is passed off very lightly with the explanation that all this was probably punishment for opposition to the Government, which under this particular form of autocracy is an unpardonable crime. We are here face to face with one of the greatest and most authenticated tragedies of modern times. Bishops and priests have gone to their deaths because they refused to obey a law of the triumphant minority, that no one should teach

the Christian faith to any one under eighteen years of age, a decree of the Communist leaders made in a deeply religious country in order to clear away all hindrances to the Communist education of children of which the Report gives convincing testimony. 'Yet those who stand firm,' writes one of the most spiritual of Russian priests, 'and endure persecution and poverty, are tempered and illumined to great beauty; and martyrs bear their testimony of the Russian people before the throne of God.'

With the setting provided, the Delegation arrives easily enough at the desired 'Conclusions.' At the first meeting, the Judicial Commission which is here to supplant the inaction of the British Government in the matter, opens its investigations of the Zinoviev letter by the exchange of a kiss between its chairman, Mr Purcell, and the accused Zinoviev. Mr Young or Mr McDonell copies out long tables of Soviet statistics, while even during their visit, the Communist press, which only two or three of the investigators can, and evidently do not, read, is giving a totally different and far more pessimistic picture of the matters in question. Zinoviev is publicly acquitted of any unkind designs against the constitution of our country, while he is revelling in their public repetition. With the stage thus set, the visitors pass through a simple course of reasoning which has nothing to do with the facts. The Communists overthrew the Tsar and put an end to barbarism; any one who opposed them must have been a Tsarist. The outside world, in spite of the presence in Russia of more foreigners than at any other time, was entirely misinformed, while it sought to destroy the people's government. The Communists in self-defence had to resort to the practice of Communism. As the Tsar had ruined the country, the Communists had to set about restoring it. In this work, they have already made great progress, and in many respects are really ahead of the rest of the world. For this we have their own word to go upon; any other statements of a more critical kind, even though often to be found in the papers run by themselves, must be capitalist lies. In Communist hands Russia is fully entitled to our confidence, and is a very profitable investment. Our money

should not be put into business concerns, but should be handed over to the Soviet Government. And all the time Zinoviev repeats *ad nauseam* that he is out-manceuvring us, that our capital is only being drawn from us to plan the final overthrow of capitalism, and that the borrowers can repudiate debts whenever tactical considerations will allow. Both ways 'it is your money we want.' Earlier this only meant confiscation, now it means loans first and confiscation last.

The book is divided as follows. First, a preface which represents the impressions of the delegates in general, and is evidently written from the point of view of new-comers. Their earliest comment on a local library and lecture-room implies that there has been no rural education before the Bolsheviks: How do they know? The 'haunted look of persecuted men,' in spite of wholesale terror and famine, they confidently refer to Tsarist times, and when employes on the trains make some mild criticisms, they take these as evidence of freedom of opinion. They institute a comparison between prisons which they see and those they have not seen, described by them as 'what were once the worst prisons in Europe'—a queer statement to one who had examined many of the prisons before the Revolution, and knows what were the infinitely worse conditions of imprisonment under the Bolsheviks from several English friends who have undergone it. Though the peasantry—the overwhelming mass of the population—except for chance references, are dismissed in a few pages of the Report (seven and half in all), the preface declares that 'although the peasant is a strong individualist, his prompt payment of taxes, his interest in political elections, and his support of the Soviet Government, indicate satisfaction with the present régime.' Against this we must put not only Lenin's avowal that the peasants were thoroughly opposed to Communism; but the last reports from Russia of the official conferences of the Communist Party, showing that, since the return of the delegates, the Government has had to climb down completely even from its modified peasant programme, and to admit further economic conditions which are negative of Communism. A demonstration organised at Tiflis, in the view of the Delegates, 'appeared to reflect the strong united approval

of the workers in the present system of government in Georgia.'

Next follows a very differently written 'Introduction,' apparently drafted by Mr George Young. It asserts 'that there is no further necessity for any other re-orientation than that of the New Economic policy'; but, as is mentioned above, a radical re-orientation has followed since his visit. 'War Communism,' it says, 'was a product of Tsarism and intervention.'

It is admitted that 'democracy as understood elsewhere has no place in the new system of government': then how is democracy understood in Russia? It 'amounts to a denial in principle of individual political liberty as hitherto understood. . . . But the assumption of such government authority by a minority can be judged best by results.' How would this do for British Labour? In spite of the prediction that the system of government has come to stay, it is next described as a 'series of compromises most of them in constant change.' The Communists deny that 'there has been a change in the political creed, or anything more than temporary tactical retirements'; but the Delegation describe the present régime as 'not Communism, but a form of State Socialism,' or 'State Capitalism.'

The body of the book falls into three main sections, each of which is sub-divided. The first is a report of general conditions, of which the major part entitled 'Governmental' is almost all written by Mr Young. Part II of this section, entitled 'Social,' is the work of Mr McDonell. In the next section, entitled 'Report on Labour Conditions,' written by Mr Young, 'with the assistance of Mr McDonell,' the subjects treated are less controversial; a number of visits to institutions are described. The last short section of the Report, on Trans-Caucasia under the same authorship, is, of course, controversial in the highest degree. By far the most important chapter of the book is the first of the first section, entitled 'Political,' the work of Mr Young. It is here that we find the main theses of the Report developed, with most of the misrepresentations to which attention has been drawn. The extra large proportion of Jews at the top of the Soviet machine is admitted, and ascribed solely to their merits. It is granted that

'on the international side of Communism, such as the "Comintern," Jewish employés are numerous.' The statement is boldly made, that 'liberty of religion is much greater than in many European countries.' 'The question of political liberty,' it is admitted, 'is one of greater difficulty'; and almost immediately afterwards we are told that 'the Soviet governmental structure will not be dealt with in detail in this Report.' 'It has been fully described elsewhere,' says the writer, presumably in the lies of the capitalist press. The franchise 'is restricted theoretically to those who work'; of course, among the rulers of Russia there are very few who are or have been manual workers; most of them having been journalists. 'Practically,' we read, 'it is universal suffrage, subject to certain exclusions,' though it will require a great many exclusions to produce, even by indirect election, a National Assembly almost exclusively Communist, out of so small a minority of the population. Committees have charge of elections, and 'draw up a register of those disenfranchised'; the voting is by show of hands, or by ballot, 'as may be decided by the Provincial Electoral Committee.' It is next charmingly explained that 'conditions of election in Russia are so different in the absence of any possibility of economic pressure on the electors that there is no need for secrecy.'* We are told that 'though the system does tend to keep the same men permanently at the top it keeps them in close contact with the electorate.' Certainly there is the contact of the closest control, and we end this sketch of the representative system with the summary: 'the rulers of the inner ring remain in power because of the tacit consent of a great majority of the electorate and the active support of that motive force of the whole machine—the Communist Party' (p. 11).

The Communist Party itself is treated very shortly

* I recall the village election when the Bolsheviks first entered the village of Karagay, in the Province of Vyatka, where a respected old Englishman, a teacher of English, happened to be present. A line was drawn in the middle of the village green, and those in favour of the Bolsheviks were invited to stand to the left, and those in favour 'of any other form of government' to the right. The two sturdiest peasants of the village stepped boldly to the right, and were equally quickly put up to the wall and machine-gunned. The English teacher, looking into the mouth of a machine-gun, voted for the Bolsheviks.

and inadequately, and—what is by far the most important subject of all—the Comintern which exists for making similar attacks on liberty in our own and other countries, is practically not treated at all; it is, indeed, an extremely delicate subject. The Communist Party is not represented as anything else but a 'nucleus' composed of stalwarts, and there follows the curious further explanation that 'this nucleus vitalises a mass of non-partisans, who apparently have accepted the status of a line regiment, from which the best men are continually being drafted into the Communist Guard.' Can this arrangement be commended to the British Labour Party? It is, of course, true that the Communist Party in the main is not a governmental but a conspirative organisation for the purpose of making a world revolution on the lines laid down by the dictators. It is to this object that Russia has been sacrificed; it is for this reason that the title of the whole state—surely an official matter—makes no mention of Russia, and is simply 'the Union of Social Soviet Republics,' in whatsoever part of the world they might spring up, which alone sufficiently shows the complete domination of the international idea represented by the Comintern. 'All opposition is as yet silenced,' says the Report. As to opposition inside the small Communist Party, we read, 'at the Thirteenth Congress there was no declared opposition at all, which desired result was reached by previously reducing the ranks of the party by one-third' (p. 15).

The writer explains the Government's unwillingness to release the imprisoned leaders of other parties, by a conversation held with some of them in prison; 'it was evident from it that the prisoners would reject release on any condition restricting their future liberty of action. . . . The Delegation did not feel in the circumstances that it could take the serious responsibility of pressing for the release of such irreconcilables.' On the basis of the short summary made in this chapter, we reach this astonishing conclusion :

'Finally, the Delegation is of opinion that the Soviet system of representation and its scheme of constitutional and civil rights, so far from being undemocratic in the widest sense of the word, (has) given in many respects to the individual a more real and reasonable opportunity of participa-

tion in public affairs than does parliamentary and party government. In other respects, such participation is still severely restricted. For the system has as yet been kept under close control by its originators with the tacit consent of an immense majority of their fellow-electors. . . . Under that constitution there are certainly as great—and possibly greater—possibilities than elsewhere in respect of popular government, political peace, and social progress' (p. 17).

It would not be possible or necessary to deal in detail with the other chapters of the Report. It is unquestionable that industry has made a partial recovery since Communism was partially dropped; the misrepresentation in this chapter is to attribute the previous ruin to any other cause than that which is assigned in the Report of the Soviet Commissar of Industry, Mr Rykov, in 1920, namely, to Communism itself. The chapter on 'The Judiciary' is extremely unsatisfactory and misleading. 'The Cheka,' we are told, 'need only be referred to here as an organisation such as all States, whether revolutionary or reactionary, must establish when the Government authority is menaced by foreign or civil war' (p. 94). Heaven preserve the rest of the world from such a comparison! In the chapter on 'Labour Regulation' we read, 'Since all industry is either conducted or closely controlled by the community [read the Communist Party] the strike has changed its function' (p. 151). Strikes are now regarded as resistance to the State and dealt with accordingly. We do not question the desire of the Communists to do all they can for public health and housing. This was equally true of the Zemstva before them. We may call attention to Chapter IV of the second section, on 'Co-operation.' This chapter is on the whole not unfairly written, and contains a number of data which should be taken into account in the study of this most important aspect of Russian life, which offers so much of promise for a free Russia in the future. The chapter on 'Foreign Commerce' is a very important one in its main thesis, namely, that it would be good to give a British loan to the Soviet Government. This becomes a refrain, frequently reiterated throughout the Report. The Government thus to be favoured is hardly that which has so recently confiscated all British property,

repudiated all British debts, and still reserves its right to repeat these operations as it may think fit.

Some of us do not need the support of party programmes to confirm us in our faith of freedom. Because the principles of free speech, civil liberties, and public finance have been established by a long history of persistent effort—because these principles are almost like the sky above us, or the air we breathe, we shall not for that reason ignore them, or be stinting in our sympathy for the Russian people, deprived of them at the moment of achievement. And now the names of labour and freedom are used to cover the denial of these late-won blessings. There was a certain kind of snobbery in the days of the Tsars. A traveller, probably an Englishman, would patronise some province with a passing visit, lunch with the Governor, swallow his assurances that he was indeed the father of his province, and come back and write a book about 'my friend, the Governor.' Sometimes actually the same guides, well exercised in this work, are now showing round the docile admirers of the new despotism. And yet, could any greater insult be offered to the splendid traditions of labour achievement in Great Britain, over the long and detailed history of the last seventy years, than to tell us that all this successful spade-work is nothing, as compared with the unsavoury episode which brought the ruin of Russia, and that for us too there is no better way of progress than to pass through the same ghastly catastrophe? If it were indeed so, then British Labour could only have a profound cause for shame. But it is precisely in the fruits of that long spade-work, in the political sense which it has created, in the vital instinct of freedom which the habit of freedom has taught, that we have the guarantee that we shall not in this country 'tacitly accept' the loss of liberty, for any of the 'other benefits' here suggested to us, and this guarantee is more than enough.

BERNARD PARES.

Art. 11.—A CENTURY OF MEDICAL PROGRESS.

ON Feb. 22 of this year the medical profession sustained the loss of its recognised leader, Sir Clifford Allbutt, who in his eighty-nine years had lived through changes which it is difficult to imagine will ever be rivalled in the history of medicine. During that time the country has passed through three wars of such considerable dimensions—the Crimean (1854–56), the campaign in South Africa (1899–1902), and the European War (1914–18)—as to give a graphic indication of the efficiency of medicine and surgery in emergencies. The deplorable conditions in the Crimea led to the creation of a nursing profession, the war in South Africa proved that however surgery had advanced—and to this further reference will be made—the control of epidemic diseases had not been mastered, and thus contrasted with the results attained by preventive medicine based on bacteriological research in the Great War.

Of biographies in general there are many, but few there be that are chosen for permanent approval, and in a special branch of activity such as medicine the number of outstanding biographies that will live are necessarily few. Whether or not Sir Clifford Allbutt's life will be written in full is not known, but it so happened that just after his death the Oxford University Press issued biographies of two great leaders in medicine and surgery, both of them by surgeons of great distinction. Dr Harvey Cushing, a leading neurological authority and operator, of Boston, Mass., has written in two volumes the Life of Sir William Osler (1849–1919), Professor of Medicine successively in Philadelphia (1884–89), the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore (1889–1905), and the University of Oxford (1905–19). Sir William, who was of Cornish descent and Canadian birth, was eminent as a scientific clinical physician, as a leader in the study of medical culture and history, as a pioneer in campaigns against typhoid fever, malaria, tuberculosis, and venereal disease. But perhaps his most signal service was as an educator and reformer of the medical profession, for the extraordinary change that came over the teaching and practice of medicine in the United States of

America during his professional lifetime, owed much to his persuasive leading and influence when Physician-in-chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore. He and his brother Regius Professor of Physic in Cambridge were ideal occupants of their chairs, combining, as is rare in these days, all the art and modern science of medicine with the instincts of the scholar-physician. Early this year the third edition of the *Life of Lord Lister* (1827-1912) was brought out by his nephew, Sir Rickman Godlee, Past President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, who has recently passed beyond the veil. The first edition of Lord Lister's *Life* appeared in 1917, and, like that of Sir James Paget in 1901, was at once recognised as a really great biography, and the third edition contains a brief survey of surgery in 1924, showing how Lister's advances are utilised by the present-day surgeon's practice. This year has also seen the publication of the first Listerian Lecture delivered on May 14 at the Royal College of Surgeons by Sir W. Watson Cheyne, who accompanied Lister when he migrated from Edinburgh to London in 1877, and, like Sir Rickman Godlee, was his private assistant for many years, and has thus also given a first-hand account of the man and his work. Ambroise Paré (1510-90), John Hunter (1728-93), and Joseph Lister were the outstanding figures in surgery in the 16th, 18th, and 19th centuries respectively, and the last two were inspired, in the words of the great William Harvey (1578-1657), the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, 'to search and study out the secrets of Nature by way of experiment.' Lister by a long series of patient researches elaborated the principles of antiseptic surgery, and thus completely revolutionised the scope of surgical practice throughout the world; Lister's work was the practical application of bacteriology which was then brought into being by the great Frenchman, Louis Pasteur (1822-96), a chemist, not a medical man, to whom, however, humanity is mainly indebted for making surgery safe, and who has been well described as 'the most perfect man who ever entered the Kingdom of Science.' Two and a half years ago saw the centenaries of Pasteur's birth and of the death of Edward Jenner (1749-1823), the originator of vaccination against small-pox, whose gift to preventive

medicine is not so universally appreciated in this country at the present time as it deserves. The lives and labours of these two benefactors of mankind were practically without a break, for the younger by exact laboratory methods carried on and greatly extended the bearings of his senior's scientific clinical observations, and with the generosity of a really great mind fully acknowledged the significance of his predecessor's work, and did perhaps even more than justice by perpetuating his term 'vaccine' in a much wider sense than its original and etymological application. The difference in method—clinical and laboratory—practised by these two masters has of course continued after their voices are no longer heard; but a survey of the progress of medicine during the Augustan period covered by the lives of Lister, Osler, and Allbutt, which has served as the subject of innumerable introductory addresses and is impossible to treat in detail, would lead to the conclusion that the most epoch-making changes have been due to the sciences started by Pasteur—bacteriology and immunology.

In order to be in a position to attempt the cure or, better, the prevention of disease—and this latter is of course the true ideal of Medicine—it is essential to know the cause, and in a very large number of diseases, for our knowledge is far from complete, this is infection, or, in other words, invasion of our vile bodies by lowly organisms of the vegetable (bacteria) or animal (protozoa) kingdoms. The 'germ theory' of disease, as it was once called rather with a tongue-in-the-cheek attitude, cleared the way for effective action by revealing the cause of disease. Lister, appalled by the preventable deaths following operations in Glasgow, was working at this problem when he found that Pasteur had opened the way for him to apply in practice what became the antiseptic method. Pasteur demonstrated the almost universal distribution of bacteria, the efficacy of thorough sterilisation in preventing their life and malevolent action, and the fallacy of supposed spontaneous generation of micro-organisms. The practical result was that if infection from without was prevented, operations could be safely carried out without blood-poisoning starting from the necessary incision, and thus untold lives were saved and the scope of surgery enormously

widened. The practical use of anæsthesia, which has so wonderfully diminished the suffering entailed by operations, dates from Oct. 16, 1846, when William Morton gave ether to a patient in the surgical amphitheatre of the Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, and from Sir James Y. Simpson's discovery of the anæsthetic uses of chloroform in 1847, which a contemporary clergyman declared was 'a decoy of Satan, apparently offering itself to bless women, but in the end will harden society and rob God of the deep earnest cries which arise in time of trouble, for help.' Anæsthesia, however, was known long before the middle of the 19th century, for, in 1799, Sir Humphry Davy wrote, 'As nitrous oxide in its extensive operation seems capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations in which no great effusion of blood takes place.' No advantage, amazing as it now seems, was taken of this hint, and, indeed, surgery advanced but little after the introduction of surgical anæsthesia until Lister showed how the more extensive operations thus rendered possible could be freed from the dangers of infection. Antisepsis, and its later development asepsis, and anæsthesia have enabled surgeons to revolutionise their art, the really important factor being the prevention of the entrance of micro-organisms into the wound.

The science of bacteriology or the study of germs, which was so largely due to Pasteur's initiation, led to a wider change even than the surgical transformation, and was responsible for a radical alteration of the conception of medicine as a whole; in the words of Prof. F. Widal, of Paris, 'No science has ever experienced such a revolution as that effected in Medicine by Pasteur's discoveries.' The causation and, therefore, the prevention of many diseases have thus been made logically clear, and the problems of immunity, originated by Edward Jenner, were elucidated and put into more extended practice. Thus the cure of diphtheria by anti-toxin, the prevention of enteric fever by anti-typhoid vaccine which in the form of the T.A.B. vaccine (against typhoid, paratyphoid A, and paratyphoid B. fevers) was so remarkably successful during the Great War in obviating this usual scourge of armies in the field, and

the prevention of tetanus by the prophylactic use of antitetanic serum, were the outcome of work on lines following Pasteur's treatment for the prevention of anthrax in sheep, and of hydrophobia, a terrible accident now practically banished from this country after the Muzzling Order introduced in 1897 by the late Lord Long of Wraxall. The introduction of vaccine treatment, prophylactic and curative, more widely into medical practice, was largely due to Sir Almroth Wright, who, in addition to his origination of the vaccine to protect against enteric fever, has extended the practice of vaccination against infection to the cure of established conditions, such as tuberculosis and boils, success being greatest in the case of the latter. His dictum that 'the physician of the future will be an immunisator' is a logical deduction full of promise for preventive medicine; but artificial protection against all and sundry infective diseases, with which would follow freedom from remote effects of infection, such as arteriosclerosis, is still a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Another discovery which ultimately proved of the greatest economic importance was that of the malarial parasite by Alphonse Laveran, a French Army surgeon stationed at Algiers, in 1880; he observed it in the blood, but how it got there was not established until in 1897 Sir Ronald Ross finally proved that it was carried by mosquitoes. The history of this discovery not only shows the value of imagination as an inspiration to laborious and accurate research, but also illustrates the interdependence of the biological and medical sciences, as exemplified by the discovery that the mosquito, the flea, the house-fly, the tsetse-fly, the bed-bug, and the louse may transmit infections to man. That animals might convey, or be the 'carriers' of, disease to man had long, since classical times, been suspected; but in 1876 the late Sir Patrick Manson, then of Amoy, China, who has justly been regarded as the Father of Modern Tropical Medicine, showed that filaria, parasites which cause various forms of disease in the Tropics, were conveyed from the blood of one person to another by the bites of mosquitoes. Thus the conception of animal carriers of disease was established, though it attracted but little

notice for some years. In December 1894, Manson suggested by analogy that mosquitoes conveyed the parasites of malaria which, as the name implies, was originally thought to be air-borne; being then in London and unable to put his hypothesis to the test, he stimulated Ronald Ross, then a Surgeon-Major in the Indian Medical Service, who after the many difficulties and trials graphically described in his 'Memoirs' (1923), triumphantly proved the mosquito to be the malarial carrier, and later carried out extensive measures for the destruction of mosquitoes and the prevention of malaria, and thus led to an enormous saving of human life, health, and money. Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, U.S.A., by utilisation of this and other hygienic knowledge, was able to take the measures whereby the Panama Canal, after a signal failure from the enormous morbidity and mortality of the workers, was triumphantly completed. The prevalence of malaria is probably an important factor in producing racial degeneration. W. H. S. Jones has brought forward evidence in favour of the view that its importation and widespread incidence was responsible for the decadence of the states of Magna Græcia, 400 B.C., and its effects in Russia after the World War are not yet fully realised. The mosquito was later shown to be the carrier of the virus responsible for yellow fever, the scourge which once rendered life precarious, to say the least of it, to the white man in the Southern States of America, where, by the exertions of the Rockefeller Board of Health, it has now been almost eliminated. The sleeping sickness of Africa, an entirely different disease from the "sleepy sickness" (epidemic encephalitis) with which we have unfortunately become familiar since 1918, is due to a trypanosome conveyed by the bite of the tsetse-fly and is spreading in a serious manner, for the control and destruction of the tsetse-fly are much more difficult than in the case of the mosquito. Another interesting example of the carrier problem is plague, which still levies a terrible toll of deaths in India. As ancient graphic representations show, an association between rats and the appearance of bubonic plague had been suspected in India and Greece; but, in 1906, patient and well-planned researches incriminated the

fleas on the rats, not the rats themselves, as the carriers of the bacillus of plague and responsible by their bites for disease in man. The economic value of Tropical Medicine to our Colonial Empire was recognised by the late Mr Joseph Chamberlain, to whose foresighted encouragement this branch of medicine owes an immense debt.

Bacteriology, however, though it produced a complete revolution in medicine, has not finished its work. Many diseases, presumably due to infection, have not yet yielded up the secret of the specific germ that can unquestionably be regarded as the responsible cause; this is true of influenza, for although the influenza bacillus was described in 1892, the question whether or not it is the *vera causa* is still a matter of research and debate; it is possible that this familiar disease is due to an ultra-microscopic micro-organism so small that it can pass through the pores of a Chamberland or other filter. The filter-passing germs require and are naturally attracting much investigation: forty or fifty diseases in animals are now with a fair degree of certainty ascribed to their agency, and diseases in man, such as measles, chicken-pox, small-pox, acute poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis), and epidemic (lethargic) encephalitis (sleepy sickness), may prove to be due to their activity. Further, the discovery of the germ responsible for a disease, though it opens the way, does not at once necessarily provide the means for the cure or, better, the prevention of the disease; more research and new means are required. Thus, although the bacillus of tuberculosis was proved by Robert Koch in 1882 to be the cause of tuberculosis, and the *Spirochæta pallidum* of syphilis by Schaudinn in 1905, these two plagues continue to afflict mankind, and campaigns for their elimination are active. It is true that the knowledge of the parasite responsible for syphilis enabled Paul Ehrlich after many experiments to obtain a remedy, the 606th preparation tried, 'salvarsan,' which has a specially selective action on, and kills, the parasite in the human body; this is an example of scientific treatment—chemotherapy. But it is a cure, and a somewhat lengthy process if it is to be complete, and not prevention; there are methods of preventing venereal infection, the adoption of which has aroused

well-meant opposition on moral grounds, but this is another story.

Bacteriological and scientific research, which is so essential to the discovery of the cause and prevention of disease, is now, somewhat tardily, receiving government recognition in the practical form of pecuniary assistance; according to Colonel Walter Guinness, the sum of 4,045,000*l.* is provided in the estimates for 1925-26 for scientific research of all kinds; and Sir Ronald Ross calculates that the total sum available for medical research in Great Britain is under 200,000*l.* per annum. The Medical Research Committee (now Council), established by Mr Lloyd George's Insurance Act before the War, has done much to advance knowledge in respect to disease, and so eventually to improve the health of the nation both during the War and in peace. The study of disease in animals—comparative pathology and medicine—and the experimental production and then the trial of methods of treatment of the disease thus induced, are essential to the advance of medicine as a science, and constitute an outstanding feature of recent progress in medicine. Much has been done, but in many directions the door of complete knowledge has not yet been opened, for example, the cause of cancer has not, in spite of much careful work, been definitely established. Medical research demands experiments on animals, and this the general public should know, so as not to be led by an entirely creditable feeling for a comparatively small number of dogs and other animals, into delaying the advent of knowledge and remedies which might save the lives of their nearest and dearest when actually ill. Knowledge of the hereditary transmission of disease has gained much from the investigation of the laws of heredity, in which Francis Galton and Prof. Karl Pearson have played so prominent a part, and from Mendelism brought to our notice by W. Bateson.

The establishment of the Ministry of Health after the War, though exposed to a considerable amount of adverse criticism in the public press, is a far-seeing advance in improving the health of the nation and in the prevention of disease. The institution of clinics for expectant mothers, infant and child welfare, school children, tuberculosis, and venereal disease will bear fruit

abundantly in the future. Coincident with, and an essential feature of, the efforts for improvement of national health, is the education of the public in the laws of hygiene; propaganda and campaigns against tuberculosis, venereal disease, and cancer are examples in this direction. Insistence on fresh air, good ventilation, and sunlight has become generally more fully recognised; and as the open-air treatment of tuberculosis has had some share in this, its history may be briefly mentioned here.

In 1840 Dr C. Bodington, of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, recommended life in the open air with liberal feeding for tuberculosis of the lungs; but this view was so completely at variance with current opinion that, though Dr Henry MacCormac, of Belfast, advocated the same thesis fifteen years later, it was not until it had been practised abroad by Brehmer (1859) at Göbersdorf in Silesia, by E. L. Trudeau (1884) in the Adirondacks and by others, that about 1895 it attracted much attention in this country. Sanatorium treatment then came in, and a large number of these institutions have been erected; but the problems of the prevention and cure of tuberculosis have not yet been solved satisfactorily. Although sanatorium treatment may 'arrest,' or perhaps more accurately retard, the progress of the disease with improvement in the patient's general condition, and undoubtedly educates the patients as to their mode of life, relapse is prone to occur on return to their homes and hard work. Pulmonary tuberculosis cannot be cured by some months in a sanatorium, but a great deal more can be hoped from the establishment of colonies or settlements where tuberculous persons, after sanatorium treatment, can earn a living by work within their restricted powers. Another direction in which preventive action has developed during the period under consideration is with regard to dangerous trades; industrial medicine has an important future before it, but much more research and organisation is required.

It may be said that during the past hundred years the most striking alterations in medicine have come from the laboratory rather than from the observation of patients—enormous as are these clinical advances.

The last seventy-five years have been roughly divided into three periods of about twenty-five years each according to the predominant line of research underlying the practice of clinical medicine; the third quarter of the 19th century was pre-eminently that of morbid anatomy or the changes produced by disease, and of an intensive study of the physical signs produced by these changes which in more recent days have been spoken of as the end-results. The last quarter of the century was remarkable for the study of the causes of disease, as a result of the rise of bacteriology; and during this century special attention has been paid to the disturbance of the normal functions of the body. Pathology in its widest sense, or the study of morbid conditions, is largely based on physiology or the study of normal function, and the British school of physiology has long been pre-eminent. The first evidence of disease is disturbance of function, and it is only when this has existed for some time that changes in structure or morbid anatomy follow. The early symptoms of disease, or the disordered functions of organs of the body, can be well elucidated, as the late Sir James Mackenzie insisted, by clinical observation; but, and this he freely admitted, there are many laboratory methods which can be utilised to assist in the discovery of what is wrong, such as chemical analysis of the blood, for example, in diabetes and kidney disease, and the investigation of the changes in the metabolic rate, namely, how fast the body is undergoing changes analogous to those of the consumption of coal by an engine. The chemical changes in the blood and fluids of the body, long ago foreshadowed in the humoral theories of the past, are advantageously utilised in medical practice, and the newly named science of biochemistry is busy explaining the mysteries of health, disease, growth, and the influence of vitamins. The activity in this direction is most encouraging; for example, in the biochemical laboratory at Cambridge, opened a year ago by the Chancellor, Lord Balfour, there are more than forty research students, women as well as men, working under Sir Gowland Hopkins. The vitamins or accessory food factors are present in small amounts in foods and are essential for health, for their absence leads to failure of growth and to a group of deficiency

diseases of which scurvy, beri-beri, war œdema, and probably rickets are examples.

The advance of physiology in all directions has enormously helped medicine; thus in diseases of all the systems—the nervous, the circulatory, the respiratory, the digestive, and the glands of internal secretion (endocrine), and so forth—physiology has directed the course of medicine. Sometimes researches, which at the time did not appear to have any practical bearing, have eventually proved of the greatest significance and assistance, and this unexpected application of knowledge should be borne in mind so as in no way to restrict the line of work that may seem to the individual most attractive. Thus experimental psychology, which studies the responses of individuals to definite prescribed conditions, was not very long ago regarded by many thoughtful physicians to be a barren occupation unlikely to be of use either to psychology or medicine. But the labours of the late W. H. R. Rivers and Dr C. S. Myers, the Director of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, have established the economic value of the application of its results in improving the output of work in factories and workshops by modifications in the conditions, particularly by the introduction of intervals of rest and by minimising monotony and boredom.

The study of nervous disease has attracted a number of brilliant workers who have utilised the proved results of physiology in medicine so as greatly to advance our neurological knowledge. Aphasia, or loss of speech from inability to translate thought into the spoken word, was shown by Paul Broca in 1861 to be associated with disease of a part of the left side of the brain, and thus to be often associated with hemiplegia or loss of power of movement on the opposite side of the body. This observation stimulated experimental investigation of the use of the various parts of the brain, or the localisation of function, by Fritsch and Hitzig in Germany, Sir David Ferrier, Sir Charles Sherrington, Sir E. Sharpey-Schafer, Sir Victor Horsley, Sir Frederick Mott, and others in this country, and thus led to the regional diagnosis of disease in the brain. The exact position of tumours could thus be so accurately determined as to

indicate the exact site of the operation for their removal, and the first successful removal of a cerebral tumour in 1884 was thus made possible. Knowledge of the diseases of the spinal cord and the nerves arising from it has undergone such a change as to constitute a veritable revolution. The influence of syphilis, at one time thought to be local or at any rate practically confined to the superficial and bony parts of the body, was shown, mainly by Sir Samuel Wilks, some seventy years ago to be exerted on the various organs of the body and has long been known to be universal. The use of the Wassermann test on the blood and the cerebrospinal fluid, which surrounds the brain and spinal cord, as a kind of protective water-bed, enables a decision to be made on the question whether the parasite of syphilis is or is not active in the body of a person who does not present any other obvious evidence of, or indeed may not have any knowledge that he ever contracted, this infection fraught with so many serious and often long-delayed results. General paralysis of the insane, one of the diseases popularly spoken of as 'softening of the brain' and locomotor ataxia, also called *tabes dorsalis*, have thus been proved, as was previously suspected, to be practically always due to syphilitic infection. Further, other diseases have thus been shown to be caused by this form of infection which is usually, though not invariably, contracted by sexual connexion.

The Great War brought into prominence the causation of nervous disorders, for a time known collectively as 'shell shock,' due to the psychical effects of the bombardments, namely, mental strain, and the long-continued repression or active forgetting of dreadful experiences, fear and anxiety; as a natural result curative treatment on psychotherapeutic lines, such as sympathetic psychological analysis, re-education, and occupational therapy, made great advances. The effect of suggestion in improving functional disorders—the influence of the mind on the body—has been recognised and, indeed, practised from time immemorial, consciously and often unconsciously, by medical men; but has recently been placed on a more scientific basis. This is fortunate, as much of the success of irregular practice, such as Christian Science, is due to the strong mental impression

made by those who direct the treatment, and is frankly professed by M. Coué. The danger about such proceedings, as with bone-setters, is that the morbid conditions present may be remediable or curable only by purely medical or surgical treatment, and that if this is not undertaken in time catastrophe may follow.

Brief reference should be made to the theory of Breuer and Sigmund Freud of Vienna and Jung of Zürich, which, under the name of psycho-analysis, has excited much and often rather severe criticism. The conception that mental manifestations result from the process of active forgetting or repression of an unpleasant experience, a mental trauma or injury, into the unconscious and the subsequent mental conflict, is a valuable addition to psychology. The process of detection and removal of this hidden disturbing factor by analysis of dreams, in which the unconscious comes to the surface, and the patient's 'associations' and an elaborate system of fixed symbols, is the form of psychological analysis spoken of as psycho-analysis. On the assumption that the sexual instinct is stronger than the instincts of self-preservation and of the herd, Freud and his followers laid great stress on the importance of sexual factors in the production of the mental conflict and its manifestations; it is on this point that most of the opposition to Freudism has arisen.

The treatment of the insane, as described in Charles Reade's famous novel 'Hard Cash' (1867), has undergone much change. It is true that, in France, Pinel, and William Tuke at The Retreat, York, almost simultaneously, in 1792, had advocated and practised humane treatment of the insane; but it was not until John Conolly went to Hanwell Asylum in 1839 that this method of abandoning mechanical restraint, such as strait-waistcoats, straps, and restraint-chairs, received any widespread attention. Thus there was a return to the humane and rational treatment of the insane practised by the Greeks from the time of Empedocles to that of Galen or later. Scientific research into the causes of mental disorder with a view to its prevention and cure has been ardently taken up, and the general aim, in sympathy with that of medicine as a whole, has been directed to the prevention in its earliest stage of

occurrence of mental disorder. Part of this effort is the system of mental hygiene or psychiatric prophylaxis, by means of social service workers, who investigate and correct the adverse factors in the home and other environments of the patient; this is the first line of defence against mental upset. Another method is the early treatment of those mentally disordered, the patients attending a special psychiatric clinic at a general hospital, not at an asylum or, as it is now preferably called, a mental hospital. This is important, not only in avoiding the necessity for certification by curing the patients while they are in a recoverable condition, but in breaking down the widespread tradition of something mysterious, such as demoniacal possession, and disgraceful about mental disorder, by allying it with ordinary physical disorders, as indeed was the view of Hippocrates, the Father of Medicine.

Knowledge of the circulatory system—the heart and the arteries—has been much expanded and altered in the course of the last thirty years. The accurate estimation of the arterial blood pressure by means of sphygmomanometers dates from 1876, when von Basch invented a machine; but it is only within the last twenty years that blood-pressure estimations have become a routine in ordinary medical practice. Other instruments of precision, such as the polygraph and the string galvanometer (the electrocardiograph), which was borrowed from the physiologists, for obtaining graphic records of the pulse and movements of the heart, were introduced, and much light was thus thrown on the irregularities of the heart by Sir James Mackenzie and Sir Thomas Lewis. The attention formerly concentrated on the valves of the heart was thus largely transferred to the muscular walls of the heart, and more attention has been paid to the patient's symptoms, or his efficiency and sensations, than to the physical signs, namely, murmurs, or the evidence of structural changes in the valves of the heart.

Clinical medicine has sometimes helped physiology by drawing attention to morbid changes in an organ which are correlated with disordered function, and so throwing light on the use of the organ, thus stimulating research in the physiological laboratory into the

function of the organ. This has been specially the case in some of the ductless or endocrine glands, which manufacture chemical bodies called hormones, which enter the blood-vessels in the glands and so reach and influence other parts of the body. Thomas Addison, of Guy's Hospital, found that a certain group of symptoms—pigmentation of the skin, gastric disturbance, and great muscular and heart weakness—were associated with disease of the adrenal glands. The publication, in 1855, of his account of this condition, now called Addison's disease, stimulated physiologists, especially Brown-Séquard, to investigate the use of the adrenal glands which, in 1894, were shown by Schäfer and Oliver to provide an internal secretion—adrenalin or epinephrin—with the power of contracting and toning up the blood-vessels. This substance has been made synthetically and is much used in medical practice. Disease of the thyroid gland in the neck, and its complete removal by the surgeon for goitre, were found to give rise to certain symptoms called myxœdema or cachexia strumipriva respectively, and these observations again drew attention to the need for investigation of the uses of the gland in health, and of the composition of the internal secretion which it pours into the circulation to act as a tonic or stimulus to tissue changes; in other words, it increases metabolism. These researches, though not yet completed, have provided results of the greatest importance to national health, especially in areas where goitre—in this country so-called Derbyshire neck—is common. The thyroid gland is specially concerned with the control and supply of iodine in the body, just as small glands in its neighbourhood, the parathyroids, look after the metabolism of calcium. When there is a deficiency of iodine the thyroid enlarges and may eventually form a goitre; this can be prevented by giving small doses of iodine, and as a result of the adoption of this plan the frequency of goitre in children in Switzerland and in the neighbourhood of the Great Lakes in North America has been most notably diminished at a very small cost of money or time. It may be added that, while the reasoning which led up to this important piece of preventive medicine was being collected, assistance was gained by observation of goitres in trout in America

and their dependence on deficiency of iodine. This is an example of the value of comparative pathology, a means of advancing medicine which is rightly being increasingly employed; thus at Cambridge there is an institute for research in comparative pathology, a subject on the importance of which Sir Clifford Allbutt had consistently insisted since 1888, and which he happily lived to see adopted by the University in which he had been Regius Professor of Physic for the long period of thirty-two years.

It has long been known that the pancreas which pours an external secretion into the intestine to digest starches, changing them into sugar as well as taking a prominent part in the changes necessary for the absorption of fats and protein substances such as meat, also has an internal secretion which passes into the blood and controls the metabolism of sugar absorbed from the intestines. In 1869, Langerhans described in the pancreas the cellular structures known as the islands of Langerhans; these provide the internal secretion of the gland which is now known as insulin; destruction or disease of these islands causes a deficiency of insulin and so diabetes mellitus. In 1921 an extract of these islands was prepared in a satisfactory form for use in the human subject by Dr F. G. Banting, working at Toronto with the help of Prof. J. J. R. MacLeod; this preparation, insulin, when injected under the skin of a patient with diabetes, supplies the absent hormone, as the internal secretion is also called, necessary to enable the body to make use of the sugar in his circulation; in other words, by this substitution treatment the diabetic patient becomes more or less normal for a few hours. The effect, however, is transient, so that the injections have to be repeated, and it has not been proved that a permanent cure can be obtained by the injection of insulin. When the internal secretion of the thyroid gland is absent the extract of the gland, or its active principal thyroxin, must be constantly supplied artificially in order to keep off the effects (called myxœdema) of its absence, and the same is true in the case of diabetes mellitus and insulin. The beneficial effects of the insulin treatment in saving and prolonging life can admit of no possible doubt whatever; but, like other remedies

powerful for good, it may be given unsuitably and do harm ; its administration, therefore, requires skilled medical supervision.

Disease of the pituitary gland may produce remarkable changes in growth ; many of the giants who get a living in shows are examples of acromegaly which is due to disease of this gland of internal secretion ; another form of bodily change due to disease of this gland of internal secretion is a special form of obesity, such as was depicted by Charles Dickens in the fat boy 'Joe' in 'Pickwick.'

The application of the pure sciences to medicine has been a feature of the last hundred years, and many examples could be brought forward from biology, chemistry, physics, and mathematics. A brief reference has been already made to biochemistry, and it need hardly be said that the problems of digestion, diabetes, renal disease, and metabolism in general depend largely on organic chemistry. Ophthalmic practice, perhaps the nearest approach to an exact science in medicine, owes much to the laws of physics ; thus the fitting of appropriate spectacles for errors of refraction depends on a knowledge of laws of optics. The ophthalmoscope, originally invented by Charles Babbage and modified by Helmholtz, permits the interior of the eye, which may be regarded as an extension of the brain, to be inspected so that the condition of the blood-vessels and of the retina can be examined ; its application to medicine was initiated less than sixty years ago by Hughlings Jackson, a most philosophical neurologist, and by Sir Clifford Allbutt, who, in the year of Babbage's death (1871), brought out his classical monograph, 'The Use of the Ophthalmoscope in Diseases of the Nervous System and of the Kidneys, and also in certain General Diseases,' the first really comprehensive review of the application of this instrument of precision as a means of diagnosis in clinical medicine. Sir Clifford Allbutt also invented the present form of clinical thermometer, which is so familiar that comparatively few of those who day in day out use it know to whom they are indebted for this convenient instrument.

After bacteriology, which is a branch of biology, no advance has been of such signal service to the practice

of medicine and surgery as the introduction of X-rays. Discovered almost accidentally by Prof. W. K. von Röntgen, of Würzburg, in December 1895, when working with an electrically excited Crookes tube, X-rays provided a means of seeing the position and state of substances opaque to X-rays in the human body; thus a bullet or a broken bone can be localised, and in the thirty years that have elapsed since this discovery the technique of X-rays has been greatly improved and their scope of usefulness widely extended. For instance, the first X-ray photograph, or skiagram, taken in this country, on Jan. 16, 1896, by Mr Campbell Swinton, occupied twenty minutes; whereas, in 1921, Dr Robert Knox took one—also of the hand—in one-hundredth of a second. First employed for purposes of surgical diagnosis, such as the localisation of a needle in the hand, the position of a swallowed coin, or the presence of a stone in the kidney, they were soon employed for the detection of disease inside the chest, such as an aneurysm or tuberculosis of the lungs. Radiography is now used in any doubtful case of abdominal disease; as salts of bismuth and barium are opaque to X-rays and therefore cast a shadow on the X-rays screen or plate, comparatively large quantities of bismuth or barium salts are swallowed, and behaving like an insoluble meal, their progress through the stomach and intestines can be watched; and so any delay in the passage of the bismuth meal, such as might be due to a narrowing of the intestine, can be detected. Its use has also been extended to the head for detection of tumours, and of disease of the roots of the teeth which are embedded in the jaws, and thus a frequent cause of chronic inflammation of the joints can be detected when to the eye there is not any evidence of dental poisoning. Although Röntgen rays are used in various ways for the treatment and cure of disease, their outstanding addition to the practice of medicine has been in diagnosis, for a completely new method of examination has thus been provided. Radium, which possesses rays of the same nature, has also been extensively used for its local destructive action on new growths, especially for superficial cancer of the skin, and has been most successful in the form on the face known as rodent ulcer. It may be

noted that, like other remedies powerful for good, X-rays and radium may do harm when employed in excess ; the early workers in the branch of medicine suffered severely from exposure to X-rays before their harmful effects were known, and it is now well recognised that cancer may result from repeated exposures and that the blood may be seriously affected, a very grave form of anæmia developing.

Medical statistics originating in the work of John Graunt and Sir William Petty (1662) were really brought into being by Dr William Farr (1807-83), who from 1838 to 1879 was compiler of statistics at the Registrar-General's Office ; Prof. Karl Pearson's efforts have started a school of expert Medical Statisticians. A slightly junior contemporary of Farr was Sir John Simon (1816-1904), the first Medical Officer of the City of London (1848), of the General Board of Health (1855-58), and of the Privy Council under the Public Health Act (1858-71) ; he had a great share in the rise of preventive medicine and the study of epidemics. The outbreaks of cholera in this country, in 1831, 1849, and 1853, led to the appointment of Commissions and to administrative sanitary reform ; the Local Government Board was created in 1871, and after the Great War was expanded into the Ministry of Health. Coincidentally with the reforms thus instituted in the sanitary conditions the standardised rate of mortality has fallen nearly 20 per cent. since 1870, and the average expectation of life for every individual in London has risen by twenty years since 1841.

With the rapid advance of knowledge due to new methods, especially of technique, medicine has become too extensive for one mind to cover, and as a result some limitation of the scope of activities in a medical man's practice is inevitable. Specialism has come to stay, and the days of the encyclopædists and Admirable Crichtons have passed, though it is undesirable to return to the days of ancient Egypt when each disease was undertaken by one man who did not concern himself with any other complaint. Specialism is, therefore, no new thing ; but there is the danger of its being overdone, and too narrow a view may result from intensive study of one organ of the body if undertaken so early that there has not been time to acquire a good perspective of the ills that flesh

is heir to. That medicine may become a mosaic of specialities, and, like the atom breaking up into electrons, become disintegrated and lose its comprehensive outlook on the individual, is not probable. But to combine the undoubted advantages of trained specialised observation with those of the wisdom of a man whose vision of the patient as a whole is the outcome of extensive experience, a remedy is in being, especially in America; this is team work; a number of medical men each of whom are specialists become associated with one or more men fitted to correlate the collected findings, who, in consultation with them, are thus enabled to arrive at a final decision. The patient first goes the round of specialists and is finally submitted to the verdict of the supervising physician. This group 'medicine,' practised in so-called diagnostic clinics, is best exemplified by the famous Mayo Clinic of Rochester, Minnesota; but in this country it is at present comparatively little developed.

HUMPHRY ROLLESTON.

Art. 12.—THE NATION AND THE LAND.

THE Conservative party pledged itself at the polls to carry out a national and not a class or sectional policy, thus accepting anew Disraeli's massive saying: 'If the Tory party is not a national party, it is nothing,' and since the Election Mr Baldwin has convinced the country that this pledge will be honoured in spirit and in letter, in the sense, at any rate, that class or sectional interests will not prevail. But a national policy involves something more than the avoidance of a class or a sectional outlook. And that 'something more' is nowhere more necessary, more difficult, more elusive than with regard to the land, the agriculture, the countryside of Britain. For of it perhaps more than of any other question, is it easy to take a narrow rather than a national view. The risk is not of a class point of view being accepted and adopted: it is that the rural problem should be regarded as a matter for the country community alone. It is a sectional not a class outlook that is to be feared. The tendency to treat town and country as if they necessarily existed in separate watertight compartments is great, as every politician knows who has felt the temptation to discuss rural questions only with country audiences, urban questions only in the cities, and perhaps has even found himself expressing to the former views which he would hardly be able to maintain in the latter. This is, of course, the line of least resistance and leads inevitably to a sectional treatment of rural problems, and to any policy, so restricted in its appeal, being still-born. The first test of a national policy is that it can be stated, explained, justified, not only to a section, but to the whole of the nation.

To arrive at a national policy for the problems of the rural world, it is, first and foremost, essential to regard the land, its produce, its population, as constituting the country estate of the nation. For thus, and only thus, do the future and the fate of the countryside become one of spacious master-topics in which the whole people can be made to feel a concern, with regard to which its sympathies and its sense of responsibility can be quickened, and only thus, too, do the questions which must be asked, if a national policy is to emerge, become

pointed, pertinent, pressing. These questions are—What is Britain going to do with her country estate? Does it need development, can it be developed? and, most pregnant question of all, which line of development, if more than one be possible, will best reinforce and harmonise with our urban system and therefore arouse to the utmost the sympathy and interest of the urban population? And these questions have this further merit. They show plainly to what address they must be posted. It is obviously idle for those who feel a deep concern for country things to put these questions to each other. This the 'ruralists' have done too long. They would be more usefully employed in making arrangements to take in each other's washing.

For it is not the country districts which can decide whether and how Britain is going to develop her country estate. Only the cities and the towns can make that decision. They, politically, are Britain. Nothing that they disapprove can be done. Nothing that they approve long remains undone. There is, of course, no place in our public life to-day for an 'Agrarian Party,' self-sufficing and self-contained, dominating Parliament and deciding policy, for not only are the county constituencies a minority of the House of Commons, but even of these, there are but few in which the town voter does not outnumber the country and the village voter. Irresistible is the conclusion, therefore, that if Britain is to develop her country estate, the policy must be one which commends itself to the urban democracy and still more must arouse in it a vivid sense of the interdependence, even in an industrialised nation such as Britain, of the interests of country and of town.

Hopeless, at first sight, such a task might be thought; for Britain has been towards her country estate, for years, a mere absentee landlord. Its people are strangers: its problems a mystery: its life a dull farce played in front of a rural drop-scene. Does the townsman require more of his country-estate than a site for his week-end cottage; first-class roads for his car or charabanc; holiday lodgings for his family; for himself, a good train service back to town? And the difficulties lie deeper still. The rank-and-file, the mass of the people, are always responsive to sound views, honestly

set before them. The dice are loaded against the development of Britain's country estate in a much more serious way. The mass of the urban population, if they seem indifferent to its fate, only adopt the tone set by the urban leaders. There is not one of the main interests, which influence the policy of the nation and form its opinion, which has any desire (or apparently any motive) to give a moment's thought to what lies beyond the buses and the street lamps.

The dwindling country population offers no expanding market. The manufacturer feels that it does not interest him. The produce of British fields pays no freight. It is of no use to the shipping magnate. To deal in that produce no great importing agencies are needed. Why should the city merchant care? From the financial transactions involved, the bill-broker and the merchant banker get no pickings. Their eyes are turned elsewhere. Rural Britain does not interest the Stock Exchange, for it is not expressed in terms of shares. Big business has no use for it. 'There is no money in it.' To the banks, who gallantly do their thankless task, agriculture only means a pile of overdrafts. In a word, if from time immemorial the town has had difficulty in understanding the country, 'the City' does not even want to begin to try to understand it. Many industrial and financial leaders, it may even be hazarded, have convinced themselves that the development of rural Britain is only a fad, and cherish the hope that in the ideal Britain of the future, the factories will stretch from shire to shire and the bungalows from sea to sea.

But that is not all. Just as town and city dominate the general life and thought, so amongst the departments of Government does the Treasury spread its influence far and wide in the administrative life of Britain. This, indeed, is as it should be, for finance is as truly the sinews of government as it is of war. But, unfortunately, it is those very interests which are most indifferent to rural Britain which are the intimates of the Treasury. One may be better loved than another, but it is to the industrialist, the shipowner, the merchant, the banker—big business and high finance—that the Treasury unbends. There are no *causeries intimes* in those inner sanctuaries for rural Britain, and small

wonder; for to Treasury eyes, rural Britain embodies the most unattractive features of a country cousin and a poor relation. Even the Treasury is human enough to withdraw itself instinctively from an object at once so unattractive and so distressing. There are, of course, exceptions: a beetroot or a hop are from time to time observed and even recognised. The fact remains, however, that among the nations there is none in which the general official temperament is less disposed to concern itself with rural and agricultural development. The Treasury cannot escape responsibility for this, for the 'Treasury view' is the dominating view, and it is definitely inimical to the call of the countryside. The Treasury merely wishes that rural Britain 'would go away and not bother.' Nor can it be said that it is not the business of the Treasury to develop a constructive view on such a topic. The Treasury, as the expert adviser on taxation to successive Governments, has, since 1894, taken a leading part in destroying the existing structure of the rural community. The Death Duties of 1894 laid the axe at the foot of the tree, and, as originally framed, the revised scale of 1925 would have completed the work. Indeed, it would have done more. It would have struck a serious blow at the farmer who owns the land he cultivates. 1925, that is, would have hit the very type which 1894 began to produce. A concession to outside opinion, quite unnecessarily makeshift and clumsy in method, averted this misfortune, but it may well be asked what, in the Treasury's own view, is the proper land-system for Britain? Obviously not the large estate with its tenant farmers cultivating the land, and now, apparently, not the owner-occupier. If England has been an absentee landlord to her country estate, the Treasury, it would seem, has been a short-sighted and a heedless land-agent. Be that as it may, the time has clearly come for landlord and land-agent alike to face the facts.

For what, to-day, is the condition of Britain's rural estate? The picture has again and again been painted in the blackest colours, so dark, indeed, that no one could accept it as altogether correct who knows the extent to which agriculture in Britain is still a profitable business, and the British farmer, whether arable, grazing, dairy-

ing, or sheep-farmer, still capable of making himself a prosperous man. Yet, when every possible high-light is added, the picture is sombre enough, for nothing can brighten its two main features. First, the land of Britain has since 1878 been going out of cultivation; secondly, the population which that cultivation employed has dispersed and disappeared.

Despite improvement in methods, increase in knowledge and skill, the shadow creeps on. The acreage under the plough steadily declines. The 17·8 million of acres of arable land existing in 1878, which declined to 17·1 in 1884, 16·1 in 1894, 15·2 in 1904, 14·29 in 1914, after rising, as the result of the war effort to 15·8 millions in 1918, have, in 1924, fallen to 14·20 million acres, the lowest figure of arable yet recorded—involving a total loss of 3,600,000 acres of cultivated land in a generation and a half.

Of this immense change it is often said that the British agriculturalist has learnt to adjust himself to new conditions, and has found in the raising and fattening of stock—in grass farming—a new source of profit. This optimistic view seemed for many years to be justified by the annual statistics. But in the last ten years there has occurred side by side with the decrease of some 90,000 acres of arable land, a reduction from 17·5 million acres to 16·3 million in the land classified as 'permanent grass.' This, as far as the figures show, is particularly a post-war phenomenon, and as such it was treated in the Agricultural Returns for 1921.

'The disquieting feature of the return,' it was there said, 'however, is that the loss of this land which is being withdrawn from arable cultivation is not being made good by an increase in the area under permanent pasture. For many years from 1878 to 1916 there was a more or less continuous decrease in ploughed land, but this was to a very large extent compensated for by an increase in permanent pasture—there was, in fact, distinct evidence of a turn-over from one category to another. Since 1918, on the other hand, notwithstanding the great decrease in arable cultivation, the movement in permanent pasture has been insignificant.'

Though subsequent Returns speak with a somewhat uncertain voice, the process has gone on, and in England and Wales, in particular, the amount of land classified

as 'rough grazings' has steadily increased in the last three years. When all allowances have been made, the conclusion cannot be resisted that the movement to-day is from corn to common and that, in England at least, an appreciable part of the land lately arable is going back to waste.

Meantime, as is notorious, the rural population melts away. For the half-century before 1901, the census returns of persons employed in agriculture showed a decline of all but a million, and again, in the post-war period, there has been a loss between 1921 and 1924 alone of 63,000 persons in England and Wales. The drift to the towns, the drift to the colonies, goes on from the country districts unceasingly.

Nor do these bitter facts represent the whole truth. As the capital available for the upkeep of the farm decreases, the equipment of the land, and particularly the drainage (which is at the root of cultivation), steadily deteriorate. The loss of quantity of cultivated land is shown by the statistics. The loss of quality is not less serious and cannot be measured. But there seems to be a concurrence of informed opinion that the deterioration of drainage in the last twenty years has been almost universal in England and Scotland alike, while the housing of those who work the land has necessarily suffered first and suffered most from the diminished capital resources of the owners of the soil. It is not the success of individual agriculturalists or even the continued prosperity of favoured districts which can counteract or compensate for a situation such as this. Wealth, productivity, population are flying from the land. The desert is being let in.

If such be the position in Britain's rural estate, how is development to take the place of decline, and if there are alternative methods of development available, which of these from the point of view of a national policy and of the needs of the nation, best fits the case?

Now it so happens that opinion is definitely dividing into two opposite camps as to the direction in which that development is to be found. One school of thought declares for larger, highly-industrialised farms covering as many thousand acres as the farm of to-day covers hundreds. With the costs of management, with the

number of farmhouses reduced to a minimum, with every possible device introduced to save labour, with great capital resources behind, such a system will produce, it is said, the best possible results so far as productivity and profits are concerned. This school of thought contemplates the development of farming limited liability companies, owning and cultivating perhaps even greater tracts of land. This, it is said, is the policy economic considerations demand. Yet its defects are obvious. It necessarily means a further reduction of the rural population, both farmers and labourers. It may bring prosperity to a few. It has yet to be shown that as a result a single fresh acre would be ploughed up as a compensation for a fresh loss of rural population. Not, indeed, that the view can be accepted that this would be either the most productive or the most profitable system of cultivation. That view, so far as productivity is concerned, runs counter to the whole agricultural experience of Western and Central Europe. And as for the profits of such a system of agriculture, these would largely depend upon the relations between capital and labour. It is clear that the more industrialised the agricultural system becomes, the greater will be the gulf between employer and employed and the more formal will become their relations. The whole weary cycle of Trades Unionism might once more have to be traversed, for the coming of the farming company might well reproduce in rural labour the characteristics which industrialism has created in urban, and might give the Trades Union leader at the very moment when his authority is waning in factory and mine, a new platform in the fields.

To this line of advance, if advance it be, the alternative is the exact opposite. Instead of fewer and larger farms, more and smaller holdings; instead of the formation of a new kind of large estate, the private ownership of land 'in widest commonalty spread'; instead of industrialised production, intensive cultivation; instead of profits for a few urban shareholders, a livelihood for a numerous property-owning rural democracy; instead of land exploitation, land settlement. It is land settlement, not land exploitation, which will commend itself to the nation as a whole, and will best reinforce

and harmonise with our general social structure, predominantly urban as it is and as it must remain.

For what do the essential interests of Britain require from its country estate? First and foremost, they require British agriculture to support as large a rural population as possible. Secondly, the rural economy must not only be capable of giving employment to this population, but must be of a nature to induce men and women to stay in the country districts, and even to entice the country-bred and country-trained from the cities whither they have gone. Thirdly, it requires that population to be, to the greatest possible extent, consumers of urban produce. And lastly, though of subsidiary importance, an agriculture which will create a large demand for seasonal labour, as, for example, when a small-fruit harvest is being gathered, would give to many town-dwellers an economic contact with the country by no means to be despised, in relation either to health or to employment. These are results which only a closer settlement of the land can achieve.

That the land of Britain will support a much more closely-set population than it does under a large-farm system, the land settlement, which has been in progress under the Acts of 1908 and 1919 in England and the equivalent Scottish Acts, has clearly shown. Thus, for example, in Cheshire on some 2570 acres, the permanent working population has been increased from 187 to 410. In Essex, 600 acres farmed by the owner and 13 employees supports, since settlement, 41 holders with their families, besides giving employment to a number of other men. In Perthshire, a grazing farm of 550 acres, on which 3 to 5 men were employed, now supports, and supports well, 11 small owners and their families, besides 7 hired men, and, in the same county, a group of 4 farms tenanted by 3 farmers, with 14 men and 4 women and boys in regular employment, is now cultivated either in arable holdings ranging from 50 to 25 acres, or in smaller fruit, nursery-gardening, or poultry holdings, by 53 holders and 12 women and boys.

But the full value to urban Britain of land settlement is not to be measured by the quantity of population. The small-holder has, as an economic unit, a specially high quality. It is the special virtue of the small

cultivator that, as a consumer, he is, pound for pound of his income, of exceptional merit. This, a vital factor from the national point of view, has been most amazingly overlooked and neglected. It is obvious enough to any one in contact with a group of small-holders, who have found their feet and have begun to exhibit their true characteristics. No cultivator of the soil puts so much 'back into the land' as the small-holder. And what goes back into the land, in fact, comes out of the factory. Fertilisers, implements, incubators, wire for his raspberries, wire netting for his fowls, here bricks for a new shed, there glass and timber for a new greenhouse—these are the channels in which the income of the small-holder flows. Family for family, a group of small-holders will absorb a much greater amount of industrial produce than the same number of persons, farmer and labourer in normal proportions, in the large-farm system. Acre for acre, of course, the contrast is still more striking. And of this fact, be it added in passing, social students, as well as economic, might well take note; for it would be difficult to find elsewhere in the community, on the same income, a more valuable spender than the small-holder. Certainly his heads of expenditure compare very favourably with the cinema ticket, the Saturday bet, the canary, the whippet, even the pedigree rabbit or the fancy pigeon on which the urban wage-earner of approximately equivalent income, lavishes the surplus of his earnings. Closer settlement and intensive cultivation mean for the towns a demand for their produce such as no number of syndicate or company farms will create.

Secondly, if anything can stop the drift to the cities and even entice the country-bred back to the land, small holdings, and particularly small ownerships, will do it. For the cultivation of his own soil gives to a man just that opportunity for individual enterprise, which adds savour to life. It is impossible to assess the extent of the present demand for small holdings, because, since the war, only ex-service men have been encouraged to apply, but all the indications point to the demand being large and steady. In particular, is it not reasonable to expect that the present difficulty of finding urban employment must have made many a country-bred man wish

that he had, on the land, an opportunity of making, by his own efforts, a livelihood and a life for himself? And that this is no mere surmise the present writer believes, because he knows how many of the small-holders of his acquaintance have some town-dwelling brother or cousin anxious to return to the land. Be that as it may, it is clear that an inducement of the strongest sort is given to a man either to stay on or return to the land, if he is to have there the chance of independence and the profound satisfaction which being his own master gives. To restore the population and the prosperity of Britain's country estate is a soldier's battle. Only by calling in aid the rank-and-file of the people and by giving them new opportunities can it be won.

And it is only thus, too, that the urban population will feel that the development of Britain's country estate is their concern. The town worker feels—and perhaps rightly feels—that there is little advantage to be gained in increasing the number of agricultural labourers, for the town worker is inclined to despise the country labourer; but to give men something of their own, to give them independence, is a policy which the townsman approves. And, further, the towns, in the last three years, have shown very clearly that they will have nothing to do with a policy for the land which is based on assisting the capitalist farmer, and that they feel no twinge of compunction or pity if help solemnly pledged to him is, as in 1922, of a sudden withdrawn. To commend itself to the urban democracy, the policy of rural development must be a democratic one also. Then like calls to like. It is one of the most characteristic qualities of the working-class that they are anxious to secure benefits for their fellows, even if they do not understand why these fellows should desire these benefits and although they themselves do not share the desire. The feeling is closely akin to the proverbial 'kindness of the poor for the poor.' It is in that kindness of the poor for the poor that the statesman will find ready to his hand a motive force of sufficient drive and impulse to enable him to carry through the development of Britain's country estate, and the recolonisation of British land. Nor is it only the town population which would respond to such a policy. The country community, slow, per-

haps, as it is to move in opinion, is beginning to recognise the necessity for closer land settlement. The English landowners, as is made clear in the admirable memorandum recently issued by the Central Landowners' Association, now fully appreciate its importance. The farmers, who have, in the past, been inclined to scoff, are coming to see that by a system in which groups of small-holdings are mingled with the larger farms, the problem of extra labour will be largely solved. To the agricultural labourer in England, the farm-servant in Scotland, the opportunity of becoming in his middle life the master of a piece of land, brings what without exaggeration may be called a new horizon and a new hope.

And land settlement, moreover, has an imperial as well as a national aspect. The Dominions cry out for men, nor is it townsmen immigrants they require. That cry must largely remain unanswered, or be answered only at excessive cost to Britain, if the only source from which the demand can be met is our present attenuated rural population. But the recolonisation of Britain would produce a reservoir for the colonisation of the Empire.

The policy of land settlement, in short, not only harmonises with our general economic structure; it raises a rural policy from a sectional to a national level. And if a small-holding system of intensive cultivation harmonises with the general interests of Britain, not less does Britain offer unequalled promise for such a system's success.

Only a fanatic, of course, would suggest that small-holdings should become the sole and universal system of farming in Britain. But in supplementing the larger farms, wherever soil, climate, accessibility to markets offer favourable conditions, an immense prospect for the development of small-holdings and of intensive cultivation is opened up. For in dairying, in arable stock-farming, in the production of home-grown meat, of milk, butter, cheese, bacon, eggs, fruit, and vegetables, special opportunities for British agriculture lie; and it is in these departments that intensive cultivation of small parcels of ground, combined with a co-operative system of purchasing, manufacturing, grading and selling is at its most productive and more profitable. This Denmark dis-

covered when the crash came, and to this conclusion would British agriculture have been forced long before now, had the farmer not in fact been largely maintained in his evil days by the consideration and the capital of the landowner. And the fall was also broken to him, because, unlike the light, sandy soils of Denmark, much British arable land could be converted into permanent pasture. But the landlord's capital has disappeared now, and the movement from corn to common, which was in the 'eighties averted in Denmark by methods the Scottish and English farmer was not then obliged of necessity to adopt, is, as it has been suggested above, now in full swing here. The result has been that Britain has allowed other countries to supply her with the very agricultural produce she could have produced for herself; and to-day, it is from overseas that the bulk of our bacon, butter, cheese, and eggs come to us, while our urban population is condemned, since round it lie half-empty the fields of England, to nourish itself and its children on condensed and tinned milk. And though in England, wheat-growing may always remain the special province of the larger farm, it must be emphasised that small-holdings are no enemy to corn production. Belgium is largely supplied with wheat grown by small-holders, while it is perhaps the most remarkable feature of Danish agriculture that, free trade as is Denmark's fiscal system, and though the change over to dairying, egg, and bacon production was based upon the collapse of its wheat-growing, the development of intensive cultivation has actually caused the wheat yield to increase. Yet in Denmark out of 206,000 holdings, 178,000 are less than 75 acres in extent, and of the 5500 which exceed 150 acres, only 1335 contain more than 300 acres. And in England, Cambridgeshire, for instance, furnishes many examples of arable small-holdings, where, in the ordinary rotation, wheat is grown with success and profit.

That a small-holding system replenishes the fields with stock as well as with men is beyond contradiction. It is needless to quote the figures that Germany or Denmark among Continental nations afford. From home experience of the constitution of small-holding groups comes ample proof. Let the 2570 acres of Cheshire land already referred to be cited. Before conversion into

small-holdings, the stock of cattle carried was 1242, after conversion, 2506; of horses, 73 before, 195 after; of pigs, 330 before, 1338 after; of sheep, a slight increase; of poultry, 850 before, 3710 after. Again, in Wiltshire, on 582 acres, which, as two farms before, and as 15 small-holdings after conversion, were used for dairy farming, the increase of dairy cows shows how the industry has been intensified. For their number was increased by the change from 98 to 165, or an increase of 67 per cent. And these results have been attained in the early days before the close and continuous care of the land, which is characteristic of the small cultivator, has had time to bear its full fruit.

But the impression is sedulously spread, first, that the proportion of failures is so high amongst small-holders, and secondly, the cost to the State of a policy of land settlement necessarily so heavy that, though there may be individual successes here and there, any extension of the system would be futile and wasteful. The impression that small-holdings are unsuccessful is too often spread by men who, from their own experience, should know better. The value of the existing small farm is admitted by farmers both in England and Scotland. Indeed, necessarily so, because among the most successful farmers in both countries are many men who have worked their way up from a small farm of from 50 to 70 acres to large farms requiring correspondingly large capital for their successful working. These little farms, without the advantages of co-operation, worked by their cultivators in isolation, are in every generation the nursery of prosperous farmers. It is not without cause that they are called 'ladder-farms.' But integral a part as they are of our existing system, their bearing upon the question of land settlement is overlooked. And indeed, the Lancastrian plain, with its high cultivation, its large agricultural population, its small-farm system; Western Cornwall parcelled out into vegetable and fruit-growing small-holdings; the Vale of Evesham, as well as the success that attends many of the small farms which have existed for years in almost every part of England and Lowland Scotland, show clearly how well adapted is this country for closer land settlement and make such criticism valueless. There have been two main small-

holding efforts made in England by the State—under the Small Holdings and Allotments Act, 1908, and the Land Settlement Act of 1919. Under the first, the operation of which has been superseded since the outbreak of the war, 14,000 small-holdings were constituted. The failures amount to some 4 per cent. of the whole, and this is the more striking inasmuch as the rent payable by the holders was of an amount sufficient not merely to pay interest to the County Councils for the capital involved, but also to refund the price paid by the Councils for the land. Ninety-six per cent. of these holders have succeeded, that is to say, despite being forced to buy the land for their landlord, and having, thus, to support a financial burden unknown to any other tenant. It is hardly necessary to add that, thanks to their success, even in these circumstances, the loss, approximately 400,000*l.*, has been trifling.

But this very remarkable achievement has been lost sight of in the anxieties which have attended post-war land settlement. Every element of the situation combined here to add to the difficulties. Speedy settlement of ex-service applicants was deemed essential. Just because the men settled were, in practice, almost exclusively ex-soldiers, a certain proportion of unsuitable and unskilful men slipped through the net. Further, the bulk of them had to buy their stock when prices were high, and in the first critical years of their new occupation were met by an all-round slump. Even so, the failures may be reckoned at some 10 per cent. of the 17,225 holders settled in England and of the 2160 in Scotland at under 5 per cent.,* and those first settlers who failed have frequently been followed in the holdings by men, luckier in their send-off and more suitable in themselves, whose prospects are very different. Speaking generally, the great bulk of the post-war holders are now definitely beginning to 'make good.'

Unquestionably, the cost has been heavy. First, building and equipment had to be hurried through when prices of land, labour, and material were at their highest;

* These percentages, for which I am indebted to the Ministry of Agriculture and to Sir Robert Greig, Chairman of the Scottish Board, are approximate only.

secondly, the 'emergency' atmosphere prevented due care being taken to secure such economy as was possible; and thirdly, the great blunder was committed of the constituting bodies themselves undertaking the whole of the equipping, instead of doing a bare minimum and lending the necessary money to the holder, when installed, to complete the equipping himself. The financial basis of the scheme, in England, was the loan to the County Councils of 17,000,000*l.*, the State taking over the interest charge in so far as that could not be met by a fair rent and undertaking to take over, too, after the valuation of the holdings to be made in 1926, the loss represented by the difference between the cost of constitution and the then value. On much of the money thus lent to the County Councils, borrowed in the City as it was required, the interest was as high as 6½ per cent. On such, the annual charge borne by the State has been heavy. It may be further surmised that the final valuation of the holdings will show a total capital loss of perhaps 9,000,000*l.* But only a hostile controversialist would accept these results as a necessary feature of land settlement by the State. The scheme bore the stamp of the same unsound methods, which were shown in the contemporaneous housing scheme of Dr Addison, but it should be added, in mitigation, that a similar heavy cost to the State marked the post-war ex-service land settlement in Australia and Canada.

That land settlement by the State can, even in these days, be accomplished without this heavy loss is exemplified by the results achieved in the settlement by a Commission under the League of Nations of the refugees who have crowded from Asia Minor into Greece. In two and a half years no less than 110,800 families have been given holdings and permanent homes in Macedonia. All the conditions, of course, were favourable, and many of them very special. A homeless population, inured to hardship, was clamouring to return to the soil: the thinly populated plains and valleys of Macedonia were lying ready for the plough, with much of the land, indeed, left vacant by the evacuation of the Mohametan inhabitants; but the economy with which the work is being carried out and the strictness with which the Commission has confined itself to supplying only the minimum

equipment with which the new settlers can make a start, are features of general application. It is true that economies which both our standard of living and our climate prohibit are possible in Macedonia. For example, the framework of the two-roomed houses which have been erected, has been supplied by a German firm for 53*l.* a house. Even so, the settlement of perhaps some half-million people is a very remarkable feat, and is, in fact, unique amongst efforts at land settlement. And Greece is already benefiting.

'Any one visiting those parts of the country,' says the most recent report of the Commission, 'where colonisation has been carried on will have no difficulty in obtaining an idea of the result achieved. Most of the centres created have brought increasing activity to their respective districts, and have stimulated the urban and rural life of the country to a remarkable degree.'

Macedonia, however, is a far cry, and if a policy of land settlement is going to be made less expensive than it recently has been in Britain, it will only be by making use of the weapons ready to our hands. Too little attention has been paid to the development of small-holdings that have been carried on by private enterprise in this country. On the Bedford estates, for example, in Lincolnshire on land purchased from Lord Carrington in the 'nineties, at Winterslow in Wiltshire, through the initiative of the late Major Poore, real successes have been scored. The private landowner ought to be encouraged to constitute small-holdings. The capitalised value of the housing subsidy with a holding subsidy added to it might well induce a landowner to subdivide his land into small-holdings. His local knowledge of both land and people should result in efficiency and economy, and, in particular, the costs of administration, heavy in County Council schemes, would be reduced to a minimum. On constitution, a purchase system, on the Wyndham Act model, would act as a further inducement to many landlords to-day. And where the State undertakes the work, the financial method must be such that friction with the Treasury is eliminated. This, at present, is partly at least caused by the dislike which the Treasury feels to receiving a lower rate of interest than that at which it borrows the money. Yet if the Treasury is to

proceed by loans, an uneconomic rate of interest must be accepted. Italy, for instance, which since the war has been most sedulously developing its agriculture, has lent to the rural population large sums of money for which no interest at all is being exacted. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that an uneconomic rate of interest is nothing new either in land maintenance or land development. The private landowner has seldom got more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the total capital expended over comparatively short periods. But, in any event, it is very doubtful whether Treasury loans are the best method of financing a continuous policy of land settlement. A sounder system would seem to be that an annual grant should be made out of Revenue to the Small Holdings Commissioners, that this should form a permanent pool, to which interest on money lent from it, repayment by instalments of purchase price paid out of it, should return. Such a pool could be formed, by easy stages, with little annual burden to the Revenue. In any case, permanent officialdom must open its eyes to the possibilities that exist for Britain through the development of its country estate. At present, a good man struggling with adversity is not so sad a picture as a Minister for Agriculture struggling with 'My Lords.'

And further, whatever method be adopted, it must encourage not discourage ownership. The 'magic of ownership' has been often enough emphasised; but for the small-holder it has two features habitually overlooked. First, it is clear that for the small-holder rent-paying is a wasteful use of money, since a comparatively small increase of the annual sum paid enables him to build up, through purchase of the holding by instalments, a substantial capital asset; secondly, ownership is the natural foundation for any co-operative system. The holding is the best security for co-operative credit, and an owner obviously inspires more confidence than a tenant, if only because a tenant, should he get into deep waters, may indulge in 'a midnight flitting' while an owner will not. And though experience is showing that small-holdings can prosper without co-operation, yet if intensive cultivation and land settlement are to yield their full result both in quantity and quality of the food-stuffs produced, an elaborate and extensive system

of agricultural co-operation must ultimately be brought into existence. This will only come with time, as the small-holders in a group learn to know and trust each other; but ownership will hasten the coming of that time: tenancy will delay it.

And, finally, Britain in developing her country estate, by its recolonisation and its intensive cultivation, will produce upon her social structure a profound effect. The small-owner, indeed, is as valuable from a social and a civic point of view as he is from an economic. Nothing can compensate a nation for his absence. And in particular for a democratic state he is the surest of all foundations. No democracy can permanently be secure without an extensive peasant proprietary, for a democracy which is not based upon the soil is artificial and incomplete. It is the most remarkable feature of the two great Revolutions of the modern world, the French and the Russian, that their first result and, in the case of the French, perhaps the most deeply reaching result was the creation of a peasant proprietary. France, with her old social structure in ruins, found in small ownership the foundations of a new. For the future development of the Russian State, it is significant that it has been the peasants, now the actual owners of the soil, who have forced the first and the decisive breach in Russian Communism. Meantime, the British social structure clearly lacks one of the pillars of the house. Can she afford to leave its stability thus imperilled?

The Unionist Party has at the present moment a remarkable opportunity for turning at last the attention of the nation to the development of its country estate. For Unionism to-day speaks with authority. In its leader, Britain recognises a man after her own heart, whose growing power over his fellow-countrymen is, in fact, the dominant feature of public life. Understood in town and country alike, Mr Baldwin will be listened to in both with an attention that neither Mr Lloyd George nor the Socialist leaders can command. And to the cities and the towns the Unionist Party must go with determination and high courage, and call upon them on economic, on social, on national, and on Imperial grounds (for all of these are clearly involved) for their

support and their assistance in the work of recolonising Britain.

At best, the process of recolonisation must be slow. It can therefore be undertaken only with the support of a powerfully aroused public opinion. It may take more than one generation before its full fruits are gathered. But if it yield its fruit in plenty, if a repeopled countryside bring to the cities an increased and a steady home market, if the human effort of an independent peasant-proprietary extract from the land more produce and more wealth, if once again, even to a partial extent, the balance be restored between town and country in Britain, then the call to the nation to rouse itself to the task of developing its country estate will not have been in vain, and a community strengthened by a numerous rural population, with its social structure underpinned by the wide extension of the private ownership of land, will reap the harvest of a constructive statesmanship and, in its daily life, will realise, with a completeness to which it has long been a stranger, that the nation is one and that factory and field are only parts of a single whole.

NOEL SKELTON.

Art. 13.—SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN the drift of published volumes that passes across an editorial table a surprising number of books—surprising because of the evident costliness of their production—prove not worth while. Such *Biblia a-biblia* are not only strangely numerous, but are also far more diverse of character than Elia recognised when he made his famous classification. Yet not all in this persistent and considerable flow are unworthy of attention; and for the guidance of the serious reader we select a few that call for notice.

In the glowing days of summer, when the wish, if not the opportunity, is to be active in the open, the earliest inclinations turn to those volumes which carry one to the untravelled pathways, the hunting grounds, the primeval forests and mountains of adventure, which remain abundant although the world is shrinking. For that reason, fortified by another, we turn first to Mr Bernard Ellison's big record of 'The Prince of Wales's Sport in India' (Heinemann), which comes appropriately at a time when His Royal Highness is winning, and in some cases converting, the hearts of the people of a great Dominion. This volume has a scientific as well as a sporting interest; for the author, who accompanied the expedition as a naturalist, was able to record many notes of fresh botanical and zoological interest; although we could have spared the photograph of the unborn rhinoceros, in a book which is mainly sporting and personal. Personal! That really is the main interest of these pages; and we cannot help quoting the opinion of an unnamed observer, relating to the charm of the Prince, which has proved, and is proving again in South Africa, an immeasurable factor of imperial unity. 'If his pluck, his keenness, his unselfishness, had not been part of his very nature . . . he must have been found out. . . . It is not in the least surprising that H.R.H. is so enormously popular, or that he left among sportsmen all over India the reputation of being one of the best.' The Prince, as always, was uncommonly active; but keen as he was in his out-of-door doings, he was at all times unfailingly sympathetic with those he met, the royal, the noble, and the simple; and that is why this

volume has an exceptional value, as it brings out the fine manhood of him who, under Providence, is destined to attain the highest position of any mortal in these days, the Kingship of the Commonwealth of Nations which, through his example and princely humanity, he has helped so greatly to consolidate.

We pass to another hunting expedition, this time in the region of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, at the other side of the Sudan. It is not the first time that Mr John G. Millais has heard the call of Africa, though on the earlier occasion it was the Veldt which lured him. In *'Far Away Up the Nile'* (Longmans), in the company of his son Raoul, who has inherited the family gifts for sport and art, he visited forests and swamps, still happily thronged with curious wild animals, with even the legend of a land version of the sea-serpent to touch the dizzier imaginative heights. The rarest creatures met by those hunters were a water rhinoceros, and that very graceful animal, Mrs Gray's Kob. The other wild beasts of that region apparently still are legion, and long may they remain so; for although good sportsmen discriminate and spare the female and the immature, yet with disease, such as that of the tsetse-fly, co-operating, the effects even of discriminate hunting have brought a serious lessening of the legion, and the diminution of species which ought, if possible, to be preserved. And all are not good sportsmen, as Mr Millais points out in the example of the six foreigners who hired a river-steamer to shoot game on the Upper Nile. The cost of their entire outfit, including drink, was 5700*l.* for two months. Among the results of the expedition were over a hundred head of antelopes, mostly immature, three cow elephants, one gun-bearer, and two lions shot from the deck of the steamer by 'column of massed batteries.' It is not surprising that Mr Millais, who occasionally works his sense of humour a little hard, puts such pests as those 'sportsmen' into his gallery of pet abominations, which include vegetarians and labour members! And that reminds us of the wise words he utters in this book on the government of the Sudan; for he visited the region before the murder of Sir Lee Stack, and makes it clear how wrong and foolish, weak and wicked, it would be to yield up to Egypt or any other Govern-

ment, the responsibility which Great Britain has undertaken for that vast tract of country she has redeemed from tyranny, brutality, and ruin.

The next book brings us to a subject not so far removed, at least geographically, from the Sudan; a subject which, however quiet and unexcited it may seem to be at present, is almost as sure to spring up again and become difficult and dangerous as the old Adam is an essential part of the natural man, and therefore apt to be naughty. '**Modern Turkey**' (Macmillan) is a composite volume, inspired and mainly written by Americans who for years have resided and worked in Asia Minor and the Near East; it is of unquestionable importance, as it studies frankly the racial, economic, religious, and other crucial problems of post-war, and a much altered, Turkey; is strengthened with valuable appendices, containing official documents and a chronological table never before completely compiled; and endeavours to look honestly at the future. Mr Eliot Grinnell Mears, the editor of this work, has chosen well his team of writers and has himself contributed excellent chapters. A new Turkey is arising from the ashes of the old. It is significant that Angora in Asia Minor, and not Constantinople with its bloody record and atmosphere of intrigue, is the centre of the new National Government; for it suggests that the old deathly régime is done with, and that a new impulse, exemplified by the release of the women from the obliterating dominance of the veil, is to place Turkey among the modern and more sanely vigorous nations. But you never can tell! So long as this power occupies probably the most valuable site in the world, with those intolerant Balkan States so near to it, it is impossible to feel certain over its destinies. This book brings out clearly—what of course was generally well known, though the independent position of these observers makes it prominent—the evil caused through the rivalries of the Balkan kingdoms, especially as it allowed the statesmen of Central Europe, generally for selfish national interests, to interfere, dispute, and spoil. Although Great Britain comes out pretty well from the examination, there were times and episodes which might have been better used. Modern Turkey, it is made clear, has great scope for progress. Her financial position,

comparatively speaking, is unusually good, and is the best of any of the countries that were involved in the War; for she has to make no compensation for reparations and has no national debt to speak of. If she plays fair, and if the older nations help, without hindering, her national developments, she might even become an element of stability in that part of the world which hitherto has been the least secure. But will that—can that—be so? History suggests No; and yet modern Turkey already is rejecting some of the evil courses which had been regarded as characteristically Ottoman. Mr Mears accepts Mustafa Kemel as a master-spirit with good intentions and the will to carry them through. On the whole his period of authority has been admirably ordered, his passing relations with his Soviet neighbours are easily explicable; and, in the East, the personal example, when it has strength with it, can generally do more than a Government which almost inevitably is soon undisciplined and corrupt. The darkest outlook in the Near East remains that of the Armenians. Decimated, deceived, and ruined, that pathetic remnant of an ancient race appears to have no hope of a future—but yet again there is Mustafa Kemel, the strong man who may do what Concerts of Europe have muddled. This volume is a serious, authoritative contribution to one of the most difficult of national problems, and should be studied not only by politicians (if they ever read the books that matter to them), but also by the thoughtful man of the street who, at least, is a politician sometimes, with the power and responsibility of the vote in his possession.

Incidentally, the book we have just examined brought out the culpability of Germany for the ruin which came to Turkey. She misled, she misrepresented, and, working with complete selfishness, she was untrue. The unreliableness of her historians over the origins and details of the Great War is reflected in the volume on 'The German Secret Service' (Stanley Paul), which has come from the pen of Colonel W. Nicolai, the chief of the German Intelligence Department during the War. A certain amount of bias is to be expected in works written shortly after an event of the catastrophic order of the recent conflict, and it is the function of historians to revise and remove that natural prejudice; but when

we are given a picture of the blameless Kaiser, 'confronting with incomparable tact, keen understanding, great calm, and proud determination the often contradictory views of his chief advisers,' and apparently waiting for the assault of the embattled Allied Armies upon his blameless people, it makes one look with doubt upon the assertions and revelations of this official, and of every one else who endeavours to tell the sort of political truth that is Teutonic. This book belongs to the many that are not worth while.

Far better is that which follows. The amazing, the tremendous, times of the first Napoleon were frequently described by the lesser men—soldiers, functionaries, and statesmen—who took part in them. Admiration for the new Cæsar, who carried the eagles of France triumphantly over the prosperities of Europe until disaster fell and crushed him, aroused in many witnesses the itch to write diaries. The 'Memoirs of a Napoleonic Officer' (Allen and Unwin) recorded by Jean-Baptiste Barrès, in 'dozens of little note-books, tattered and soiled, which he carried about with him, in his haversack, for twenty years, over half the highways of Europe,' have their value, especially when it comes to the years after St Helena, when little men, the lesser kings, in rapid succession endeavoured to rule the France which, in many meanings of the word, Napoleon had spoiled. Barrès adored the Emperor. To him he was 'the master of the world, the man of destiny, the conqueror of kings'; so that when, twenty years afterwards (and just one hundred years ago), he stood on duty in Reims Cathedral at the coronation of Charles X, he recalled the crowning in Notre Dame of Napoleon by the Pope, and felt the pathos and the fierce irony. Necessarily, the earlier pages of these memoirs were scrappy. In the days of Ulm, Jena, and Austerlitz, when victory was raging, as well as in the retreat from Moscow, when the first necessity was to keep moving and alive, there was little time for note-taking by the most eager of diarists—a few words only could be given to a campaign, and less than that to a disaster. When, however, Colossus had fallen and the star of destiny was set behind St Helena, then this loyal and dutiful soldier wrote out his memories and his sad thoughts; and incidentally

supplies information to the pages of the post-Napoleonic history of France which has hitherto been inadequate and meagre.

It is an excellent thing that interest continues in works that were published originally long ago; yet differences meet with a vengeance in the two that follow. Ned Ward was an inn-keeper, trading at the King's Head tavern of Chancery-Lane-End. In the intervals of selling his beer, he wrote rough verses and worked away diligently at the eighteen parts of '*The London Spy*,' which, after an interval of two hundred years, has been handsomely reprinted and re-issued by the Casanova Press. The device governing the book is that a country-cousin has come to town, and the gentleman-at-home is 'taking him round.' Few coarser books have been written than this; but, as the novelists and rimesters of the times of William the Third have shown, those were days of heavy eating and drinking and the vices sometimes associated with over-indulgence in liquor and meat; and if a country-cousin was to learn the truth of the times as an inn-keeper saw them, the readers of a better refinement must sometimes blush and burn. The excuse for the book is its reality and the robust good humour and vigorous style with which it is written; but even a brief acquaintance with the frank ladies and blackguard gentlemen met in its pages goes a very long way. It is a volume for those alone who can reach to the top shelf. Different, indeed, is Father Aurelius Pompen's criticism of '*The English Versions of the Ship of Fools*' (Longmans), a work published originally in Germany, '*Das Narrenschiff*,' in 1494, and far too little known in this country. The reverend editor has made a most exhaustive study, and shows how unreliable were the poetised version of Alexander Barclay and that in prose by Henry Watson. His criticisms are justified amply; but still, as with most Roman Catholic historians, he assumes from the first, somewhat naturally of course, that everything done by Mother Church and her votaries in pre- as well as in post-Reformation times was unquestionably right; and that, anyhow, those Whig dogs shan't have the best of it!

The principles of criticism, the essentials of literature and art, and many other aspects of the æsthetic,

have been so extensively written about in recent years, that at times one could almost see the fog thicken in consequence. Infinite rubbish has been penned and printed on the subject; and the careless many who are anxious to seem to know, have too frequently regarded those haverings as philosophy. It is, therefore, a delight to come upon an honest, straightforward, and lucid book which studies the subject helpfully. '**Common Sense and the Muses**' (Blackwood), written by Mr David Graham, completes a trilogy in which the bases of knowledge and of spiritual life have been examined, and the conclusion reached that the safest foundation for every intellectual and æsthetic actuality is an inspired Common Sense. Mr Graham uses a fighting pen. He is not unwilling to call an ass the ass that he is, and to back his vigorous assertions with arguments which generally stand the test of his own ruling principle. Generally—not always—so. For instance, he overstates the case when he asserts that the 'sheer brutal,' the merely murderous and criminal, should not be treated in Literature. Granted that some incidents and passages are revolting, it is possible that, artistically treated, the same incidents, passages, themes, may be even uplifting. He mentions, among others, 'Titus Andronicus'—a loathsome play with little title to its place in the Folio. Had Shakespeare liked he could have humanised that theme, and from the sorrows and cruelties of the characters brought, not the incredulous and sickening horror now caused by it, but sympathy and pity, and the terror—still an ennobling emotion—which the ghost-scene in Hamlet, the dagger-scene in Macbeth, arouse. How cruel the account of the murder of Macduff's family would appear if it had been done in the Andronicus vein; in its simple pathos it is beautiful. So, too, with Keats's 'Pot of Basil,' and a thousand things else. It is not the theme but the treatment which matters. That is not the only detail in Mr Graham's stimulating book which challenges a courteous denial; but want of space forbids. His purpose is noble. If his counsel were taken and followed there would be fewer bad books, and possibly a good many better ones; for he advocates that blessed thing, an ideal, and expresses frankly the aim for the true artist—to set forth large

interests, to evoke deep and virtuous sympathies and antipathies, to rouse noble and beautiful emotions, to fill the mind with light.

After such an appeal to spiritual nobility it is not to be regarded as in any way implying blame that the three following books, in their diverse ways critical, are not exactly full of the poetry of starshine; for anyhow, they are human, and to be human is not to be so very far removed from the divine after all. The jolliest part of Mr James Agate's high-spirited volume on '**The Contemporary Theatre, 1924**' (Chapman & Hall), is Mr Noel Coward's burlesque of this author's literary manners, which is printed with a right courage in the Introduction. The whole book makes for enjoyment, and it matters little whether the reader has seen the plays referred to or not. There is not a great deal of severity in these notices, revived from a Sunday newspaper; indeed, the praise given, compared with the other thing, is as the amount of sack consumed by Falstaff contrasted with his mere ha'porth of bread. Most of these stage things, having been seen for their little while, have fallen to the limbo of the everlastingly lost; and it is refreshing to look back upon the year's dramatic events and enjoy that which was missed, as well as that which happened to be seen. The benefit of a general record such as this, is that it reviews the harvest of a year; and, considering the jeremiads for ever rising cloudwards over the decay of the English stage, it is comforting to realise how many brave and excellent plays were produced and admirably acted in 1924. Whether commercial or not, the Theatre to-day is showing courage and enterprise, and therefore good promise for the future. Mr Agate helps us to feel hopeful; and that is not the only thing for which his little book is welcome.

Mr J. B. Priestley, who has attained an estimable place among the constructive critics of the present day, has found an excellent theme in '**The English Comic Characters**' (Lane). It would be a dull person who could contemplate Bully Bottom, Touchstone, Falstaff, Parson Adams, and Mr Micawber, to say nothing of the other supermen treated, without stirrings of inspiration and a leap of heart. The mere naming of them releases thoughts of laughter and touches the deeper springs of

sympathy; for the reason that these vital personages are endowed with a quality of humour which often is only by the most tenuous of shadows removed from the stuff of tears. Bottom, for example, conscious of his power to portray any part in the theatre of art or life, ready to play lion and roar as any sucking-dove, equally ready to mouth heroically, is condemned by the indifferent fates, who would harness Pegasus to a dray, to be a horny-handed son of toil in general, and a weaver in particular. A tragic destiny for one who yearns to drink with the intolerable gods! So is it, too often, with the magisters of the world's mirth. Micawber who might have ruled and ruined kingdoms! Falstaff, with his splendid competence, through which he was able to see so clearly the hollowness of life—this man a forked radish, with honour an aspect of worm's-meat—that he was bound to waste himself in tavern jocularities, Tearsheets and Shallows. Mr Priestley could not help writing an enjoyable book on the subject, especially as his readers would be eager to meet him more than halfway; yet, while his work is graceful and felicitous, it does not rise to any great height.

An anthology of English-verse epigrams, even when called by the only partially illuminating title, '*The Soul of Wit*' (Heinemann), is bound to appear attractive and is the sort of work which it does the heart good to browse upon. A browse-book, rather than a bedside book. Its 'maker,' Mr George Rostrevor Hamilton, has cast a wide net; but himself has offered the reader almost as real and pretty a verse as are any of the epigrams that he has culled from the centuries.

'Praise not the epigram, nor censure it,
Merely for clever malice or smart wit:
Look in this volume; in it you shall see
Not one but every mood's epitome.'

He requires in an epigram of the kind, brevity, wit, conciseness, finality, and something of a rhetorical quality. Possibly the most successful are those blessed with a *nuance*—merely a *nuance*—of unkindness; such as that translated from the French by the late Lord Curzon, on an Insignificant Fellow.

'Colley fell ill, and is no more !
His fate you bid me to deplore ;
But what the deuce is to be said ?
Colley was living, Colley's dead.'

On the same page of Mr Hamilton's book comes this couplet penned in a kindred humour,

'That he was born it cannot be denied,
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and died'—

an epitaph for nearly every fallen tombstone ; and reminiscent of that lovely and sufficient tribute over the grave of a French actress who perished tragically :

'Elle vient, elle sourit, elle passe.'

Is not that a happy epitome of the best kind of life ?

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the 'Quarterly Review.'

DEAR SIR,

I should be grateful if you would allow me to correct three—I hope fairly obvious—slips which crept into my article in the April issue of the 'Quarterly' on the subject of the part taken by General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien in the Mons retreat. I regret that I discovered the errors too late to suggest an *errata* note.

Page 412, 22nd and 23rd lines, *for* 'forenoon' *read* 'afternoon.'

" 422, 10th line from bottom	} <i>for</i> '40,000' <i>read</i> '14,000.'
" 423, 13th line from top	
" 425, 7th line from bottom, <i>for</i> 'No. 8' <i>read</i> 'No. 7.'	

Yours very truly,

GEORGE ASTON.

28th April, 1925.

